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THE LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL

VOL. II.

Cromwell, Oliver, 1599-1658.

THE LETTERS AND SPEECHES OF OLIVER CROMWELL

WITH ELUCIDATIONS

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

EDITED IN THREE VOLUMES

WITH NOTES, SUPPLEMENT AND ENLARGED INDEX

BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES

PART V (*continued*)

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND

1650

DECLARATION

OF THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, FOR THE UNDECEIVING OF DELUDED PEOPLE

HERE is a kind of Epistle General, in a quite other tone, intended to give 'satisfaction' to a quite other class, if they are capable of it.

The 'Supreme Council of Kilkenny,' still more the Occult 'Irish Hierarchy' which was a main element thereof, remains, and is like to remain, a very dark entity in History: little other, after all one's reading, than a featureless gaunt shadow; extinct, and the emblem to us of huge noises that are also extinct. History can know that it *had* features once:—of fierce dark-visaged Irish Noblemen and Gentlemen; dark-visaged Abbases O'Teague, and an Occult Papist Hierarchy; earnestly planning, perorating, excommunicating, in a high Irish tone of voice: alas, with general result which Nature found *untrue*. Let there be noble pity for them in the hearts of the noble. Alas, there was withal some glow of real Irish Patriotism, some light of real human valour, in those old hearts: but it had parted company with Fact; came forth enveloped in such huge embodiment of headlong ferocity, of violence, hatred, noise, and general unveracity and incoherency, as—as brought a Cromwell upon it at last! These reflections might lead us far.—

What we have to say here is, that in the present expiring con-

dition of the Irish Rebellion, nearly trodden to destruction now, it has been judged very fitting, That there be an end of excommunication for the present, and a real attempt at union instead. For which object there has, with much industry, been brought-about a 'Conventicle,' or general Meeting of the Occult Hierarchy, at a place called Clonmacnoise, in the month of December last. Clonmacnoise, 'Seven Churches of Clonmacnoise;' some kind of Abbey then; now a melancholy tract of ruins, 'on some bare gravelly hills,' among the dreary swamps of the Shannon; nothing there but wrecks and death,—for the bones of the Irish Kings lie there, and burial there was considered to have unspeakable advantages once:—a Ruin now, and dreary Golgotha among the bogs of the Shannon; but an Abbey then, and fit for a Conventicle of the Occult Hierarchy, 'which met on the 4th of December 1649,' for the purpose above-said. There, of a certainty, in the cold days of December 1649, did the Occult Hierarchy meet,—warmed, we hope, by good log-fires and abundant turf,—and 'for somewhat less than three weeks' hold consultation. The real issue of which has now, after Two-hundred years, come to be very different from the then apparent one!

The then apparent issue was a 'Union;' worthless 'superficial Union,' as Carte[1] calls it; skin-deep, which was broken again within the month, and is of no interest to us here. But it chanced also that, to usher-in this worthless 'Union,' the Occult Hierarchy published in print a Manifesto, or general Injunction and Proclamation to the Irish People; which Manifesto coming under the eye of the Lord Lieutenant, provoked an Answer from him. And this Answer, now resuscitated, and still fit to be read by certain earnest men, Irish and other: this we may define as the real issue for us, such as it is. One of the remarkablest State-Papers ever issued by any Lord Lieutenant; which, if we could all completely *read* it, as an earnest Editor has had to try if he could do, till it became completely luminous again, and glowed with its old veracity and sacred zeal and fire again, might do us all some good perhaps!—

The Clonmacnoise Manifesto exists also, as a small brown Pamphlet of six leaves, 'printed at Kilkenny and reprinted at London in January 1649;'[2] but is by no means worth inserting

[1] *Life of Ormond*, ii. 105-110.

[2] *King's Pamphlets*, large 4to, no. 43, § 5; [E. 534] the London Reprint, or the day of purchasing it by the old Collector, is dated with the pen '31st January' 1649-50. [It is often difficult to say whether Thomason's dates mean the day of the issue of the pamphlet or of his purchase of it. Probably the two often coincided.

here. It is written in a very smooth, indeed vague and faint style, the deeply discrepant humours at Clonmacnoise not admitting of any other for their 'superficial Union;' and remains, in the perusal, mostly insignificant, and as if obliterated into dim-gray,—till once, in the Lord Lieutenant's fiery illumination, some traits of it do come forth again. Here is our short abstract of it, more than sufficient for present purposes.

'The Kilkenny Pamphlet starts by a preamble, in the form 'of Public Declaration; setting forth, with some brevity, That 'whereas various differences had existed in the Catholic Party, 'said differences do now and shall, blessed be Heaven, all recon-'cile themselves into a real "Union;" real Union now, by these 'presents, established, decreed, and bound to exist and continue: '—signed duly by all the Occult Hierarchy, twenty Bishops more 'or less, *Antonius Clonmacnosensis* among the rest. This is the '*first* part of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto: this is to be read in 'every Church for certain Sundays; and do what good it can.— 'Follows *next*, similarly signed, a short set of "Acts," special 'Orders to Priests and People at large, as to what they are to do 'by way of furthering said Union, and bringing good success to 'the Cause. Among which Orders we recognise one for masses, 'universal prayers (not wholly by machinery, we hope); and, 'with still more satisfaction, another for decisively putting down, 'or at least in every way discountenancing, those bands called '"Idle-Boys" (ancestors of Captain Rock, one perceives), who 'much infest the country at present.

'Our Manifesto then, *thirdly*, winds up with an earnest admon-'ition, or Exhortation General, to the People of Ireland high 'and low, Not to be deceived with any show of clemency, or '"moderate usage," exercised upon them hitherto; inasmuch as 'it is the known intention of the English Parliament to exter-'minate the whole of them; partly by slaughter, partly by 'banishment "to the Tobacco Islands" and hot West-India 'localities, whither many have already been sent. Known in-'tention; as can be deduced by the discerning mind from clear 'symptoms, chiefly from these two: *First*, that they, the English 'Parliament, have passed an "Act of Subscription," *already* 'disposing of Irishmen's estates to English Money-lenders: and 'then *second*, That they have decided to extirpate the Catholic 'Religion,—which latter fact, not to speak of their old Scotch 'Covenant and the rest, may be seen with eyes, even from this 'Lord Lieutenant's own expressions in his Letter to the Governor

'of Ross';[1] which are quoted. To extirpate the Catholic Religion: 'how can they effect this but by extirpating the professors thereof? 'Let all Irishmen high and low, therefore, beware; and stand 'upon their guard, and adhere to the superficial Union: slaughter, 'or else banishment to the Tobacco Islands, being what they 'have to expect.'——It is by this *third* or concluding portion of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto that the Lord Lieutenant's wrath has been chiefly kindled: but indeed he blazes athwart the whole Document, athwart it and along it, as we shall see, like a destroying sword, and slashes in pieces it and its inferences, and noxious delusions and deludings, in a very characteristic style.

What perhaps will most strike the careless modern reader, in the Clonmacnoise Manifesto with its 'inferences' of general extermination, is that 'show of moderate usage at present';[2] and the total absence of those 'many Inhabitants' butchered at Drogheda lately: total absence of those; and also of the 'Two-hundred Women in the Marketplace of Wexford,' who in modern times have even grown 'Two-hundred beautiful Women' (all young, and in their Sunday clothes for the occasion), and figure still, in the Irish Imagination, in a very horrid manner. They are known to Abbé Macgeohegan, these interesting Martyrs, more or less; to Philopater Irenæus, to my Lord Clarendon, Jacobite Carte, and other parties divided by wide spaces and long centuries from them; but not to this Occult Hierarchy sitting deliberative close at hand, and doing their best in the massacre way, who are rather concerned to guard us against shows of clemency exercised hitherto! This circumstance, and still more what Cromwell himself says on the subject of 'massacring,' will strike the modern reader; and the 'Two-hundred Women,' and some other things, I persuade myself, will profitably vanish from the Marketplace henceforth!

So soon as convenient, that wretched chimera will do well to vanish;—and also, I think, a certain terrible fact, which the Irish Imagination pretends to treat sometimes as a chimera, might profitably return, and reassert itself there. The Massacre of 1641 was not, we will believe, premeditated by the Leaders of the Rebellion; but it is an awful truth, written in sun-clear evidence, that it did happen;—and the noble-minded among the men of

[1] *Antea*, vol. i. p. 493.

[2] [Dr. Gardiner writes, "Carlyle imagined that these words showed that the prelates did not believe in the massacre of civilians at Drogheda and Wexford. The sentence however clearly refers to property only." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 162.]

Ireland are called to admit it, and to mourn for it, and to learn from it! To the ear of History those 'ghosts' still shriek from the Bridge of Portnadown,[1] if not now for just vengeance on their murderers, yet for pity on them, for horror at them: and no just man, whatever his new feelings may be, but will share more or less the Lord Lieutenant Cromwell's old feelings on that matter. It must not be denied, it requires to be admitted! As an act of blind hysterical fury, very blind and very weak and mad, and at once quite miserable and quite detestable, it remains on the face of Irish history; and will have to remain till Ireland cease, much more generally than it has yet done, to mistake loud bluster for inspired wisdom, and spasmodic frenzy for strength; —till, let us say, Ireland *do an equal act* of magnanimous forbearance, of valour in the silent kind! Of which also we have by no means lost hope. No:—and if among the true hearts of Ireland there chanced to be found one who, across the opaque angry whirlwind in which all Cromwell matters are enveloped for him, could recognise, in this thunderclad figure of a Lord Lieutenant now about to speak to him, the veritable Heaven's Messenger clad in thunder; and accept the stern true message *he* brings—!— Who knows? That too, we believe, is coming; and with it many hopeful things. But to our Declaration, however that may be.[2]

A Declaration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, For the Undeceiving of Deluded and Seduced People: which may be satisfactory to all that do not wilfully shut their eyes against the light. In answer to certain late Declarations and Acts, framed by the Irish Popish Prelates and Clergy, in a Conventicle at Clonmacnoise.

Having lately perused a Book printed at Kilkenny in the year 1649, containing divers Declarations and Acts of the Popish Prelates and Clergy, framed in a late Conventicle at Clonmacnoise,

[1] Affidavits, taken in 1641-44; in Sir John Temple's *History of the Irish Massacre and Rebellion* (Maseres's edition, London, 1812), pp. 85-123; May's *History of the Long Parliament*, and the contemporary Books *passim*. [On this subject, see Sir John Gilbert's remarks in *Eighth Report of the Hist. MSS. Commissioners*, p. 572; Miss M. Hickson's *Ireland in the Seventeenth Century*, and Mr. Dunlop's criticisms in the *English Historical Review*, vol. i. p. 740.]

[2] [On the 16th of January—probably before the issue of his own Declaration, as he does not mention it—Cromwell wrote to the Speaker on the subject of the Clonmacnoise Manifesto. See Supplement, No. 53.]

the 4th day of December in the year aforesaid,—I thought fit to give a brief Answer unto the same.

And first to the first;—which is a Declaration, wherein (having premised the reconciliation of some differences among themselves, 'and the hearty "Union" they have now attained to') they come to state 'the reasons of' their War, 'grounding it' upon the interest of their Church, of his Majesty and the Nation, and their resolution to prosecute the same with unity. All which will deserve a particular survey.

The Meeting of the Archbishops, Bishops and other Prelates at Clonmacnoise is by them said to be *proprio motu*. By which term they would have the world believe that the Secular Power hath nothing to do to appoint, or superintend, their Spiritual Conventions, as they call them;—although in the said meetings they take upon them to intermeddle in all Secular Affairs; as by the sequel appears.

And first for their Union, they so much boast of. If any wise man shall seriously consider what they pretend the grounds of the differences to have been, and the way and course they have taken to reconcile the same; and their expressions thereabout, and the ends for which, and their resolutions how to carry on their great Design declared for; he must needs think slightly of their said union.[1] And also for this, that they resolve all other men's consents 'and reconciliation' into their own; without consulting them at all.

The subject of this reconciliation was (as they say) the clergy and laity. The discontent and division itself was grounded on the late difference of opinion happening amongst the prelates and laity. I wonder not at differences in opinion, at discontents and divisions, where so Antichristian and dividing a term as clergy and laity is given and received; a term unknown to any save to the Antichristian Church, and such as derive themselves from her: *ab initio non fuit sic*. The most pure and primitive

[1] 'it' in *orig.*

times, as they best knew what true union was, so in all addresses to the several Churches they wrote unto, not one word of this. The members of the Churches are styled brethren, and Saints of the same household of Faith: 'and' although they had orders and distinctions amongst them for administration of ordinances (of a far different use and character with yours), yet it nowhere occasioned them to say, *contemptim*, and by way of lessening in contradistinguishing, laity to clergy. It was your pride that begat this expression; and it is for filthy lucre's sake that you keep it up: that by making the people believe that they are not so holy as yourselves, they might for their penny purchase some sanctity from you; and that you might bridle, saddle and ride them at your pleasure; and do (which is most true of you) as the Scribes and Pharisees of old did by their laity,—keep the knowledge of the Law from them, and then be able in their pride to say, "this people, that know not the Law, are cursed."

And no wonder (to speak more nearly to your differences and union) if it lie in the Prelates' power to make the clergy and the laity go together by the ears when they please, but that they may as easily make a simple and senseless reconciliation, which will last until the next Nuncio comes from Rome with super-mandatory advices; and then this Gordian knot must be cut, and the poor Laity forced to dance to a new tune.

I say not this as being troubled at it. By the grace of God, we fear not, we care not for your union. Your covenant, 'if you understood it,' is with Death and Hell! Your union is like that of Simeon and Levi: Associate yourselves, and you shall be broken in pieces; take counsel together, and it shall come to naught.—For though it becomes us to be humble in respect of ourselves, yet we can say to you: God is not with you. You say, your union is against a common enemy: and to this, if you will be talking of union, I will give you some wormwood to bite on; by which it will appear God is not with you.

Who is it that created this common enemy? I suppose you mean Englishmen. The English. Remember, ye hypocrites,

Ireland was once united to England. 'That was the original "union."' Englishmen had good inheritances which many of them purchased with their money; they or their ancestors, from many of you and your ancestors. They had good leases from Irishmen, for long time to come; great stocks thereupon; houses and plantations erected at their cost and charge. They lived peaceably and honestly amongst you. You had generally equal benefit of the protection of England with them; and equal justice from the laws,—saving what was necessary for the State (out of reasons of State) to put upon some few people, apt to rebel upon the instigation of such as you. You broke this union! You, unprovoked, put the English to the most unheard-of and most barbarous massacre (without respect of sex or age) that ever the sun beheld. And at a time when Ireland was in perfect peace, and when, through the example of the English industry, through commerce and traffic, that which was in the natives' hands was better to them than if all Ireland had been in their possession, and not an Englishman in it. And yet then, I say, was this unheard-of villany perpetrated by your instigation, who boast of peace-making and union against this common enemy. What think you: by this time, is not my assertion true? Is God, will God be, with you? I am confident He will not![1]

[1] ["As a contribution to Irish history, nothing could be more ludicrously beside the mark than these burning words. The idyllic picture drawn of Irishmen and Englishmen living together in peace till wicked priests stirred up the sleeping passions of the Irish has no foundation in the domain of fact. Cromwell knows nothing of the mingled chicanery and violence which made the Ulster Plantation hateful in the eyes of every Irishman. He knows nothing of lands filched away, of the injustice of legal tribunals by which judgments were delivered in an alien speech in accordance with an alien law, of the bitterness caused by the proscription of a religion clung to all the more fondly because it was not the religion of the English oppressor. Nevertheless, as an explanation of Cromwell's own conduct in Ireland, this Declaration is of supreme importance. Granted his honest belief in the view of Irish history which he here puts forth, it becomes impossible to convict him of anything worse than ignorance in ordering the slaughter of Drogheda. If the collective priesthood of Ireland had hounded on a peaceful people to outrage and massacre, every priest taken deserved to be knocked on the head. If Irish, or, still worse, English soldiers stood to arms to defend a system based on outrage and massacre they deserved all that the cruel law of war of that age allowed to the captors of a besieged fortress. Poisonous as in this case was the fruit which grew upon the tree of error, the error was not Cromwell's only. He said no more than was said by every writer in England who touched on Irish affairs (*cf.* May's *History*

And though you would comprehend Old English, New English, Scotch, or who else you will, in the bosom of your catholic charity, yet shall not this save you from breaking. I tell you and them, you will fare the worse for their sakes, because I cannot but believe some of them go against, some stifle, their consciences. And it is not the figleaf of pretence that they fight for their King, will serve their turn; when really they fight in protection of men of so much prodigious 'guiltiness of' blood; and with men who have declared the ground of their union and fighting (as you have stated it in 'this' your Declaration) to be *Bellum Prælaticum et Religiosum*, in the first and primary intention of it. Especially when they shall consider your principles: 'and' that except what fear makes you comply with,—viz. that alone without their concurrence you are not able to carry on your work 'of War,'—you are ready, whenever you shall get the power into your hands, to kick them off too, as some late experiences have sufficiently manifested!—And thus we come to the design, you being thus wholesomely united 'which is' intended to be prosecuted by you.

Your words are these: "That all and every of us the above "Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates, are now, by the blessing "of God, as one body united. And that we will, as becometh "charity and our pastoral charge, stand all of us as one entire "body, for the interests and immunities of the Church, and of "every the Prelates and Bishops thereof; and for the honour, "dignity, estate, right and possessions of all and every of the "said Archbishops, Bishops and other Prelates. And we will, "as one entire and united body, forward by our counsels, actions

of the Long Parliament, ii. 4). . . . For the rest, Cromwell's intentions were as benevolent to the mass of the Irish people as Strafford's had been." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 164. Moreover, not only was Cromwell not behind the other men of his day, but he and they were all immeasurably in advance of their predecessors of a generation or two before; as may be seen by studying the letters of the rulers of Ireland at the end of Elizabeth's reign; with their triumphant relations of the "good killings" not only of men, but of women and little children; their cold-blooded proposals for subduing the country by absolute starvation; their utter callousness in fact, as regards the sufferings or the lives of the Irish people.]

"and devices, the advancement of his Majesty's rights, and the "good of this nation, in general and in particular occasions, to "our power. And that none of us, in any occasion whatsoever "concerning the Catholic religion, or the good of this Kingdom "of Ireland, will in any respect single himself; or be or seem "opposite to the rest of us; but will hold firm and entire in one "sense, as aforesaid, &c."

And 'now,' if there were no other quarrel against you but this, which you make to be the principal and first ground of your quarrel:—to wit, as so standing for the rights of your Church (falsely so called) and for the rights of your Archbishops, Bishops and Prelates, as to engage people and nations into blood therefor:—this alone would be your confusion. I ask you, Is it for the lay-fee (so you call it), or 'for the' revenue belonging to your Church, that you will after this manner contend? Or is it your jurisdiction, or the exercise of your ecclesiastical authority? Or is it the Faith of your Church? Let me tell you, not for all nor any of these is it lawful for the ministers of Christ, as you would be thought to be, thus to contend. And therefore we will consider them apart.

For the first, if it were St. Peter's Patrimony, as you term it, that is somewhat that you lawfully came by, although I must tell you, your predecessors cheated poor seduced men in their weakness on their deathbeds; or otherwise unlawfully came by most of this you pretend to. 'Not St. Peter's Patrimony, therefore, whosesoever it may be!' Yet Peter, though he was somewhat too forward to draw the sword in a better cause,—if that weapon, not being proper to the business in hand, was to be put up in that case,—he must not, nor would he, have drawn it in this. And that blessed Apostle Paul, who said the labourer was worthy of his hire, chose rather to make tents than be burdensome to the Churches. I would you had either of those good men's spirits, on the condition your revenues were doubled to what the best times ever made them to your predecessors!—The same answer may be given to that of your power and jurisdiction;

and to that preeminency of prelacy you so dearly love. Only consider what the Master of the same Apostles said to them: "So it shall not be amongst you. Whoever will be chief shall be servant of all!" For He himself came not to be ministered unto, but to minister. And by this he that runs may read of what tribe you are.

And 'now' surely if these, that are outward things, may not thus be contended for; how much less may the doctrines of Faith (which are the works of Grace and the Spirit) be endeavoured by so unsuitable means! He that bids us contend for the Faith once delivered to the Saints, tells us that we should do it by avoiding the spirit of Cain, Corah, and Balaam; and by building up ourselves on the most holy Faith, not pinning it upon other men's sleeves. Praying in the Holy Ghost, not mumbling over Matins; keeping ourselves in the love of God, not destroying men because they will not be of our Faith; waiting for the mercy of Jesus Christ; not cruel, but merciful!—But, alas, why is this said? Why are these pearls cast before you? You are resolved not to be charmed from using the instrument of a foolish shepherd! You are a part of Antichrist, whose Kingdom the Scripture so expressly speaks should be laid in blood; yea 'in the blood of the Saints. You have shed great store of it already:—and ere it be long, you must all of you have blood to drink; even the dregs of the cup of the fury and the wrath of God, which will be poured out unto you!'[1]—

In the next place, you state the interest of his Majesty, as you say, 'for a ground of this War.' And this you hope will draw some English and Scots to your party. But what Majesty is it you mean? Is it France, or Spain, or Scotland? Speak plainly! You have some of you lately been harping (or else we are misinformed) upon his Majesty of Spain to be your Protector. Was it because his Majesty of Scotland is too little a Majesty for your purpose? We know you love great Majesties. Or is it

[1] Read in your Bibles, and consider that!

because he is not fully come over to you in point of religion? If he be short in that, you will quickly find out, upon that score, another Majesty. His Father, who complied with you too much, you rejected; and now would make the world believe you would make the Son's interest a great part of the state of your quarrel.—How can we but think there is some reserve in this, and that the Son is agreed to do somewhat more for you than ever his Father did. Or else tell us, Whence this new zeal is? That the Father did too much for you, in all Protestant judgments,—instead of many instances let 'this' be considered: what one of your own doctors, Dr. Enos of Dublin 'says;' who (writing against the Agreement made between the Lord of Ormond and the Irish Catholics) finds fault with it, and says it was nothing so good as that 'which' the Earl of Glamorgan had warrant from the King to make; but exceeding far short of what the Lord George Digby had warrant to agree 'to,' with the Pope himself at Rome, in favour of the Irish Catholics.[1]

I intend not this to you; but to such Protestants as may incline to you, and join with you upon this single account, which is the only appearing inducement to them, 'To them I intend it,' seeing there is so much probability of ill in this abstracted;—and so much certainty of ill in fighting for the Romish religion against the Protestant; and fighting 'along' with men under the guilt of so horrid a massacre. From participating in which guilt, whilst they take part with them, they will never be able to assoil themselves, either before God or good men.

In the last place, you are pleased,—having, after your usual manner, remembered yourselves first, and his Majesty (as you call him), next; like a man of your tribe, with his *Ego et Rex meus*,—you are pleased to take the people into consideration, lest they should seem to be forgotten; or rather that you might make me believe they are much in your thoughts. Indeed I think they are! Alas, poor laity! That you and your King

[1] *Antea*, vol. i. p. 241.

might ride them, and jade them, as your Church hath done, and as your King hath done by your means, almost in all ages!—But it would not be hard to prophesy, that the beasts being stung and kicking, this world will not last always. Arbitrary power 'is a thing' men begin to be weary of, in Kings and Churchmen; their juggle between them mutually to uphold civil and ecclesiastical tyranny begins to be transparent. Some have cast off both; and hope by the grace of God to keep so. Others are at it! Many thoughts are laid up about it, which will have their issue and vent.[1] This principle, that people are for Kings and Churches, and Saints for the Pope or Churchmen (as you call them), begins to be exploded;—and therefore I wonder not to see the fraternity to be so much enraged. I wish the People wiser than to be troubled at you, or solicitous for what you say or do.

But it seems, notwithstanding all this, you would fain have them believe it is their good you seek. And to cozen them, in deed and in truth, is the scope of your whole Declaration, and of your acts and decrees in your foresaid printed book. Therefore to discover and unveil those falsities, and to let them, 'the people,' know what they are to trust to from me, is the principal end of this my Declaration. That if I be not able to do good upon them, which I most desire (and yet in that I shall not seek to gain them by flattery; but tell them the worst, in plainness, and that which I am sure will not be acceptable to you); and if I cannot gain them, 'I say,' I shall have comfort in this, that I have freed my own soul from the guilt of the evil that shall ensue. And on this subject I hope to leave nothing unanswered in all your said Declarations and Decrees at Clonmacnoise.

And because you carry on your matter somewhat confusedly, I shall therefore bring all that you have said into some order; that so we may the better discern what everything signifies, and give answer thereunto.

[1] Paris City A.D. 1789-95!

You forewarn the people of their danger; which you make to consist: First, in the extirpation of the Catholic Religion; Secondly, in the destruction of their lives; Thirdly, in the ruin of their fortunes.—To avoid all which evils you forewarn them: First, That they be not deceived by the Commander-in-Chief of the Parliament Forces: And in the next place (having stated 'the ground of' your war, as aforesaid), you give them your positive advice and counsel to engage in blood: And 'then' lastly 'you' bestow upon them a small collation in four ecclesiastical Decrees or Orders,—which will signify as little, being performed by your spirit, as if you had said nothing. And the obligation 'that lay on you' to all this you make to be your pastoral relation to them, over your flocks.

To which last a word or two.[1] I wonder how this relation was brought about! If they be flocks, and you ambitious of the relative term, 'Yes,' you are pastors: but it is by an antiphrasis, —*a minime pascendo!* You either teach them not at all, or else you do it, as some of you came to this conventicle who were sent by others, *tanquam Procuratores,* or as your manner is, by sending a company of silly ignorant priests, who can but say the mass, and scarcely that intelligibly; or with such stuff as these your senseless Declarations and edicts!—But how dare you assume to call these men your flocks, whom you have plunged into so horrid a rebellion, by which you have made them and the country almost a ruinous heap, and whom you have fleeced and polled and peeled hitherto, and make it your business to do so still. You cannot feed them! You poison them with your false, abominable and antichristian doctrine and practices. You keep the Word of God from them; and instead thereof give them your senseless orders and traditions. You teach them implicit belief:—he that goes amongst them may find many that do not understand anything in the matters of your religion. I have had few better answers from any since I came into Ireland that are

[1] The Lord Lieutenant is very impatient with 'this last;' flies at it *first.*

of your flocks than this, that indeed they did not trouble themselves about matters of religion but left that to the Church. Thus are your flocks fed; and such credit have you of them. But they must take heed of losing their religion. Alas, poor creatures, what have they to lose?

Concerning this, 'of losing their Religion,' is your grand caveat 'however;' and to back this, you tell them of Resolutions and Covenants to extirpate the Catholic Religion out of all his Majesty's dominions. And you instance in Cromwell's Letter of the 19th October 1649, to the then Governor of Ross,[1] repeating his words, which are as followeth, viz. "For that which you "mention concerning liberty of conscience,[2] I meddle not with "any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you "mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain "dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England "have power, that will not be allowed of." And this you call a tryannical resolution; which you say hath been put in execution in Wexford, Ross and Tredah.

Now let us consider. First, you say That the design is, to extirpate the Catholic Religion. Let us see your honesty herein. Your word extirpate is as ill collected from these grounds, and as senseless as the word Catholic, ordinarily used by you when you mention Catholic Roman Church. The word extirpate supposes a thing to be already rooted and established: which word 'is' made good by the proof of Covenants, 'by' your Letter—which expresses the non-toleration of the Mass wherein, it seems, you place all the Catholic Religion (and therein you show some ingenuity),[3]—and 'by' your instance of what was practised in the three towns aforementioned: do these prove, either considered apart or all together, the extirpation of the Catholic religion?

By what law was the Mass 'ever rooted, or' exercised in these places, or in any the Dominions of England or Ireland, or King-

[1] *Antea*, vol. i. p. 493. [2] ["religion" in pamphlets.]
[3] Means 'ingenuousness,' as usual.

dom of Scotland? You were intruders, you were herein open violaters of the known laws! And yet you will call the Covenant, 'and' that 'refusal' in the Letter, and these practices 'at Wexford, Ross and Tredah,' extirpations of the Catholic Religion,—'which had' thus again 'been' set on foot by you, by the advantage of your rebellion, and shaking-off the just authority of the State of England over you! Whereas, I dare be confident to say, you durst not own the saying of one mass, 'for' above these eighty years in Ireland. And 'only' through the troubles you made, and 'through' the miseries you brought on this nation and the poor people thereof (your numbers, which is very ominous, increasing with the 'numbers of the' wolves, through the desolations you made in the Country); 'only by all this' you recovered again the public exercises of your Mass! And for the maintenance of this, thus gained, you would make the poor people believe that it is ghostly counsel, and given in love to them as your flocks, that they should run into wars, and venture lives, and all upon such a ground as this! But if God be pleased to unveil you of your sheeps-clothing, that they 'the People,' may see how they have been deluded, and by whom, I shall exceedingly rejoice; and indeed for their sakes only have I given you these competent characters (if God shall so bless it) for their good.

And now for them, 'the People of Ireland,' I do particularly declare what they may expect at my hands in this point; wherein you will easily perceive that, as I neither have 'flattered' nor shall flatter you, so shall I neither go about to delude them with specious pretences, as you have ever done.

First, therefore: I shall not, where I have power, and the Lord is pleased to bless me, suffer the exercise of the Mass, where I can take notice of it,[1] 'No,' nor 'in any way' suffer you

[1] ["For Cromwell to pretend that he was not 'meddling with any man's conscience' when he prohibited the central rite of the Catholics, and all the ministrations by the clergy on those occasions of life where conscience, under awful penalties, demanded them, was as idle as if the Catholics had pretended that they did not meddle with conscience if they forbade the possession or use of the Bible, or hunted Puritan preachers out of all the pulpits." Morley's *Cromwell*, p. 308.]

that are Papists, where I can find you seducing the People, or by any overt act violating the Laws established; but if you come in my hands, I shall cause to be inflicted the punishments appointed by the laws (to use your own terms), *secundum gravitatem delicti*,[1] upon you; and 'shall try' to reduce things to their former state on this behalf.[2] As for the people, what thoughts they have in matters of religion in their own breasts I cannot reach; but 'shall' think it my duty, if they walk honestly and peaceably, not to cause them in the least to suffer for the same, but shall endeavour to walk patiently and in love towards them, to see if at any time it shall please God to give them another or a better mind. And all men under the power of England, within this dominion, are hereby required and enjoined strictly and religiously to do the same.

To the second 'danger threatened;' which is the destruction of the lives of the Inhabitants of this Nation:—to make it good that this is designed, they[3] give not one reason. Which is either because they have none to give; or else for that they believe the People will receive everything for truth they say,—which they have too well taught them, and God knows the People are too apt, to do. But I will a little help them. They speak indeed of rooting out the Common-People; and also, by way of consequent, that the extirpating the Catholic Religion is not to be effected without the massacring, destroying or banishing the Catholic Inhabitants. Which how analogical[4] an argument this is, I shall easily make appear by and by.

Alas, the generality of the Inhabitants are poor Laity (as you call them) and ignorant of the grounds of the Catholic Religion.[5] Are these then so interwoven with your Church Interest as that the absence of *them* makes your Catholic Religion fall to the ground? We know you think not so. You reckon yourselves

[1] A phrase in their Pamphlet.
[2] No cozening here!
[3] Is now addressing the People; has unconsciously turned away from the Priests, and put them into the third person.
[4] [Perhaps this should be "an illogical."]
[5] Unimportant they, to the vigour or decline of it.

(and yourselves only) the pillars and supporters thereof; and these 'useful' as far as they have the exercise of club-law, and, like the ass you ride on, obey your commands. But concerning these [in?] relation 'of' your Religion, 'and your right to practise it,' enough has been spoken in another place;—only you love to mix things for your advantage.

But 'now' to your logic. Here is your argument: The design is to extirpate the Catholic religion; but this is not to be done but by the massacring, banishing or otherwise destroying the Catholic inhabitants: *ergo* it is designed to massacre, banish and destroy the Catholic Inhabitants.—To try this no-concluding argument,—'nothing-concluding' (but yet well enough agreeing with your learning), I give you this dilemma; by which it will appear That, whether your religion be true or false, this will not follow:

If your religion be the true religion, yet if a nation may degenerate from the true religion, and apostatise (as too many have 'evidently' done) through the seducements of your Roman Church, 'say we,'—then it will not follow that men must be massacred, banished or otherwise destroyed, necessarily; no, not as to the change of the true religion in a nation or country![1] Only, this argument doth wonderfully well agree with your principles and practice; you having chiefly made use of fire and sword, in all the changes in religion that you have made in the world. 'But I say,' if it be change of your Catholic religion so-called, it will not follow: because there may be found out another means than massacring, destruction and banishment; to wit, the Word of God; which is able to convert (a means which you as little know as practise; which indeed you deprive the people of.) 'That means may be found,' together with

[1] A subtle 'dilemma,' and very Oliverian; seems to *eat* itself like a Serpent-of-eternity, and be very *circular* reasoning; yet grounds itself, if examined, upon sharp just insight, and has real logical validity. 'Call your Religion true, men *have* 'changed from it without being massacred: admit it to be false, will you say they 'need massacring? Whatever Religion you may have, I think you have not much 'Logic to spare!'—

humanity, good life, equal and honest dealing with men of a different opinion;—which we desire to exercise towards this poor people, if you, by your wicked counsel, make them not incapable to receive it, by putting them into blood!

And therefore, by this also 'which you talk of massacring,' your false and twisted dealing may be a little discovered. But well; your words are, "massacre, destroy and banish."—Good now: *give us an instance of one man since my coming into Ireland, not in arms, massacred, destroyed or banished; concerning the massacre or the destruction of whom justice hath not been done, or endeavoured to be done.*[1] But for the other of banishment, I must now speak unto the People, whom you would delude, and whom this most concerns; that they may know in this also what to expect at my hands.

The question is of the destruction of life; or of that which is but little inferior to it, to wit, banishment. 'Now *First;*' I shall not willingly take or suffer to be taken away the life of any man not in arms, but by the trial to which the people of this nation are subject by law, for offences against the same. And '*Secondly,*' as for the banishment, it hath not hitherto been inflicted on any but such who, being in arms, upon the terms they were taken 'under,' might justly have been put to death:—as 'might' those 'who are' instanced in your Declaration to be sent to the Tobacco Islands. And therefore I do declare, that if the people be ready to run to arms by the instigation of their clergy or otherwise, such as God by His providence shall give into my hands may expect that or worse measure from me; but not otherwise.

Thirdly, as to that of the ruin of their fortune. You instance in the Act of Subscription,[2] whereby the estates of the inhabi-

[1] 'Concerning the first two of which,' in *orig.* The italics, in this passage, are mine; and can be removed so soon as Macgeohegan, Carte, Clarendon and Company, have got to be well understood.

[2] At the first breaking-out of the Irish Rebellion into an Irish Massacre, the King's Exchequer being void, and the case like a case of conflagration, an act was passed, engaging the Public Faith, That whoever would 'subscribe' money towards suppressing the said Rebellion in Ireland, and detestable and horrible Massacre of,

tants of this nation are sold, so as there remaineth now no more but to put the purchasers in possession; and that for this cause are the forces drawn out of England. And that you might carry the interest far, 'so as' to engage the common sort of people with you, you further say to them, that the moderate usage 'hitherto' exercised to them is to no other end but to our private advantage, and for the better support of our army; 'we' intending at the close of our conquest (as you term it) to root out the commons also, and to plant the land with colonies to be brought hither out of England. This, consisting of divers parts, will ask distinct answers.

And first, to the Act of Subscription. It's true there is such an Act;—and it was a just one. For when, by your execrable massacre and rebellion, you had not only raised a bloody war to justify the same; and thereby occasioned the exhausting of the treasure of England in the prosecution of so just a war against you,—was it not a wise and just act in the State to raise money by escheating the lands of those who had a hand in the rebellion? Was it not fit to make their estates to defray the charge, who had caused the trouble? The best therefore that lies in this argument is this (and that only reaching to them who have been in arms, for further it goes not): you have forfeited your estates, and it is likely they will be escheated to make satisfaction; and therefore you had better fight it out than repent or give-off now, or 'else,' see what mercy you may find from the State of England. And seeing Holy Church is engaged in it, we will, by one means or other, hook-in the commons, and make them sensible that they are as much concerned as you, though they were never in arms, or came quickly off.—And for this

Protestants there, should, with liberal interest, be repaid from the forfeited Estates of the Rebels,—so soon as they were got. This is the 'Act of Subscription' spoken of here. His Majesty said; "How will that answer? It is like selling the bear's skin before you have caught your bear." A bargain, nevertheless, which hundreds and thousands entered into, with free purse and overflowing heart; 'above a Quarter of a Million' raised by it; generous emotion, and tragic terror and pity, lending sanction to doubtful profit-and-loss. A very wise and just Act of Parliament, the Lord Lieutenant thinks; which did also fulfil its engagements by and by.

cause doubtless are these two coupled together; by which your honest dealing is manifest enough.

But what? Was the English army brought over for this purpose, as you allege? Do you think that the State of England will be at five or six millions charge merely to procure purchasers to be invested in that for which they did disburse little above a quarter of a million? Although there be a justice in that also, which ought, and I trust will be seasonably performed to them.—No, I can give you a better reason for the army's coming over than this. England hath had experience of the blessing of God in prosecuting just and righteous causes, whatever the cost and hazard be.[1] And if ever men were engaged in a righteous cause in the world, this will be scarce a second to it. We are come to ask an account of the innocent blood that hath been shed; and to endeavour to bring them to an account (by the blessing and presence of the Almighty, in whom alone is our hope and strength), who, by appearing in arms, seek to justify the same. We come to break the power of a company of lawless rebels, who having cast off the authority of England, live as enemies to human society; whose principles (the world hath experience of) are, to destroy and subjugate all men not complying with them. We come (by the assistance of God) to hold forth and maintain the lustre and glory of English liberty[2] in a nation where we have an undoubted right to do it;—wherein the people of Ireland (if they listen not to such seducers as you are) may equally participate in all benefits, to use liberty and fortune equally with Englishmen, if they keep out of arms.

And therefore, having said this to you, I have a word to them; that in this point, which concerns them in their estates and

[1] Hear this Lord Lieutenant!

[2] 'Liberty,' here, which much astonishes our Irish friends, is very far from meaning what in most modern dialects it now does. 'Liberty,' with this Lord Lieutenant, means 'rigorous settled Obedience to Laws that are just.' Which it is very noble indeed to settle, 'and hold forth and maintain' against all men. Laws grounded on the eternal Fact of Things,—which is a much preferable 'ground' to the temporary Fiction of Things, as set forth at any Clonmacnoise, Kilkenny, or other Supreme Centre-of-Jargon, there or elsewhere, that has been or that can be!

fortunes, they may know what to trust to. Such as have been formerly and are not now in arms, may (submitting themselves) have their cases presented to the State of England;—where no doubt the State will be ready to take into consideration the nature and quality of their actings, and deal mercifully with them. For those that are now in arms, and shall come in, and submit, and give engagements for their future quiet and honest carriage, and submission to the State of England, I doubt not but they will find like merciful consideration;—excepting only the leading persons and principal contrivers of this rebellion, whom I am confident they will reserve to make examples of justice, whatsoever hazards they incur thereby.—And for such Private soldiers as lay down their arms, and shall live peaceably and honestly at their several homes, they shall be permitted so to do.—And, 'in general,' for the first two sorts, 'for such as have been or as now are in arms and shall submit,' I shall humbly and effectually represent their cases to the Parliament, as far as becomes the duty and place I bear. But as for those who, notwithstanding all this, persist and continue in arms, they must expect what the Providence of God (in that which is falsely called the chance of war) will cast upon them.

For such of the nobility, gentry and commons of Ireland as have not been actors in this rebellion, they shall and may expect the protection in their goods, liberties and lives which the law gives them; and in their husbandry, merchandising, manufactures and other trading whatsoever, the same. They behaving themselves as becomes honest and peaceable men; testifying their good affections, upon all occasions, to the service of the State of England, equal justice shall be done them with the English. They shall bear proportionably with them in taxes. And if the soldiery be insolent upon them, upon complaint and proof, it shall be punished with utmost severity, and they protected equally with Englishmen.

And having said this, and purposing honestly to perform it,—if this people shall headily run on after the counsels of their prel-

ates and clergy and other leaders, I hope to be free from the misery and desolation, blood and ruin that shall befall them; and shall rejoice to exercise utmost severity against them.

'OLIVER CROMWELL.' *

'Given at Youghal,—January 1649.'

This Declaration, as appears here, does not date or even expressly sign itself: but by search, chiefly in a certain Manuscript Fragment, which will by and by concern us farther,[1] we find that it was drawn up at Youghal after the 15th, and came forth printed at Cork before the 29th of January; on which latter day the Army took the field again. And so we leave this Declaration;—one of the remarkablest State-Papers ever published in Ireland since Strongbow, or even since St. Patrick, first appeared there.[2]

LETTERS CXIX—CXXI

THE Speaker's Letter of Recall has never yet reached Ireland; and the rumour of it already has; which, as we intimated, sets the Enemy on fresh schemes, whereof advantage might be taken. The unwearied Lord Lieutenant, besides his labours known to us, has been rehabilitating Courts of Justice in Dublin, settling contributions, and doing much other work; and now, the February or even January weather being unusually good, he takes the field

* *Declaration*, &c. as above given. *Licensed by the Secretary of the Army. Printed at Cork: and now reprinted at London, by E. Griffin, and are to be sold in the Old Bailey; March* 21, 1650. *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 462, § 6. [E. 596.] In *Ayscough MSS.*, no. 4769 (a Fragment of an anonymous Contemporary Narrative, which will by and by be more specially referred to), are some two pages of this *Declaration*, transcribed from the Cork Edition: the concluding words are not, 'exercise utmost severity against them,' but 'act severity against them,' which probably is the true reading.

[1] *Ayscough MSS.*, no. 4769 (Fragment of a Narrative, referred to in the previous Note), pp. 100 *et seqq.*

[2] ["This has been called by our great transcendental eulogist one of the most remarkable state papers ever published in Ireland since Strongbow or even since St. Patrick. Perhaps it is, for it combines in a unique degree profound ignorance of the Irish past with a profound miscalculation of the Irish future." It is easy to see that the prelates were "from the Irish point of view hitting the nail upon the head, while Oliver goes to work with a want of insight and knowledge that puts his Irish statesmanship far below Strafford's." Morley's *Cromwell*, p. 306.]

again, in hopes of perhaps soon finishing. The unhappy Irish are again about excommunicating one another; the Supreme Council of Kilkenny is again one wide howl; and Ormond is writing to the King to recall him. Now is the Lieutenant's time; the February weather being good!

LETTER CXIX

HERE is another small excerpt from Bulstrode, which we may take along with us; a small speck of dark Ireland and its affairs rendered luminous for an instant. To which there is reference in this Letter. We saw Enniscorthy taken on the last day of September, the 'Castle and Village of Enniscorthy,' 'which belongs to Mr. Robert Wallop;' a Garrison was settled there; and this in some three months time is what becomes of it.

9th January 1649, Letters reach Bulstrode, perhaps a fortnight after date, 'That the Enemy surprised Enniscorthy Castle 'in this manner: Some Irish Gentlemen feasted the Garrison 'Soldiers; and sent in women to sell them strong-water, of which 'they drank too much; and then the Irish fell upon them, took 'the Garrison, and put all the Officers and Soldiers to the sword.' Sharp practice on the part of the Irish Gentlemen; and not well advised! Which constrained the Lord Lieutenant, when he heard of it, to order 'that the Irish,' Papist or suspected Irish, 'should be *put out* of such Garrisons as were in the power of Parliament,'[1]—sent to seek quarters elsewhere.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These

Castletown, 15th Feb. 1649.

MR. SPEAKER,

Having refreshed our men for some short time in our winter-quarters,[2] and health being pretty well recovered, we thought fit to take the field, and to attempt such things as God by His providence should lead us to upon the enemy.

[1] Whitlocke, p. 421. [2] Youghal had been the head-quarter.

Our resolution was to fall into the enemy's quarters two ways. The one party, being about fifteen or sixteen troops of horse and dragoons and about two-thousand foot, were ordered to go up by the way of Carrick into the county of Kilkenny under the command of Colonel Reynolds, whom Major-General Ireton was to follow with a reserve. I myself was to go by the way of Mallow,[1] over the Blackwater, towards the county of Limerick and the county of Tipperary, with about twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, and between two and three hundred foot.

I began to march upon Tuesday the 29th January, from Youghal: and upon Thursday the 31st, I possessed a castle called Kilbenny, upon the edge of the county of Limerick; where I left thirty foot. From thence I marched to a strong house belonging to Sir Richard Everard (called Clogheen),[2] who is one of the Supreme Council, where I left a troop of horse and some dragoons. From thence I marched to Raghill Castle, which was possessed by some Ulster foot, and a party of the enemy's horse; which upon summons (I having taken the captain of horse prisoner before) was rendered to me. These places being thus possessed gave us much command (together with some other holds we have) of the White-Knight's[3] and Roche's Country, and of all the land from Mallow to the Suir-side;[4]—especially by another Castle, taken by my Lord of Broghil, called Old Castletown,[5] since my march, which I sent to his Lordship to endeavour; as also a castle of Sir Edward Fitzharris, over the mountains in

[1] 'Muyallo' he writes and 'Mayallo.'

[2] 'Cloghern' in the old Newspaper; but it seems to be misprinted, as almost all these names are. [Cromwell himself writes it so.] 'Roghill' I find nowhere now extant. [Cromwell writes it Raghill. It is now Rehill, and lies nine miles south-west of Cahir. For the identification of this and the other places here named, see Murphy's *Cromwell in Ireland*, pp. 252, 253.]

[3] [The White-Knight was the title given to certain chiefs of the Clan Gibbon, a branch of the Munster Fitzgeralds. The last who bore the title was Maurice Fitzgerald, who died *temp.*, Charles I. Roche's country lay about Fermoy, which gave Lord Roche his title, Baron of Fermoy.]

[4] [Shewer in *orig.*]

[5] [Near Kildorrery, co. Cork. Fitzharris' Castle was probably that spoken of by Castlehaven as "Cloughnosty," Murphy, pp. 252, 253.]

the county of Limerick; I having left his Lordship at Mallow, with about six or seven hundred horse, and four or five hundred foot, to protect those parts, and your interest in Munster; lest whilst we were abroad, Inchiquin, whose forces lay about Limerick and the county of Kerry, should fall in behind us. His Lordship drew two cannon to the aforesaid castle; which having summoned, they refused. His Lordship, having bestowed about ten shot upon it, which made their stomachs come down, he gave all the soldiers quarter for life; and shot all the officers (being six in number) to death. Since the taking of these garrisons, the Irish have sent their commissioners to compound for their contribution as far as the walls of Limerick.

I marched from Raghill Castle over the Suir, with very much difficulty; and from thence to Fethard, almost in the heart of the county of Tipperary, where was a garrison of the enemy. The town is most pleasantly seated, having a very good wall with round and square bulwarks, after the old manner of fortification. We came thither in the night, and indeed were very much distressed by sore and tempestuous wind and rain. After a long march, we knew not well how to dispose of ourselves; but finding an old Abbey in the suburbs, and some cabins and poor houses, we got into them, and had opportunity to send them a summons. They shot at my trumpet, and would not listen to him, for an hour's space: but having some officers in our party which they knew, I sent them, to let them know that we were there with a good part of the army. We shot not a shot at them, but they were very angry, and fired very earnestly upon us; telling us, it was not a time of night to send a summons. But yet in the end, the governor was willing to send out two commissioners, I think rather to see whether there was a force sufficient to force him, than to any other end. After almost a whole night spent in treaty, the town was delivered to me the next morning, upon terms which we usually call honourable; which I was the willinger to give, because I had little above two-hundred foot, and neither ladders nor guns, nor any thing else to

force them.[1] That night, there being about seventeen companies of the Ulster foot in Cashel, about five miles from thence, they quit it in some disorder; and the sovereign and the Aldermen since sent to me a petition, desiring that I would protect them. Which I have also made a quarter.

From thence I marched towards Callan, hearing that Colonel Reynolds was there, with the party before mentioned. When I came thither, I found he had fallen upon the enemy's horse, and routed them (being about a hundred), with his forlorn; took my Lord of Ossory's Captain-Lieutenant, and another Lieutenant of horse prisoners, and one of those who betrayed our Garrison of Enniscorthy; whom we hanged. The enemy had possessed three castles in the town; one of them belonging to one Butler, very considerable; the other two had about a hundred or hundred-and-twenty men in them,—which he attempted; and they, refusing conditions seasonably offered, were put all to the sword. Indeed some of your soldiers did attempt very notably in this service: I do not hear there were six men of ours lost. Butler's castle was delivered upon conditions, for all to march away, leaving their arms behind them; wherein I have placed a company of foot, and a troop of horse, under the command of my Lord Colvill; the place being six miles from Kilkenny. From hence Colonel Reynolds was sent with his regiment to remove a garrison of the enemy's from Knocktofer (being the way of our communication to Ross); which accordingly he did.

We marched back with the rest of the body to Fethard[2] and Cashel, where we are now quartered, having good plenty both of horse meat and man's meat for a time; and being indeed, we may say, even almost in the heart and bowels of the enemy, ready to attempt what God shall next direct. And blessed be His name only for this good success, and for this 'also,' that we do not find that our men are at all considerably sick upon

[1] [See Governor's letter, and Articles, Supplement No. 55.]

[2] Letter, 'Fethard, 9th February,' to Colonel Phayr, Governor of Cork, for reinforcements: Appendix, No. 18. [And Feb. 10, probably to the commander at Clonmel, concerning the exchange of prisoners, Supplement No. 54 (2).]

this expedition, though indeed it hath been very blustering weather.

I had almost forgot one business: The Major-General was very desirous to gain a pass over the Suir, where indeed we had none but by boat, or when the weather served. Wherefore, on Saturday in the evening, he marched with a party of horse and foot to Arfinom [Ardfinnan]; where was a bridge, and at the foot of it a strong castle; which he, about four o'clock the next morning, attempted, killed about thirteen of the enemy's out-guard, lost but two men, and eight or ten wounded: the enemy yielded the place to him, and we are possessed of it, being a very considerable pass, and the nearest to our pass at Cappoquin over the Blackwater, whither we can bring guns, ammunition, or other things from Youghal by water, and over this pass to the army. The county of Tipperary have submitted to 1,500*l.* a-month contribution, although they have six or seven of the enemy's garrisons yet upon them.

Sir, I desire the charge of England as to this war may be abated as much as may be, and as we know you do desire, out of your care to the Commonwealth. But if you expect your work to be done, (if the marching army be not constantly paid, and the course taken that hath been humbly represented), indeed it will not be for the thrift of England, as far as England is concerned in the speedy reduction of Ireland. The money we raise upon the counties maintains the garrison forces, and hardly that. If the active force be not maintained, and all contingencies defrayed, how can you expect but to have a lingering business of it? Surely we desire not to spend a shilling of your treasury, wherein our consciences do not prompt us. We serve you; we are willing to be out of[1] our trade of war, and shall hasten (by God's assistance and grace) to the end of our work, as the labourer doth to be at his rest. This makes us bold to be earnest with you for necessary supplies: that of money is one. And there be some

[1] to have done with.

other things, which indeed I do not think for your service to speak of publicly, which I shall humbly represent to the Council of State, wherewith I desire we may be accommodated.

Sir, the Lord, who doth all these things, gives hopes of a speedy issue to this business; and, I am persuaded, will graciously appear in it. And truly there is no fear of the strength and combination of enemies round about, nor of slanderous tongues at home. God hath hitherto fenced you against all those, to wonder and amazement; they are tokens of your prosperity and success: only it will be good for you, and us that serve you, to fear the Lord; to fear unbelief, self-seeking, confidence in an arm of flesh, and opinion of any instruments that they are other than as dry bones. That God be merciful in these things, and bless you, is the humble prayer of, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

Commons Journals, 25th February 1649 50: 'A Letter from the 'Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from Castletown, 15° *Februarii* '1649, was this day read; and ordered to be forthwith printed 'and published. *Ordered*, That a Letter of Thanks be sent to 'the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and that Mr. Scott do prepare 'the Letter; and that Mr. Speaker do sign the same. *Resolved*, 'That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland have the use of the Lodg-'ings called the Cockpit, of the Spring Garden and St. James's 'House, and the command of St. James's Park.'

This Letter of Thanks, and very handsome *Resolution* did, as we shall find, come duly to hand. The Cockpit was then and long afterwards a sumptuous Royal 'Lodging' in Whitehall; Henry the Eighth's place of cock-fighting:—stood till not very long ago, say the Topographers, where the present Privy-Council Office is. The Cromwell Family hereupon prepared to remove thither; not without reluctance on Mrs. Cromwell's part, as Ludlow intimates.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77); see also *Commons Journals*, 25th February 1649-50. [Now printed from the original, *Tanner MSS.*, lvi. 168. The signature only is in Cromwell's hand.]

LETTER CXX

DEEP sunk among the Paper-Masses of the British Museum is an anonymous Fragment of a *Narrative of Oliver's Campaign in Ireland;* Fragment copied, as would seem, several generations ago, from an earlier Original, the beginning and end which were already lost,—torn off by careless hands, and consumed as waste paper. The Copyist, with due hopeful punctuality, has left blank leaves at the beginning and end: but to no purpose; they are and continue blank leaves. In this mutilated obscure state, it lies among the Manuscripts of the British Museum;—will perhaps be printed by some Dryasdust Society, in time.[1] It is by no means a Narrative of much merit: entirely anonymous, as we say, without specific date or outward indication of any kind; but written as if by a contemporary or even a fellow-actor, in a flat, diffuse, but authentic and exact manner. In obscure cases, as we have already found, it is worth consulting here and there;—contains, in particular, the following and some other unimportant Cromwell Letters, not found elsewhere, which we make a duty of preserving.

For the Governor of Cahir Castle:[2] *These*

'Before Cahir,' 24th February 1649.

SIR,

Having brought the army and my cannon near this place, according to my usual manner in summoning places, I thought fit to offer you terms, honourable for soldiers: That you may march away, with your baggage, arms and colours, free from injury or violence. But if I be necessitated to bend my

[1] It is already printed, and has been for a hundred years,—though the sleepy Catalogues give no sign! As Appendix to the Reprint of [Borlaces's] *History of the Irish 'Rebellion* (Dublin, 1743), the Piece is given entire, with 'Mr. Cliffe, Ireton's Secretary,' specified as Author. The Museum Copy 'wants only some three lines at one end and fifteen at the other;' and has 'insignificant verbal variations' from the Printed Copy, where they have been collated. Our sole authority here is still the Manuscript. (*Note to Third Edition.*)

[2] [The governor was Captain George Matthews. The articles of surrender will be found in the Supplement, No. 56.]

cannon upon you, you must expect the extremity usual in such cases.

To avoid blood, this is offered to you by,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

What became of Cahir Castle, of it and of others, will appear in the next Letter.

LETTER CXXI

'For the Honourable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These'

Cashel, 5th March 1649.

'SIR,'

* * * It pleaseth God still to enlarge your interest here. The Castle of Cahir, very considerable, built upon a rock, and seated in an island in the midst of Suir, was lately rendered to me. It cost the Earl of Essex, as I am informed, about eight weeks siege with his army and artillery.[1] It is now

* Narrative Fragment (in *Ayscough MSS.* no. 4769, [*Add. MSS.* 4769 *b*] cited above).

[1] In 1599 (Camden; in Kennet, ii. 614); but the 'eight weeks' are by no means mentioned in Camden! [Cromwell's informant was mistaken. On May 24, Essex wrote that Cahir's wife and brethren were consulting how to defend the Castle, "which is accounted the strongest place in Ireland," but that he did not believe they would dispute it, knowing that he had his cannon with him. On Whitsun Day (May 27) he conveyed a cannon and culverin thither and began to batter the castle, and on the Tuesday, according to one account, or on "the fourth day," according to another, he entered, slaying such of the garrison as did not make their escape across the river. It was of the taking of Cahir that Elizabeth wrote so scornfully to Essex: "Full well do we know that you would long since have scorned to have allowed it for any great matter in others to have taken an Irish hold from a rabble of rogues, with such force as you had and with the help of the cannon, which was always able in Ireland to make his (*sic*) passage where it pleased." *See Cal. S. P. Ireland*, 1599-1600, pp. 42, 57, 98, 134. In less than a year, by either the carelessness or treachery of the garrison (Sir George Carew suspected the latter) it was retaken by Lord Cahir's brother, who, with less than sixty men, scaled the walls and was in the hall before the sentry knew of the presence of an enemy (*Cal. S. P. Ireland*, 1600, p. 247). Lord Cahir, however, who had "come in" to the Lord President, soon obtained possession of it and held it for the Queen.] The Castle, a rather extensive building, overlooking from its rock 'the left bank of

yours without the loss of one man. So also is the castle of Kiltinan [1]; a very large and strong castle of the Lord of Dunboyne's; this latter I took-in with my cannon, without the loss of a man.

We have taken the castle of Golden Bridge, another pass upon the Suir; as also the castle of Dundrum, at which we lost about six men, Colonel Sanchy, who commanded the party, being shot through the hand. We have placed another strong garrison at Ballenskally [Ballynakill],[2] upon the edge of the King's and Queen's Counties. We have divers garrisons in the county of Limerick; and by these we take away the enemy's subsistence, and diminish their contributions. By which in time, I hope they will sink.

* * *

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTERS CXXII—CXXXII

HENRY CROMWELL, 'Colonel Henry,' and the Lord Broghil are busy with Inchiquin in Limerick County, to good purpose;[3] as other Colonels are with other rebels elsewhere, everywhere; and our Enemies will not stand, but have marched to Kilkenny. Kilkenny once taken, 'it is not thought they will be able to recruit their Army, or take the field again this summer.' On Friday 22d March, the Lord Lieutenant comes in view of Kilkenny: here, out of dim old pamphlets and repositories, readjusted into some degree of clearness, is sufficient record of what befel there. The first Summons goes on Friday evening:

the main stream of the River,' is now a barrack for soldiers. Anciently, and still, a chief place of the *Butler* Family.

[1] [Six miles north of Clonmell. Three of its four round towers still standing, showing the breeches made by Cromwell's guns. Murphy, p. 271.]

[2] [The castle of Goldenbridge (five miles west of Cashel) is still standing, and portions of Ballynakill. Murphy, p. 272.]

[3] [Ireton also was there. See a letter to him dated March 18. Supplement, No. 57.]

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77): see also *Commons Journals* (vi. 381), 12th March 1649-50. [There is an old MS. copy in *Tanner MS.*, lvi. 190.]

LETTER CXXII

To the Governor, and Mayor and Aldermen, of the City of Kilkenny: These

Before Kilkenny, 22 March 1649.

GENTLEMEN,

My coming hither is to endeavour, if God so please to bless me, the reduction of the city of Kilkenny to their obedience to the State of England;—from which, by an unheard-of massacre of the innocent English, you have endeavoured to rend yourselves. And as God hath begun to judge you with His sore plague, so will He follow you until He hath destroyed you, if you repent not. Your cause hath been judged already in England upon them who did abet your evils:[1] what may the principals then expect?—

By this free dealing, you see I entice you not to a compliance. You may have terms 'such as' may save you in your lives, liberties and estates, according to what will be fitting for me to grant and you to receive. If you choose for the worst, blame yourselves. In confidence of the gracious blessing and presence of God with His own cause, which this is, by many testimonies, I shall hope for a good issue upon my endeavours.

Expecting a return from you, I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

In Kilkenny are two military Governors, one of the City, one of the Castle; a Mayor with his Citizens and civic Functionaries; not to speak of Priests, miscellaneous clerical or other wreck of

[1] Connor, Lord Macguire (*State Trials*, iv. 654-754, 7th Feb. 1644-5), he and others have had public trial, doom and death, long since, for that: by the Law of England, well ascertained, known, and acted on, this long while, it is death to have been concerned in that.

* Narrative Fragment (in *Ayscough MSS.* no. 4769): found likewise, with date 23d March, in *King's Pamphlets*, sm. 4to, no. 464 [E. 598] art. 2; where the rest of these Kilkenny Letters are. [It appears to be dated 23rd in both the texts, but Cromwell says he sent it on Friday evening, which was the 22nd.]

the once Supreme Council of Kilkenny, now hastily exploded: all of whom this Letter of Friday evening throws into the natural agitation,—into the necessity of some swift resolution conjunct or several. On the morrow morning, Butler, 'Sir Walter Butler,' Governor of the City, answers with lion heart, or at least with lion voice and face, laconically in the name of all:

"*For General Cromwell*

"Kilkenny, 23 Martii 1649.

"SIR,—Your letter I have received; and in answer thereof: "I am commanded to maintain this city for his Majesty; which, "by the power of God, I am resolved to do.—Sir,—your servant,

"WA: BUTLER."

So that we have nothing for it but to 'take the best view we can where to plant our batteries;'—send in the mean while another Letter with more precise explanation of our terms,—Letter now lost,—which probably occupies the Governor and Civic Authorities during Saturday and Sunday; and on Monday morning, by which time our batteries too are about ready produces from the Governor new emphatic refusal:

"*For General Cromwell*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1649 *should be* 1650.][1]

"SIR,—Your last letter I received, and in answer: I have "such confidence in God to maintain this place as I will not lose "it upon such terms as you offer, but will sooner lose my life "and the lives of all that are here rather than submit to such "dishonourable conditions. So I rest,—Sir,—your servant,

"WA: BUTLER."

Whereupon, 'on Monday the 25th, our batteries,' unhappily only consisting of three guns, will have to open; and for the lion-voiced Governor there goes off this Answer:

[1] [It *is* 1650.]

LETTER CXXIII

For the Governor of Kilkenny

'Before Kilkenny,' 25th March 1650.

SIR,

If you had been as clear 'as' I was in my last,[1] I might perhaps have understood you so as to give you some farther answer: but, you expressing nothing particularly what you except-against in mine, I have nothing more to return save this, That for some reasons I cannot let your trumpeter suddenly come back, but have sent you this by a drummer of my own.

I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Your Trumpeter cannot suddenly come back, 'for some reasons,' chiefly for this,—that our poor batteries are about to begin to play, and that in fact we have a thought of storming you.—Governor Butler, hearing the batteries begin to play, makes haste to specify his conditions; which still seem rather high:

"*For General Cromwell*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1650.

"SIR,—Yours of this instant I received; the particulars which "you would have me express are these:

"That the Mayor and citizens and all other the inhabitants "and others now resident in this city and liberties thereof, with "their servants, shall be secured of their lives, liberties, estates "and goods, and live in their own habitations with all freedom: "And that our clergymen and all others here residing, of what "degree, condition or quality soever, that shall be minded to "depart, shall be permitted to depart safely hence with their "goods and whatsoever they have, to what place soever they "please within this realm, and in their departure shall be safely "convoyed: And that the said inhabitants shall have free trade

[1] Second Letter, now lost.

* *King's Pamphlets*, no. 464, art 2, p. 13. [E. 598].

"and traffic with all places under the Parliament of England's "command and elsewhere: And that the foresaid inhabitants "shall have their arms, ammunition and artillery for their own "defence, the town and liberties thereof paying such reasonable "contribution as shall be agreed upon, and not to be otherwise "charged: And that the governors, commanders, officers and "soldiers, both horse and foot, now garrisoned as well in the "castle as in the city, without exception of any of them, shall "safely march hence, with their arms, ammunition, artillery, bag "and baggage, and whatsoever else belongs to them; with their "drums beating, colours flying, matches burning, and bullet in "bouch" (musketeer's 'bouch,' *bouche* or *cheek*, in which at this epoch he keeps his bullets for immediate use); "and that they "shall have a competent time for their departure and carrying "away their goods, with a sufficient and safe convoy. And that "Major Nicholas Wall, and all others Commanders, Officers and "Soldiers who came out of the English Quarters, now residing "here, shall have the benefit of this Agreement. Without which, "I am resolved to maintain this place, with God's help.

"Thus expecting your answer to this letter, and that during "this treaty there shall be a cessation of arms, and all other acts "of hostility of both sides, I rest,—Sir,—your servant,

"WA: BUTLER."

These terms are still somewhat lion-voiced; but our batteries, such as they are, continue playing; the tone, before next morning, abates a little, and this other Note has gone; accompanied by one from the Mayor, which is now lost,[1] but of which we can still guess the purport.

[1] [The Mayor's letter, although overlooked by Carlyle, is with the others in the old pamphlet. It ran as follows:

To the Right Honourable the Lord Cromwell

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—We know by experience, and have it by your Honour's letters, that you desire not the spilling of blood, nor the spoiling of cities and towns. And though I doubt not but your Honour would easily agree to good and profitable conditions for the city and citizens yet we having a governor of the city and another of the castle, who commands us also, if befitting honourable conditions be not given unto the military part, the city and citizens do stand in danger of ruin, as well from our own party as from that of your Honour's; this, in the name of the city and citizens, I humbly offer to your Honour's gracious, wise consideration, and desire your favourable remedy therein, and rest Sir, your servant,

JA: ARCHDEKIN, Mayor of Kilkenny.

Gilbert dates this letter March 23—but there is no date in the pamphlet, and it was pretty certainly sent out with the Governor's (first) letter of the 25th. The demand for honourable conditions to be given to the soldiers shows that it is the letter answered by Cromwell on the 26th.]

"*For General Cromwell*

"Kilkenny, 25 Martii 1650.

"SIR,—Although I may not doubt, with God's help, to maintain "this place, as I have formerly written,—yet I do send the bearer "to let you know that I am content to treat with you of Proposi- "tions to be made of either side, so there be a cessation of arms "and all acts of hostility during that treaty. So, expecting your "answer, I rest,—your servant,

"WA: BUTLER."[1]

Meanwhile, having spent 'about a hundred shot' upon it, a breach discloses itself, which we hope is stormable. Storming party, on Tuesday the 26th, is accordingly drawn out, waiting the signal; and on another side of the City, 'Colonel Ewer with 1,000 men' is to assault the quarter called the Irish Town. These Answers go, to their respective destinations:

LETTER CXXIV

For the Governor of Kilkenny

'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

SIR,

Except the conditions were much bettered, and we in a worse posture and capacity to reduce you than before the last letters I sent you, I cannot imagine whence these high demands of yours arise. I hope in God, before it be long you may have occasion to think other thoughts; to which I leave you.

I shall not so much as treat with you upon these propositions. You desire some articles for honour's sake; which out of honesty, I do deny: viz. that of marching in the equipage you mention, 'muskets loaded, matches burning, &c.' I tell you my business is to reduce you from arms, and the country to quietness and their due subjection; to put an end to War, and not to lengthen it; wishing (if it may stand with the will of God) this people

[1] [This letter, though printed with the date Mar. 25, is placed in the old pamphlet amongst the letters of the 26th, and was probably sent on the Tuesday morning.]

may live as happily as they did before the bloody massacre and their troubles, and better too. If you and the company with you be of those who resolve to continue to hinder this, we know who is able to reach you, and, I believe, will.

For the inhabitants of the Town, of whom you seem to have a care, you know your retreat[1] to be better than theirs; and therefore it's not impoliticly done to speak for them, and to engage them to keep us as long from you as they can. If they be willing to expose themselves to ruin for you, you are much beholding unto them.

As for your clergymen (as you call them), in case you agree for a surrender, they shall march away safely, with their goods and what belongs to them: but if they fall otherwise into my hands, I believe they know what to expect from me. If upon what I proposed formerly, with this addition concerning them, you expect things to be cleared, I am content to have Commissioners for that purpose. I rest, Sir,

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXXV

To the Mayor of Kilkenny

'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

SIR,

Though I could have wished you and the citizens had been indeed more sensible of your own interests and concernments, yet since you are minded to involve it so much with that of soldiers, I am glad to understand you, which will be some direction to me what to think and what to do. I rest,

Your friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL.†

[1] means of surety and withdrawal.

* *King's Pamphlets*, no. 464 [E. 598], art. 2, pp. 17, 18. † *Ibid.* p. 14.

On signal given, the storming party at the breach, and Colonel Ewer at the Irish Town fall on: Colonel Ewer with good success; the storming party with indifferent or bad,—finding, after the breach is got, interior retrenchments, counterworks, palisadoes, hot fire; and drawing back, with the loss of 'Captain Frewen, and 20 or 30 men.' Ewer, however, is master of the Irish Town; the breach is still there,—*more* stormable than Tredah was, it may be hoped! Here in the interim is new anxious response from the Mayor:

"*For the Right Honourable General Cromwell*

"Kilkenny, 26th March 1650.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I received your Honour's letter in "answer to mine, which I wrote unto your Honour in pursuance "of the propositions sent by our governor unto your Honour, for "obtaining of the said conditions, which seemed unto us almost "befitting to be granted; the military part having exposed them-"selves for our defence; which obligeth us not to accept of any "conditions but such as may be befitting them. I desire your "Honour to grant a cessation of arms, and that hostages on both "sides be sent, and Commissioners appointed to treat of the con-"ditions. I rest, your Honour's servant,

"JA: ARCHDEKIN, Mayor of Kilkenny."

To which we answer:

LETTER CXXVI

For the Mayor of Kilkenny

'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

SIR,

Those whom God hath brought to a sense of His hand upon them, and to amend, submitting 'themselves' thereto and to the Power to which He hath subjected them, I cannot but pity and tender: and so far as that effect appears in you and your fellow-citizens, I shall be ready, without capitulation, to do more and better for you and them upon that ground,

than upon the high demands of your governor, or his capitulations for you.

I suppose he hath acquainted you with what I briefly offered yesterday, in relation to yourself and the inhabitants; otherwise he hath done you the more wrong, and hath the more to answer for to God and man. And notwithstanding the advantages (as to the commanding and entering the town) which God hath given us since that offer, more than we were possessed of before, yet I am still willing, upon 'your' surrender, to make good the same to the city, and that with advantage.

Now in regard of that temper which appears amongst you by your letters, though I shall not engage for more upon the governor's demands for you, whose power I conceive is now greater to prejudice and endanger the city than to protect it; 'nevertheless,' to save it from plunder and pillage, I 'have' promised the soldiery that, if we should take it by storm, the inhabitants shall give them a reasonable gratuity in money, in lieu of the pillages; and so made it death for any man to plunder. Which I shall still keep them to, by God's help (although we should be put to make an entry by force), unless I shall find the inhabitants engaging still with the Governor and soldiery to make resistance. You may see also the way I chose for reducing the place was such as tended most to save the inhabitants from pillage, and from perishing promiscuously (the innocent with the guilty), viz:—by attempting places which being possessed might bring it to a surrender, rather than to enter the city itself by force.

If what is here expressed may beget resolution in you which would occasion your safety and be consistent with the end of my coming hither, I shall be glad; and rest,

Your friend,

Oliver Cromwell.*

Urged by the Mayor, by Colonel Ewer, and the course of destiny, the Governor's lion-voice has abated; he writes:

* *King's Pamphlets*, no. 464, [E. 598], art. 2, pp. 15, 16.

"*For General Cromwell*

"Kilkenny, 26 Martii 1650.

"Sir,—In answer of your letter :—If you be pleased to appoint "officers for a treaty for the surrender of the castle and city upon "soldierlike conditions, I will also appoint officers of such quality "as are in the garrison ;—provided that hostages of equality be "sent on both sides, and a cessation of arms be also granted during "the treaty. Assuring a performance, on my side, of all that will "be agreed upon, I rest,—Sir,—your servant,

"Wa. Butler.

"P.S. I desire to know what's become of my trumpeter I em-"ployed two days ago."

LETTER CXXVII

For the Governor of Kilkenny

'Before Kilkenny,' 26th March 1650.

Sir,

That no extremity may happen for want of a right understanding, I am content that Commissioners on each side do meet, in the leaguer at the south side of the city ; authorised to treat and conclude. For which purpose, if you shall speedily send me the names and qualities of the Commissioners you will send out, I shall appoint the like number on my part, authorised as aforesaid, to meet with them ; and shall send-in a safe-conduct for the coming out and return of yours. As for hostages, I conceive it needless and dilatory. I expect that the treaty begin by 8 of the clock this evening, and end by 12 ; during which time only will I grant a cessation. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest,

Your servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

* *King's Pamphlets*, no. 464, [E. 598], art. 2, pp. 18, 19.

Governor answers, at a late hour: Time is too short; impossible to end so soon; 'your Trumpeter did not arrive till *nine:*'—Commissioners are 'Major John Comerford, Captain David Turn-'ball, James Cowley Esq. Recorder of this City, and Edward 'Rothe, Merchant;' these will meet yours, where specified, at six tomorrow morning,—'so as Hostages be sent for their safe 'return; for without Hostages the Gentlemen will not go.'

LETTER CXXVIII

To the Governor of Kilkenny

'Before Kilkenny,' 27th March 1650.

SIR,

The reason of the so late coming of my answer was because my trumpeter was refused to be received at the north end of the town; and where he was admitted, was kept long upon the guard.

I have sent you a safe-conduct for the four Commissioners named by you; and if they be such as are unwilling to take my word, I shall not, to humour them, agree to hostages. I am willing to a treaty for four hours, provided it begin by 12 of the clock this morning: but for a cessation, the time last appointed being past, I shall not agree unto it, to hinder my own proceedings.

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

After which straightway, with official Warrant, signed both by the City Governor and by the Castle one ('Ja. Welsh'), come the Four Commissioners; and then speedily the Treaty perfects itself: City and Garrison surrender wholly; City to pay ransom of 2,000*l.* at specified short dates, Recorder Cowley and Merchant Rothe remaining 'hostages till it be paid:' Soldiers to march out, 'bullet in bouch,' with all the honours of war; but at the end of two

* *King's Pamphlets*, no. 464 [E 598], art. 2, pp. 19, 20. [The Articles are printed by Gilbert (ii. 382) and Murphy, p. 307.]

miles to put bullet out of bouch, arms and war-honours wholly down, and, 'except 100 muskets and 100 pikes allowed them for defence against the Tories,' go off in an entirely pacific form. Thus go they ;—and the Siege of Kilkenny, happily for all parties, for us here among others, terminates.

LETTER CXXIX

A ROUGH brief Note, on accidental business, 'concerning Cork House ;' more interesting to the Boyle Genealogists and Dublin Antiquaries than to us.

The 'Commissioners at Dublin' are Parliamentary Commissioners, of whom there have been various successive sets, the last set just appointed,[1] for various administrative objects,—chiefly, just now, for 'Advancement of the Gospel' by 'Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands,' to pay fit Preachers with, and provide right Churches for them. 'Cork House' is not Lismore, but the Family Mansion in Dublin ; it stood on Cork Hill then, and has quite vanished now : the 'Dean at Dublin' has or had some interest in it, which might advance the Gospel if bestowed well.

'To the Commissioners at Dublin : These'

'Carrick-on-Suir,' 1st April 1650.

GENTLEMEN,

Being desired by the Countess of Cork that nothing may be done by way of disposal of such part of Cork House as is holden of the Dean in Dublin (in case my Lord of Cork's interest be determined therein) ; and that my Lord of Cork may have the refusal thereof before any other, in regard his father has been at great charge in building thereof, and some part of the same House is[2] my Lord's inheritance, and in that respect the other part would not be so convenient for any other :

[1] 8th March 1649-50 (*Commons Journals*, vi. 379) : 'Colonel John Hewson 'Governor of Dublin, Sir Robert King, William Hawkins, Daniel Hutchinson, 'William Lawrence, Esqrs., or any three of them, with the consent of the Lord 'Lieutenant.'

[2] 'being' in *orig.*

Which motion I conceive to be very reasonable. And therefore I desire you not to dispose of any part of the said House to any person whatsoever, until you hear further from me; my Lady having undertaken, in a short time, as soon as she can come at the sight of her writings, to be satisfied what interest my Lord of Cork hath yet to come therein, my Lord will renew his term in the said House, or give full resolution therein. I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'My Lady of Cork,' the second Earl's Wife, Lord Broghil's sister-in-law,[1] has good access to the Lord Lieutenant at present: —will find her business drag, nevertheless.[2]

LETTER CXXX

OFFICIAL Despatch, briefly recapitulating that affair of Kilkenny and some others;—points also towards return to England.

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These

Carrick, 2d April 1650.

MR. SPEAKER,

I think the last letter I troubled you with, was about the taking of Cahir, since which time there was taken, by beating-up their quarters, two Colonels, a Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and divers Captains, all of horse: Colonel Johnson,[3]

* Old Copy, 'The Coppie of my Lord Lieutenant's Letter to the Commissioners at Dublin concerninge Corke House,' now in the possession of Sir W. Betham, Ulster King of Arms.

[1] [That is, Richard, Earl of Cork, and Roger, Lord Broghill, were brothers. Elizabeth, Countess of Cork, was the daughter and heiress of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland.]

[2] *Commons Journals*, vi. 434; Lodge's *Peerage* (Archdall's), i. 170; &c.

[3] The other Colonel, Randall Clayton, was tried and condemned with the others; but pardoned. See Letter in Appendix, No. 20: and Whitlocke. (*Note of* 1857.)

Lieutenant-Colonel Loughorn [Laughern], and Major Simes, were shot to death, as having served under the Parliament, but now taken up arms with the enemy.

Hearing that Castlehaven and Lieutenant-General Farrald [O'Ferrall] were about Kilkenny, with their army lying there quartered, and about Carlow and Leighlin Bridge; and hearing also that Colonel Hewson, with a good party from Dublin, was come as far as Ballisannon,[1] and had taken it, we thought fit to send an express to him, to march up towards us for a conjunction. And because we doubted the sufficiency of his party to march with that security that were to be wished, Colonel Shilbourn was ordered to go with some troops of horse out of the county of Wexford (which was his station) to meet him. And because the enemy was possessed of the fittest places upon the Barrow for our conjunction, we sent a party of seven or eight hundred horse and dragoons, and about five-hundred foot, to attempt upon Castlehaven in the rear, if he should have endeavoured to have defended the places against Colonel Hewson.

Our party, being a light nimble party, was at the Barrow-side before Colonel Hewson could be heard of; and possessed a house by the Graigue: they marched towards Leighlin, and faced Castlehaven at a pretty distance; but he showed no forwardness to engage. Our party not being able to hear of Colonel Hewson, came back as far as Thomastown, a small walled Town, and a pass upon the Nore, between Kilkenny and Ross, which our men attempting to take, the enemy made no great resistance, but, by the advantage of the bridge, quitted the town, and fled to a castle about half a mile distant off,[2] which they had formerly possessed. That night the President of Munster[3] and myself came up to the party. We summoned the said castle, and, after two days, it was surrendered to us; the enemy leaving their arms, drums, colours

[1] See Whitlocke, p. 430; Carte, ii. 113. [Now Ballyshannon, four miles south-west of Kilcullenbridge. The castle belonged to Pierce Fitzgerald. Murphy, p. 282.]

[2] [Father Murphy thinks this was probably Grenan Castle, which is still standing.]

[3] Ireton (*Commons Journals*, 4th December 1649).

and ammunition behind them, and engaging never to bear arms more against the Parliament of England.

We lay still after this about two or three days. The President went back to Fethard, to bring up some great guns, with a purpose to attempt upon the Granny,[1] and some castles thereabouts, for the better blocking-up of Waterford; and to cause to advance up to us some more of our foot. In the end we had advertisement that Colonel Hewson was come to Leighlin, where was a very strong castle and pass over the Barrow. I sent him word that he should attempt it, which he did, and, after some dispute, reduced it; by which means we have a good pass over the Barrow, and intercourse between Munster and Leinster. I sent Colonel Hewson word that he should march up to me, and we, advancing likewise with our party, met near by Gowran, a populous town, where the enemy had a very strong castle, under the command of Colonel Hammond, a Kentishman, who was a principal actor in the Kentish Insurrection,[2] and did manage the Lord Capel's business at his trial. I sent him a civil invitation to deliver up the castle unto me, to which he returned me a very resolute answer, and full of height. We planted our artillery, and before we had made a breach considerable, the enemy beat a parley for a treaty; which I (having offered so fairly before to him), refused; but sent him in positive conditions, that the soldiers should have their lives, and the commission officers to be disposed of as should be thought fit, which in the end was submitted to. The next day, the Colonel, the Major, and the rest of the commission officers were shot to death,[3] all but one, who, being a very earnest instrument to have the castle delivered, was pardoned. In the same castle also we took a Popish Priest, who was chaplain to the Catholics in this regiment; who was

[1] Now a ruin near Waterford; he spells it 'Granno.'

[2] In 1648. None of our Hammonds.

[3] [Castlehaven complained of Cromwell's conduct in shooting these officers, because when he had taken the garrison of Athy, a little time before, he had sent the men as a present to Cromwell, asking him to do the like on occasion. *Memoirs*, p. 123.]

caused to be hanged. I trouble you with this the rather, because this regiment was the Lord of Ormond's own regiment. In this castle was good store of provisions for the Army.

After the taking of this Castle, it was agreed amongst us to march to the city of Kilkenny, which we did upon Friday the 22d of March; and coming with our body within a mile of the town, we advanced with some horse very near unto it; and that evening I sent Sir Walter Butler and the Corporation a letter a copy whereof is here enclosed. From whom next day I received this answer.[1] We took the best view we could where to plant our batteries; and upon Monday the 25th, our batteries, consisting of three guns, began to play. After near a hundred shot, we made a breach, as we hoped stormable. Our men were drawn out ready for the attempt; and Colonel Ewer ordered, with about one-thousand foot, to endeavour to possess the Irish town, much about the time of our storming, which he accordingly did, with the loss of not above three or four men. Our men upon the signal fell on upon the breach: which indeed was not performed with usual courage nor success, for they were beaten off, with the loss of one captain, and about twenty or thirty men killed and wounded. The enemy had made two retrenchments or counterworks, which they had strongly palisadoed, and both of them did so command our breach, that indeed it was a mercy to us we did not farther contend for an entrance there; it being probable that, if we had, it would have cost us very dear.

Having possessed the Irish town, and there being another walled town on the other side of the river, eight companies of foot were sent over the river to possess that, which accordingly was effected, and not above the like number lost that were in possessing the Irish town. The officer that commanded this party in chief attempted to pass over the bridge into the city, and to fire the gate, which indeed was done with good resolution; but, lying too open to the enemy's shot, he had forty or fifty men

[1] [See pp. 33, 34 above.]

killed and wounded, which was a sore blow to us. We made our preparations for a second battery, which was well near perfected: the enemy, seeing himself thus begirt, sent for a treaty, and had it; and, in some hours, agreed to deliver up the Castle upon the Articles enclosed, which we received upon Thursday the 28th of March. We find the Castle exceeding well fortified by the industry of the enemy, being also very capacious: so that if we had taken the town, we must have had a new work for the Castle, which might have cost much blood and time. So that, we hope, the Lord hath provided better for us; and we look at it as a gracious mercy that we have the place for you upon these terms.[1]

Whilst these affairs were transacting, a Lieutenant-Colonel, three Majors, eight Captains, being English, Welsh and Scotch, with others, possessed of Cantwell Castle,[2] a very strong Castle, situated in a bog, well furnished with provisions of corn,—were ordered by Sir Walter Butler to come to strengthen the garrison of Kilkenny. But they sent two officers to me, to offer me the place, and their service, and that they might have passes to go beyond sea to serve foreign states, with some money to bear their charges: the last whereof I consented to, they promising

[1] [A pamphlet of the time gives a newsletter from Cork, with the following account: "So soon as our battery upon the Irish town (a kind of suburbs, but well walled) made way to enter, Col. Hewson and Col. Ewers, with their regiments, fell on, and beat the enemy as far as the main guard; where the enemy, perceiving that our horse could not enter the breach, rallied to a head, and by a desperate charge, forced us to a retreat, but without much loss. . . . Howbeit, towards the Bridge the dispute was hottest, for attempting to petard the gate, we lost forty of Col. Gifford's men; the castle flanked them so clearly and fired so hotly. . . . The enemy beating a parley, my Lord Lieutenant was the more willing to grant them conditions, in regard the plague was and had been long in the city, and indeed the goodness of God was exceedingly manifested in preventing the plunder of the place, which must needs have hazarded the army by infection." *A Brief Relation* &c. (E. 598, 6). A letter from Dublin, printed in this same pamphlet, states that "above all things this is observable, that though the plague hath been exceeding rife, both there [in Kilkenny] and Gowran, and in all the Irish quarters, yet not one of our men hath had it, though they lie in their sick beds; this is the Lord's own doing, and is marvellous in our eyes." The old *History of the Irish Rebellion*, states, however, that in consequence of the sickness, Cromwell left only a small garrison under Axtell, and carried his army away as quickly as possible. (Appendix 20).]

[2] 'Cantwell,' still known among the peasantry by that name, is now called Sandford's Court; close upon Kilkenny: 'Donkill' seems to be Donhill, a ruined Strength not far from Waterford. Of Pulkerry and Ballopoin, [*sic*] in this paragraph, I can hear no tidings.

to do nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament of England. Colonel Abbot also attempted Ennisnag:[1] where were gotten a company of rogues which 'had' revolted from Colonel Jones.[2] The soldiers capitulated for life, and their two officers were hanged for revolting.[3] Adjutant-General Sadler was commanded with two guns to attempt some castles in the county of Tipperary and Kilkenny; which being reduced 'would' exceedingly tend to the blocking-up of two considerable Towns. He summoned Polkerry,[4] a garrison under Clonmel. battered it; they refusing to come out, stormed it; put thirty or forty of them to the sword, and the rest remaining obstinate were fired in the castle. He took Ballo Doin,[5] the Enemy marching away, leaving their arms behind them. He took also the Granny and Donkill,[6] two very considerable places to Waterford, upon the same terms. We have advanced our quarters towards the enemy, a considerable way above Kilkenny, where we hope, by the gaining of ground, to get subsistence; and still to grow upon the enemy, as the Lord shall bless us.

Sir, I may not be wanting to tell you, and renew it again, that our hardships are not a few; that I think in my conscience, if moneys be not supplied, we shall not be able to carry on your work. I would not say this to you, if I did not reckon it my duty so to do. But if it be supplied, and that speedily, I hope, through the good hand of the Lord, it will not be long before England will be at an end of this charge; for the saving of which, I beseech you help us as soon as you can. Sir, our horse have not had one month's pay of five. We strain what we can that the foot may be paid, or else they would starve. Those towns that are to be reduced, especially one or two of them, if we should proceed by the rules of other states, would

[1] [In the county of Kilkenny, between Kells and Gowran; some parts of the walls still standing. Murphy, p. 320.]
[2] The late Michael Jones.
[3] [See Supplement, No. 57.]
[4] [In the county of Tipperary, five miles east of Clonmel. Murphy, p. 320.]
[5] [Ballydoyne, midway between Carrick and Clonmel. *Ibid.*, p. 321.]
[6] [Donhill, four miles north of Waterford, on the Thomastown road. *Ibid.*]

cost you more money than this army hath had since we came over. I hope, through the blessing of God, they will come cheaper to you: but how we should be able to proceed in our attempts without reasonable supply, is humbly submitted and represented to you. I think I need not say, that a speedy period put to this work will break the expectation of all your enemies. And seeing the Lord is not wanting to you, I most humbly beg it, that you would not be wanting to yourselves.

In the last place, it cannot be thought but the taking of these places, and keeping but what is necessary of them, it must needs swallow up our Foot; and I may humbly repeat it again, that I do not know of much above two-thousand of your five-thousand recruits come to us. Having given you this account concerning your affairs, I am now obliged to give you an account concerning myself, which I shall do with all clearness and honesty.

I have received divers private intimations of your pleasure to have me come in person to wait upon you in England, as also copies of the votes of the Parliament to that purpose. But considering the way they came to me were but private intimations, and the votes did refer to a letter to be signed by the Speaker, I thought it would have been too much forwardness in me to have left my charge here, until the said letter came; it being not fit for me to prophesy whether the letter would be an absolute command, or having limitations with a liberty left by the Parliament to me, to consider in what way to yield my obedience. Your letter came to my hands upon Friday the 22d of March, the same day that I came before the city of Kilkenny, and when I was near the same. And 'I' understood by Dr. Cartwright, who delivered it to me, that by reason of cross winds, and the want of shipping in the West of England where he was, hindered him from coming with it sooner; it bearing date the 8th of January, and not coming to my hands until the 22d of March.[1]

[1] [Dr. Cartwright's (or Carteret's) pass was dated January 14. See *S. P. Interregnum*, I. 63, p. 517.]

The letter supposed your army in winter-quarters, and the time of the year not suitable for present action, making this as the reason of your command. And your forces having been in action ever since the 29th of January; and your letter, which was to be the rule of my obedience, coming to my hands after our having been so long in action,—with respect had to the reasons you were pleased to use therein,[1] and having received a letter signed by yourself, of the 26th February,[2] which mentions not one word of the continuance of your pleasure concerning my coming over;—I did humbly conceive it much consisting with my duty, humbly to beg a positive signification what your will is; professing (as before the Lord) that I am most ready to obey your commands herein with all alacrity; rejoicing only to be about that work which I am called to by those 'whom' God hath set over me, which I acknowledge you to be; and fearing only in obeying you, to disobey you.

I most humbly and earnestly beseech you to judge for me, whether your letter doth not naturally allow me the liberty of begging a more clear expression of your command and pleasure, which, when vouchsafed unto me, will find most ready and cheerful observance from,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

[1] [Carlyle here inserted "I knew not what to do," but the sentence reads quite clearly without it.]

[2] *Antea*, p. 29.

* *King's Pamphlets*, no. 464 [E. 598], art. 2; Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 78-81). Printed, this Letter with the others on Kilkenny, by order of Parliament; messenger, 'Richard Lehunt' (Colonel Lehunt, I believe, *antea*, vol. i. p. 322), gets 50*l.* (*Commons Journals*, vi. 397, 13th April 1650).

LETTER CXXXI

HERE, of the same date, is a Letter to Mayor; and then a Letter to Richard; which concludes what we have in Ireland.

For my very loving Brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These

Carrick, 2d April 1650.

DEAR BROTHER,

For me to write unto you the state of our affairs here were more than indeed I have leisure well to do, and therefore I hope you do not expect it from me; seeing when I write to the Parliament I usually am (as becomes me) very particular with them, and usually from thence the knowledge thereof is spread.

Only this let me say (which is the best intelligence to friends that are truly Christian): The Lord is pleased still to vouchsafe us His presence, and to prosper His own work in our hands; which to us is the more eminent because truly we are a company of poor, weak and worthless creatures. Truly our work is neither from our own brains nor from our courage and strength, but we follow the Lord who goeth before, and gather what He scattereth, that so all may appear to be from Him.

The taking of the city of Kilkenny hath been one of our last works; which indeed I believe hath been a great discomposing of the enemy, it's so much in their bowels. We have taken many considerable places lately, without much loss. What can we say to these things. If God be for us, who can be against us? Who can fight against the Lord and prosper? Who can resist His will? The Lord keep us in His love.

I desire your prayers; your family is often in mine. I rejoice to hear how it hath pleased the Lord to deal with my daughter.[1]

[1] In a hopeful way I conclude! Richard's first child, according to Noble's registers, was not born till 3d November 1652 (Noble, i. 189); a boy, who died within three weeks. Noble's registers, as we shall soon see, are very defective.

The Lord bless her, and sanctify all His dispensations to them and us. I have committed my son to you; I pray counsel him. Some letters I have lately had from him have a good savour: the Lord treasure up grace there, that out of that treasury He may bring forth good things.

Sir, I desire my very entire affection my be presented to my dear sister, my Cousin Ann and the rest of my cousins, and to idle Dick Norton when you see him. Sir, I rest,

Your most loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXXXII

For my beloved Son Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These

Carrick, 2d April 1650.

DICK CROMWELL,

I take your letters kindly: I like expressions when they come plainly from the heart, and are not strained nor affected.

I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercy to place you where you are: I wish you may own it and be thankful, fulfilling all relations to the glory of God. Seek the Lord and His face continually: let this be the business of your life and strength, and let all things be subservient and in order to this. You cannot find nor behold

["Noble's registers" appear to be quite accurate. He gives the date of the birth of Richard's first child—a daughter—as March 26, 1650. It is the first son (not the first child), who, he says, was born on November 3, 1652. See also note on p. 69 below.]

*Harris, p. 512. [One of the Pusey letters, "No. 16," Holograph. In the Morrison Collection. To this letter Harris adds the following note, "this direction is in a woman's hand. Underneath is written in Mr. Mayor's hand these words '15 May, I wrote in behalf of Mr. Bonny of Dorset.'" The direction is in an ordinary clerk's hand. It does not look at all like a woman's writing. "Bonny" is possibly correct, but the word is more probably "Berry." The letter is sealed with the Cromwell arms, and endorsed by Mayor, "Ld. L[ieut.] Cromwell, 2 April 1650 from Caricke."]

the face of God but in Christ; therefore labour to know God in Christ, which the Scripture makes to be the sum of all, even life eternal. Because the true knowledge is not literal or speculative, but inward, transforming the mind to it. It's uniting to, and participating of, the Divine Nature (2 *Peter*, i. 4): It's such a knowledge as Paul speaks of (*Philippians* the 3d, 8, 9, 10).[1] How little of this knowledge of Christ is there among us. My weak prayers shall be for you.

Take heed of an unactive vain spirit. Recreate yourself with Sir Walter Ralegh's[2] History: it's a body of History, and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of story. —Intend[3] to understand the estate I have settled: it's your concernment to know it all, and how it stands. I have heretofore suffered much by too much trusting others. I know my Brother Maior will be helpful to you in all this.

You will think (perhaps) I need not advise you to love your wife. The Lord teach you how to do it, or else it will be done ill-favouredly. Though marriage be no instituted Sacrament, yet where the undefiled bed is, and love, this union aptly resembles Christ and His Church. If you can truly love your wife, what 'love' doth Christ bear to His Church and every poor soul therein, who gave Himself for it and to it. Commend me to your wife; tell her I entirely love her, and rejoice in the goodness of the Lord to her. I wish her everyway fruitful. I thank her for her loving letter.

[1] "That by these ye might be partakers of the divine Nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." (2 Peter i. 4). "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. For whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ and be found in Him,—not having my own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the Faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith, that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings being made conformable unto his death." (Philippians iii. 8. 10). These sentences,—well known to Oliver; familiar to him in their phraseology, and in their sense too; and never to be *finally* forgotten by the earnest-hearted of the Sons of Men,—are not quoted in the Original, but merely indicated. [Carlyle interpolated them in the letter.]

[2] ["Raughleye," Cromwell spells the name.]

[3] Old word for 'endeavour.'

I have presented my love to my sister and Cousin Ann, &c. in my letter to my Brother Maior. I would not have him alter his affairs because of my debt. My purse is as his: my present thoughts are but to lodge such a sum for my two little Girls; it's in his hand as well as anywhere. I shall not be wanting to accommodate him to his mind; I would not have him solicitous. Dick, the Lord bless you every way. I rest,

Your loving Father,

Oliver Cromwell.*

In the end of this month, 'the President Frigate,' President Bradshaw Frigate, sails from Milford Haven 'to attend his Excellency's pleasure,' and bring him home if he see good to come. He has still one storm to do there first; that of Clonmel, where 'Two-thousand foot, all Ulster men,' are gathered for a last struggle;—the death-agony of this War, after which it will fairly die, and be buried. A very fierce storm, and fire-whirlwind of last agony; whereof take this solid account by an eye-witness and hand-actor; and so leave this part of our subject. The date is 10th May 1650; 'a Letter from Clonmel in Ireland:'

"Worthy Sir,—Yesterday," Thursday 9th May, "we stormed "Clonmel: in which work both officers and soldiers did as much "and more than could be expected. We had, with our guns, "made a breach in their works; where, after an hot fight, we "gave back a while; but presently charged up to the same "ground again. But the Enemy had made themselves exceeding "strong, by double-works and traverse, which were worse to enter "than the breach; when we came up to it, they had cross-works, "and were strongly flanked from the houses within their works. "The Enemy defended themselves against us that day, until to-"wards the evening, our men all the while keeping up close to

* *Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell*, by Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, a Descendant of the Family (London, 1822), i. 369. An incorrect, dull, insignificant Book; contains this Letter, and one or two others, 'in possession of the Cromwell Family.' [But now printed from the original. This letter, holograph, as those to his own family are, almost without exception, seems to have gone through several hands. At one time it was in possession of a member of the Incorporated Law Society (see *Catalogue of Autograph Letters*, &c. B. M. 11903, bbb. 22.) It is now in the Morrison Collection.] Another Descendant, Thomas Cromwell Esquire's *Oliver Cromwell and his Times* (London, 1821), is of a vaporous, gesticulative, dull-*aërial*, still more insignificant character; and contains nothing that is not common elsewhere.

"their breach; and many on both sides were slain." The fierce death-wrestle, in the breaches here, lasted four hours: so many hours of hot storm and continuous tug of war, "and many men "were slain." "At night, the Enemy drew out, on the other "side, and marched away undiscovered to us; and the inhabitants "of Clonmel sent out for a parley. Upon which, Articles were "agreed on, before we knew the Enemy was gone. After signing "of the Conditions, we discovered the Enemy to be gone; and, "very early this morning, pursued them; and fell upon their rear "of stragglers, and killed above 200,—besides those we slew in "the storm. . . . We entered Clonmel this morning, and have "kept our Conditions with them. The place is considerable; "and very advantageous to the reducing of these parts wholly to "the Parliament of England." [1] Whitlocke has heard by other Letters, 'That they found in Clonmel the stoutest Enemy that 'ever was found by the army, in Ireland; and that there never 'was seen so hot a storm of so long continuance, and so gallantly 'defended, neither in England or Ireland.' [2]

The Irish Commander here was Hugh O'Neil, a kinsman of Owen Roe's: vain he too, this new brave O'Neil! It is a lost Cause. It is a Cause he has not yet seen into the secret of, and cannot prosper in. Fiery fighting cannot prosper in it; no, there needs something other first, which has never yet been done! Let the O'Neil go elsewhither, with his fighting talent; here it avails nothing, and less. To the surrendered Irish Officers the Lord Lieutenant granted numerous permissions to embody regiments, and go abroad with them into any country not at war with England. Some 'Five-and-forty Thousand' *Kurisees*, or whatever name they had, went in this way to France, to Spain, and fought there far off; and their own land had peace.

The Lord Lieutenant would fain have seen Waterford surrender before he went: but new Letters arrive from the Parliament; affairs in Scotland threaten to become pressing. He

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 81).

[2] Whitlocke, p. 441. [Sir Lewis Dyves, writing of the attack on Clonmel, says that O'Neale behaved "so discreetly and gallantly in defending it that Cromwell lost near upon 2,500 men before it, and had, notwithstanding, gone away without it, if they within had had store of powder." His figures are probably exaggerated, but there is no doubt that Cromwell's loss was exceedingly heavy. M'Geoghegan and Borlase give about the same numbers, Carte and Ware almost as many. See also *Aphorismical Discovery*, ed. Gilbert, vol. ii., p. 76. For an adequate account of this Clonmel business, see Murphy, p. 327 *et seq.*]

appoints Ireton his Deputy, to finish the business here; rapidly makes what survey of Munster, what adjustment of Ireland, military and civil, is possible;[1]—steps on board the President Frigate, in the last days of May, and spreads sail for England. He has been some nine months in Ireland; leaves a very handsome spell of work done there.

At Bristol, after a rough passage, the Lord Lieutenant is received with all the honours and acclamations, 'the great guns firing thrice;' hastens up to London, where, on Friday 31st May, all the world is out to welcome him. Fairfax, and chief Officers, and Members of Parliament, with solemn salutation, on Hounslow Heath: from Hounslow Heath to Hyde Park, where are Train-bands and Lord Mayors; on to Whitehall and the Cockpit, where are better than these,—it is one wide tumult of salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting;—Hero-worship after a sort, not the best sort. It was on this occasion that Oliver said, or is reported to have said, when some sycophantic person observed, "What a crowd come out to see your Lordship's triumph!"—"Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many more would there be!"[2]—

Such is what the Irish common people still call the "Curse of Cromwell;" this is the summary of his work in that country. The remains of the War were finished out by Ireton, by Ludlow: Ireton died of fever, at Limerick, in the end of the second year;[3] and solid Ludlow, who had been with him for some ten months, succeeded. The ulterior arrangements for Ireland were those of the Commonwealth Parliament and the proper Official Persons; not specially Oliver's arrangements, though of course he remained a chief authority in that matter, and nothing could well be done which he with any emphasis deliberately condemned.

There goes a wild story, which owes its first place in History to Clarendon, I think, who is the author of many such: How the Parliament at one time had decided to 'exterminate' all the Irish

[1] [Other letters and papers of Cromwell's, written before leaving Ireland, will be found in the Supplement, Nos. 58-60.]

[2] Newspapers (in *Kimber*, p. 148); Whitlocke, p. 441. [Burnet, however, states upon Ingoldsby's authority, that this speech was made to Lambert during the march down into Scotland, near Northampton, where—the people shouting and wishing them success—Lambert said "he was glad to see they had the nation on their side". Cromwell answered, "do not trust to that; for these very persons would shout as much if you and I were going to be hanged". *History of My Own Time*, i, 154, ed. Airy.]

[3] 26th November 1651 (Wood *in voce*): Ludlow had arrived in January of the same year (Memoirs, i. 322, 332, &c.).

population; and then, finding this would not quite answer, had contented itself with packing them all off into the Province of Connaught, there to live upon the moorlands; and *so* had pacified the Sister Island.[1] Strange rumours no doubt were afloat in the Council of Kilkenny, in the Conventicle of Clonmacnoise, and other such quarters, and were kept up for very obvious purposes in those days; and my Lord of Clarendon at an after date, seeing Puritanism hung on the gallows and tumbled in heaps in St. Margaret's, thought it safe to write with considerable latitude respecting its procedure. My Lord had, in fact, the story all his own way for about a hundred-and-fifty years; and, during that time, has set afloat through vague heads a great many things. His authority is rapidly sinking; and will now probably sink deeper than even it deserves.

The real procedure of the Puritan Commonwealth towards Ireland is not a matter of conjecture, or of report by Lord Clarendon; the documentary basis and scheme of it still stands in black-on-white, and can be read by all persons.[2] In this Document the reader will find, set forth in authentic business-form, a Scheme of Settlement somewhat different from that of 'extermination;' which, if he be curious in that matter, he ought to consult. First, it appears by this Document, 'all husbandmen, ploughmen, labourers, artificers and others of the meaner sort' of the Irish nation are to be,—not exterminated; no, but rendered exempt from punishment and question, as to these Eight Years of blood and misery now ended; which is a very considerable exception from the Clarendon Scheme! Next, as to the Ringleaders, the rebellious Landlords, and Papist Aristocracy; as to these also, there is a carefully graduated scale of punishments established, that punishment and guilt may in some measure correspond. All that can be proved to have been concerned in the Massacre of Forty-one; for these, and for certain other persons of the turncoat species, whose names are given, there shall be no pardon:—'extermination,' actual death on the gallows, or perpetual banishment and confiscation for these; but not without legal inquiry and due trial first had, for these, or for any one. Then certain others, who have been in arms at certain dates against the Parliament, but not concerned in the Massacre: these are declared to have forfeited their estates; but lands to the value of one-third of the

[1] Continuation of Clarendon's *Life* (Oxford, 1761), pp. 119, &c. &c.
[2] Scobell, Part ii. p. 197 (12th August 1652); see also p. 317 (27th June 1656).

same, as a modicum to live upon, shall be assigned them, where the Parliament thinks safest,—in the moorlands of Connaught, as it turned out. Then another class, who are open Papists and have *not* manifested their good affection to the Parliament: these are to forfeit one-third of their estates; and continue quiet at their peril. Such is the Document; which was regularly acted on; fulfilled with as much exactness as the case, now in the hands of very exact men, admitted of. The Catholic Aristocracy of Ireland have to undergo this fate, for their share in the late miseries; this and no other: and as for all 'ploughmen, husbandmen, artificers and people of the meaner sort,' they are to live quiet where they are, and have no questions asked.[1]

In this way, not in the way of 'extermination,' was Ireland settled by the Puritans. Five-and-forty thousand armed 'kurisees' are fighting, not without utility we hope, far off in foreign parts. Incurably turbulent ringleaders of revolt are sent to the moorlands of Connaught. Men of the Massacre, where they can be convicted, of which some instances occur, are hanged. The mass of the Irish Nation lives quiet under a *new* Land Aristocracy; new, and in several particulars very much improved indeed: under these lives now the mass of the Irish Nation; ploughing, delving, hammering; with their wages punctually paid them; with the truth spoken to them, and the truth done to them, so as they had never before seen it since they were a Nation! Clarendon himself admits that Ireland flourished, to an unexampled extent, under this arrangement. One can very well believe it. What is to hinder poor Ireland from flourishing, if you will do the truth to it and speak the truth, instead of doing the falsity and speaking the falsity?

Ireland, under this arrangement, would have grown up gradually into a sober diligent drabcoloured population; developing itself, most probably, in some form of Calvinistic Protestantism. For there was hereby a Protestant *Church* of Ireland, of the most irrefragable nature, preaching daily in all its actions and procedure a real Gospel of veracity, of piety, of fair dealing and good order, to all men; and certain other 'Protestant Churches of Ireland,' and unblessed real-imaginary Entities, of which the human soul is getting weary, would of a surety never have found footing there! But the Ever-blessed Restoration came upon us. All

[1] [But the Transportation was a much more serious matter than Carlyle would seem to imply. See Prendergast's *Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, and Dr. Gardiner's article on the "Transportation to Connaught," in vol. xiv. of the *English Historical Review*.]

that arrangement was torn up by the roots; and Ireland was appointed to develop itself as we have seen. Not in the drab-coloured Puritan way;—in what other way is still a terrible dubiety, to itself and to us! It will be by some Gospel of Veracity, I think, when the Heavens are pleased to send such. This 'Curse of Cromwell,' so-called, is the only Gospel of that kind I can yet discover to have ever been fairly afoot there.[1]

[1] ["Carlyle draws a picture of Ireland as it might have been if the 'ever-blessed restoration' had not torn up Cromwell's system by the roots. . . . It is a baseless dream. Even in Cromwell's lifetime it was evident that his scheme for the conversion of the Irish was doomed to failure. After his death, the proscription of Catholicism and the hopeless attempt to force Protestantism on a reluctant people were still continued, nor were they abandoned till 1829. . . . So the Cromwellian land settlement survived its author, to be his most permanent monument, and to be also, as Mr. Lecky writes 'The foundation of that deep and lasting division between the proprietary and the tenants which is the chief cause of the political and social evils of Ireland.'" Firth's *Oliver Cromwell*, p. 274.]

PART VI

WAR WITH SCOTLAND

1650-1651

WAR WITH SCOTLAND

The Scotch People, the first beginners of this grand Puritan Revolt, which we may define as an attempt to bring the Divine Law of the Bible into actual practice in men's affairs on the Earth, are still one and all resolute for that object; but they are getting into sad difficulties as to realising it. Not easy to realise such a thing: besides true will, there need heroic gifts, the highest that Heaven gives, for realising it! Gifts which have not been vouchsafed the Scotch People at present. The letter of their Covenant presses heavy on these men; traditions, formulas, dead letters of many things press heavy on them. On the whole, they too are but what we call Pedants in conduct, not Poets: the sheepskin record failing them, and old use-and-wont ending, they cannot farther; they look into a sea of troubles, shoreless, starless, on which there seems no navigation possible.

The faults or misfortunes of the Scotch People, in their Puritan business, are many: but properly their grand fault is this, That they have produced for it no sufficiently heroic man among them. No man that has an eye to see beyond the letter and the rubric; to discern, across many consecrated rubrics of the Past, the inarticulate divineness too of the Present and the Future, and dare all perils in the faith of that! With Oliver Cromwell born a Scotchman; with a Hero King and a unanimous Hero Nation at his back, it might have been far otherwise. With Oliver born Scotch, one sees not but the whole world might have become Puritan; might have struggled, yet a long while, to fashion itself

according to that divine Hebrew Gospel,—to the exclusion of other Gospels not Hebrew, which also are divine, and will have their share of fulfilment here!—But of such issue there is no danger. Instead of inspired Olivers, glowing with direct insight and noble daring, we have Argyles, Loudons, and narrow, more or less opaque persons of the Pedant species. Committees of Estates, Committees of Kirks, much tied up in formulas, both of them: a bigoted Theocracy *without* the Inspiration; which is a very hopeless phenomenon indeed! The Scotch People are all willing, eager of heart; asking, Whitherward? But the Leaders stand aghast at the new forms of danger; and in a vehement discrepant manner some calling, Halt! others calling, Backward! others, Forward!—huge confusion ensues. Confusion which will need an Oliver to repress it; to bind it up in tight manacles, if not otherwise; and say, "There, sit there and consider thyself a little!"—

The meaning of the Scotch Covenant was, That God's divine Law of the Bible should be put in practice in these Nations; verily *it*, and not the Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, or any Formula of cloth or sheepskin here or elsewhere which merely pretended to be it. But then the Covenant says expressly, there is to be a Stuart King in the business: we cannot do without our Stuart King! Given a divine Law of the Bible on one hand, and a Stuart King, Charles First or Charles Second, on the other! alas, did History ever present a more irreducible case of equations in this world? I pity the poor Scotch Pedant Governors; still more the poor Scotch People, who had no other to follow! Nay, as for that, the People did get through, in the end; such was their indomitable pious constancy, and other worth and fortune: and Presbytery became a Fact among them, to the whole length possible for it: not without endless results. But for the poor Governors this irreducible case proved, as it were, fatal! They have never since, if we will look narrowly at it, governed Scotland, or even well known that they were there to attempt governing it. Once they lay on Dunse Hill, 'each Earl with his Regiment of Tenants round him,' *For Christ's Crown and Covenant;* and never since had they any noble National act which it was given them to do. Growing desperate of Christ's Crown and Covenant, they, in the next generation when our *Annus Mirabilis* arrived, hurried up to Court, looking out for other Crowns and Covenants; deserted Scotland and her Cause, somewhat basely; took to *booing* and *booing* for Causes of their

own, unhappy mortals;—and Scotland and all Causes that were Scotland's have had to go on very much without *them* ever since! Which is a very fatal issue indeed, as I reckon;—and the time for settlement of accounts about it, which could not fail always, and seems now fast drawing nigh, looks very ominous to me. For in fact there is no creature more fatal than your Pedant; safe as he esteems himself, the terriblest issues spring from him. Human crimes are many: but the crime of being deaf to the God's Voice, of being blind to all but parchments and antiquarian rubrics when the Divine Handwriting is abroad on the sky,—certainly there is no crime which the Supreme Powers do more terribly avenge!

But leaving all that,—the poor Scotch Governors, we remark, in that old crisis of theirs, have come upon the desperate expedient of getting Charles Second to adopt the Covenant the best he can. Whereby our parchment formula is indeed saved; but the divine fact has gone terribly to the wall! The Scotch Governors hope otherwise. By treaties at Jersey, treaties at Breda, they and the hard Law of Want together have constrained this poor young Stuart to their detested Covenant; as the Frenchman said, they have 'compelled him to adopt it voluntarily.' A fearful crime, thinks Oliver, and think we. How dare you enact such mummery under High Heaven! exclaims he. You will prosecute Malignants; and, with the aid of some poor varnish, transparent even to yourselves, you adopt into your bosom the Chief Malignant? My soul come not into your secret; mine honour be not united unto you!—

In fact, his new Sacred Majesty is actually under way for the Scotch court; will become a Covenanted King there. Of himself a likely enough young man;—very unfortunate he too. Satisfactorily descended from the Steward of Scotland and Elizabeth Muir of Caldwell (whom some have called an improper female);[1] satisfactory in this respect, but in others most unsatisfactory. A somewhat loose young man; has Buckingham, Wilmot and Company, at one hand of him, and painful Mr. Livingston and Presbyterian ruling-elders at the other; is hastening now, as a Covenanted King, towards such a Theocracy as we described. Perhaps the most anomalous phenomenon ever produced by Nature and Art working together in this World!—He had sent

[1] Horseloads of Jacobite, Anti-Jacobite Pamphlets; Goodall, Father Innes, &c. &c. How it was settled, I do not recollect.

Montrose before him, poor young man, to try if war and force could effect nothing; whom instantly the Scotch Nation took, and tragically hanged.[1] They now, winking hard at that transaction, proffer the poor young man their Covenant; compel him to sign it voluntarily, and be Covenanted King over them.

The result of all which for the English Commonwealth cannot be doubtful. What Declarations, Papers, Protocols, passed on the occasion,—numerous, flying thick between Edinburgh and London in late months,—shall remain unknown to us. The Commonwealth has brought Cromwell home from Ireland; and got forces ready for him: that is the practical outcome of it. The Scotch also have got forces ready; will either invade us, or (which we decide to be preferable) be invaded by us.[2] Cromwell must now take up the Scotch coil of troubles, as he did the Irish, and deal with that too. Fairfax, as we heard, was unwilling to go; Cromwell, urging the Council of State to second him, would fain persuade Fairfax; gets him still nominated Commander-in-Chief; but cannot persuade him;—will himself have to be Commander-in-Chief, and go.

In Whitlocke and Ludlow[3] there is record of earnest intercessions, solemn conference held with Fairfax in Whitehall, duly

[1] Details of the business, in Balfour, iv. 9-22.

[2] *Commons Journals*, 26th June 1650. [To this view of the question, Fairfax did not assent. If the Scots invaded England, he said, he would be ready to lay down his life in opposing them, but he would not invade Scotland. Cromwell, on the other hand, was strongly in favour of this latter course. His speeches to Fairfax, given by Whitelocke, are not quoted by Carlyle, who had but a mean opinion of the veracity of the "learned Bulstrode's" reports, but they are probably true in substance. "I think," argued Cromwell, "we have a most just cause to begin or rather to return and requite their [the Scots] hostility first begun upon us, and thereby to free our country—if God shall be pleased to assist us, and I doubt not but He will—from the great misery and calamity of having an army of Scots within our country. . . . Your Excellency will soon determine whether it is better to have this war in the bowels of another country or of our own, and that it will be in one of them I think it without scruple."

The army officers were eager for Scotland to be invaded without delay. Early in the spring, Col. Duckenfield, Governor of Chester, wrote, "It would be very advantageous for our state to haste an army into Scotland. Thereby we may on equal terms fight the Scots before their new harvest, till when they cannot hurt us much, they wanting money and other necessaries," and in May, Lieut.-Colonel Hobson, at Newcastle, says, "We much admire [*i.e.* are astonished] at the army's not marching, especially now the agreement between the King and Scots is fully confirmed." *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on Mr. Leyborne-Popham's MSS.*, pp. 59, 73.]

[3] Whitlocke, pp. 444-6 (25th June 1650); Ludlow, i. 317. [i. 243 ed. Firth.]

prefaced by prayer to Heaven; intended on Cromwell's part to persuade Fairfax that it is his duty again to accept the chief command, and lead us into Scotland.[1] Fairfax, urged by his Wife, a Vere of the fighting Veres, and given to Presbyterianism, dare not and will not go;—sends 'Mr. Rushworth, his Secretary,' on the morrow, to give up his Commission,[2] that Cromwell himself may be named General-in-Chief. In this preliminary business, says Ludlow, 'Cromwell acted his part so to the life that I really thought he wished Fairfax to go.' Wooden-headed that I was, I had reason to alter that notion by and by!

Wooden Ludlow gives note of another very singular interview he himself had with Cromwell, 'a little after,' in those same days or hours. Cromwell whispered him in the House; they agreed 'to meet that afternoon in the Council of State' in Whitehall, and there withdraw into a private room to have a little talk together. Oliver had cast his eye on Ludlow as a fit man for Ireland, to go and second Ireton there; he took him, as by appointment, into a private room, 'the Queen's Guard-chamber' to wit; and there very largely expressed himself. He testified the great value he had for me, Ludlow; combatted my objections to Ireland; spake somewhat against Lawyers, what a tortuous ungodly jungle English Law was; spake of the good that might be done by a good and brave man;[3]—spake of the great Providences of God now abroad on the Earth; in particular 'talked for almost an hour upon the Hundred-and-tenth Psalm;' which to me, in my solid wooden head, seemed extremely singular![4]

Modern readers, not in the case of Ludlow, will find this fact illustrative of Oliver. Before setting out on the Scotch Expedition, and just on the eve of doing it, we too will read that Psalm of Hebrew David's, which had become English Oliver's: we will fancy in our minds, not without reflections and emotions, the largest soul in England looking at this God's World with prophet's earnestness through that Hebrew Word,—two Divine Phenomena accurately correspondent for Oliver; the one accurately the pro-

[1] [Of Cromwell's reluctance to take Fairfax's place a letter sent to Mazarin on June 17-27 says "Il s'est montré si esloigné d'en vouloir et d'endeurer, que depuis son retour, il n'en a plus esté parlé." Quoted in *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 288.]

[2] *Commons Journals, ubi supra.*

[3] ["There was always a vein of shrewdness mingled with Cromwell's most fervid enthusiasm, and it is not impossible that he urged Ludlow to go to Ireland because he feared that he might give trouble in England." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 298.]

[4] Ludlow, i. 319. [i. 245-8, ed. Firth.]

phetic symbol and articulate interpretation of the other. As if the Silences had at length found utterance, and this was their Voice from out of old Eternity:

'The Lord said unto my Lord: Sit thou at my right hand 'until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall send 'the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of 'thine enemies. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy 'power; in the beauties of holiness, from the womb of the morn-'ing: thou hast the dew of thy youth. The Lord hath sworn, 'and will not repent, Thou art a priest forever after the order of 'Melchizedek. The Lord, at thy right hand, shall strike through 'Kings in the day of his wrath. He shall judge among the 'Heathen; he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he 'shall wound the heads over many countries. He shall drink 'of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up the 'head.'

In such spirit goes Oliver Cromwell to the Wars. 'A god-intoxicated man,' as Novalis elsewhere phrases it. I have asked myself, If anywhere in Modern European History, or even in Ancient Asiatic, there was found a man practising this mean World's affairs with a heart more filled by the Idea of the Highest? Bathed in the Eternal Splendours,—it is so he walks our dim Earth: this man is one of few. He is projected with a terrible force out of the Eternities, and in the Times and their arenas there is nothing that can withstand him. It is great;—to us it is tragic; a thing that should strike us dumb! My brave one, thy old noble Prophecy *is* divine; older than Hebrew David; old as the Origin of Man;—and shall, though in wider ways than thou supposest, be fulfilled!—

LETTERS CXXXIII—CXXXVIII

Hooke and his small business, in rapid public times, will not detain us. Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of Bristol, was elected to the Long Parliament for that City in 1640; but being found to have had concern in 'Monopolies,' was, like a number of others, expelled, and sent home again under a cloud. The 'service' he did at Bristol Storm, though somewhat needing 'concealment,' ought to rehabilitate him a little in the charity,

at least in the pity, of the Well-affected mind. At all events, the conditions made with him must be kept;—and we doubt not, were.[1]

LETTER CXXXIII

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England: These[2]

London, 20th June 1650.

MR. SPEAKER,

When we lay before Bristol in the year 1645, we considered the season of the year, the strength of the place, and of what importance the reducement thereof would be to the good of the Commonwealth, and accordingly applied ourselves to all possible means for the accomplishment of the same; which received its answerable effect. At which time, for something considerable done in order to that end, by Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of that place (which, for many reasons, is desired to be concealed), his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax and myself gave him an engagement under our hands and seals, that he should be secured and protected, by the authority of the Parliament, in the enjoyment of his life, liberty and estate, as freely as in former times, and as any other person under the obedience of

[1] [Hooke's own account of the matter is that being in Bristol when it was held for Parliament, he lent 250*l.* to the governors, Colonels Fiennes and Essex, and supplied powder etc., value 90*l.* not paid for, and large sums on exchange. When it was reduced by the King's forces, he helped to defend it against Parliament, and was there at the surrender to Fairfax. He then submitted and paid all contributions, a large sum towards the 6000*l.* paid to Fairfax and his soldiers, and his one-twentieth. Wherefore, in February, 1647, he begged to compound on Bristol Articles. Jealousies between the Somerset County Committee and the local Bristol Committee delayed the affair, but in July, 1649, in spite of an appeal to the Relief Committee, the sequestration of his estate was ordered by the Committee for Compounding. After further delays, he was admitted to compound at one-fifth, in December, 1649. It is against the fine so set that Cromwell appears to protest. His remonstrance does not seem to have produced any effect, for in 1651 the commissioners for County Somerset are again ordered to sequester his estate. See *Calendar of Committee for Compounding*, p. 1629; also pp. 144, 511.]

[2] [As Cary did not print the address of this and some other letters (now given from the originals in the *Tanner MSS.*) Carlyle supplied it "To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons." But this form of address was never used after the abolition of the House of Lords.]

the Parliament, notwithstanding any past acts of hostility, or other thing done by him, in opposition to the Parliament or assistance of the enemy. Which engagement, with a certificate of divers godly persons of that city, concerning the performance of his part thereof, is ready to be produced.

I understand, that lately an order is issued out to sequester him, whereby he is called to composition. I thought it meet therefore to give the honourable Parliament this account, that he may be preserved from anything of that nature. For the performance of which, in order to the good of the Commonwealth, we stand engaged in our faith and honour. I leave it to you, and remain,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

On *Wednesday 26th June* 1650, the Act appointing 'That 'Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, be constituted Captain-General and 'Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces raised or to be raised by 'authority of Parliament within the Commonwealth of England,'[1] was passed. 'Whereupon,' says Whitlocke, 'great ceremonies 'and congratulations of the new General were made to him from 'all sorts of people; and he went on roundly with his business.' Roundly, rapidly; for in three days more, on Saturday the 29th, 'the Lord General Cromwell went out of London towards the 'North: and the news of him marching northward much startled 'the Scots.'[2]

He has Lambert for Major-General, Cousin Whalley for Commissary-General;[3] and among his Colonels are Overton, whom we knew at Hull; Pride, whom we have seen in Westminster Hall; and a taciturn man, much given to chewing tobacco, whom we have transiently seen in various places, Colonel George Monk by name.[4] An excellent officer; listens to what you say, answers often by a splash of brown juice merely, but punctually does what

* *Tanner MSS.* [lvi. 212] (in Cary, ii. 222). [The concluding words only and the date in Cromwell's own hand.]

[1] *Commons Journals, in die.* [2] Whitlocke, pp. 446, 7.
[3] [Fleetwood being his Lieutenant-General.]
[4] *Life of Monk*, by Gumble, his Chaplain.

is doable of it.[1] Pudding-headed Hodgson the Yorkshire Captain is also there; from whom perhaps we may glean a rough lucent-point or two. The Army, as my Lord General attracts it gradually from the right and left on his march northward, amounts at Tweedside to some Sixteen-thousand horse and foot.[2] Rushworth goes with him as Secretary; historical John; having now done with Fairfax:—but, alas, his Papers for this Period are all lost to us: it was not safe to print them with the others; and they are lost! The *Historical Collections,* with their infinite rubbish and their modicum of jewels, cease at the Trial of the King; leaving us, fallen into far worse hands, to repent of our impatience, and regret the useful John!

The following Letters, without commentary, which stingy space will not permit, must note the Lord General's progress for us as they can; and illuminate with here and there a rude gleam of direct light at first-hand, an old scene very obsolete, confused, unexplored and dim for us.

LETTER CXXXIV

Dorothy Cromwell, we are happy to find, has a 'little brat;' —but the poor little thing must have died soon: in Noble's inexact lists there is no trace of its ever having lived.[3] The Lord General has got into Northumberland. He has a good excuse for being 'silent this way,'—the way of Letters.

For my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at his House at Hursley: These

Alnwick, 17th July 1650.

Dear Brother,

The exceeding crowd of business I had at London is the best excuse I can make for my silence this way.

[1] [The regiment which Cromwell designed for Monck showed itself unwilling to accept him, therefore a new regiment was formed from companies serving under Hesilrige and Fenwick, the governors of Newcastle and Berwick. See Mackinnon, *History of the Coldstream Guards,* vol. i. p. 4.]

[2] Train, 690; horse, 5,415; foot, 10,249; *in toto,* 16,354 (*Cromwelliana,* p. 85).

[3] [Carlyle has been misled by Noble's following the very usual plan of putting the sons first. The daughters are all there, over the leaf. The "little brat" was Elizabeth, born March 26, 1650. See p. 53 above. So far from dying young, she lived to be eighty-two.]

Indeed, Sir, my heart beareth me witness I want no affection to you or yours; you are all often in my poor prayers.

I should be glad to hear how the little brat doth. I could chide both father and mother for their neglects of me: I know my son is idle, but I had better thoughts of Doll. I doubt now her husband hath spoiled her; I pray, tell her so from me. If I had as good leisure as they, I should write sometimes. If my daughter be breeding, I will excuse her; but not for her nursery. The Lord bless them. I hope you give my son good counsel; I believe he needs it. He is in the dangerous time of his age, and it's a very vain world. O, how good it is to close with Christ betimes; there is nothing else worth the looking after. I beseech you call upon him; I hope you will discharge my duty and your own love: you see how I am employed. I need pity. I know what I feel. Great place and business in the world is not worth the looking after; I should have no comfort in mine but that my hope is in the Lord's presence. I have not sought these things; truly I have been called unto them by the Lord, and therefore am not without some assurance that He will enable His poor worm and weak servant to do His will, and to fulfil my generation. In this I beg your prayers. Desiring to be lovingly remembered to my dear sister, to our son and daughter, to my Cousin Ann and the good family, I rest,

Your very affectionate brother,

Oliver Cromwell.*

On *Monday 22d July*, the Army, after due rendezvousing and reviewing, passed through Berwick; and encamped at Mordington across the Border, where a fresh stay of two days is still necessary. Scotland is bare of resources for us. That night 'the Scotch 'beacons were all set on fire; the men fled, and drove away 'their cattle.' Mr. Bret, his Excellency's Trumpeter, returns from Edinburgh without symptom of pacification. 'The Clergy represent us to the people as if we were monsters of the world.'

* Harris, p. 513: one of the Pusey stock. ["No. 17." Holograph. Seal of arms. In the Morrison Collection.]

"Army of Sectaries and Blasphemers," is the received term for us among the Scots.[1]

Already on the march hitherward, and now by Mr. Bret in an official way, have due Manifestos been promulgated: Declaration *To all that are Saints and Partakers of the Faith of God's Elect in Scotland*, and Proclamation *To the People of Scotland* in general. Asking of the mistaken *People*, in mild terms, Did you not see us, and try us, what kind of men we were, when we came among you two years ago? Did you find us plunderers, murderers, monsters of the world? 'Whose ox have we stolen?' To the mistaken *Saints of God in Scotland*, again, the Declaration testifies and argues, in a grand earnest way, That in Charles Stuart and his party there can be no salvation; that *we* seek the real substance of the Covenant, which it is perilous to desert for the mere outer form thereof;—on the whole that we are not sectaries and blasphemers; and that it goes against our heart to hurt a hair of any sincere servant of God.—Very earnest Documents; signed by John Rushworth in the name of General and Officers; often printed and reprinted.[2] They bear Oliver's sense in every feature of them; but are not distinctly of his composition: wherefore, as space grows more and more precious, and Oliver's sense will elsewhere sufficiently appear, we omit them.

'The Scots,' says Whitlocke,[3] 'are all gone with their goods towards Edinburgh, by command of the Estates of Scotland, 'upon penalty if they did not remove; so that mostly all the 'men are gone. But the wives stay behind; and some of them 'do bake and brew, to provide bread and drink for the English 'Army.' The public functionaries 'have told the people, "That 'the English Army intends to put all the men to the sword, and 'to thrust hot irons through the women's breasts;"—which much 'terrified them, till once the General's Proclamations were pub-'lished.'[4] And now the wives do stay behind, and brew and bake,—poor wives!

That Monday night while we lay at Mordington, with hard accommodation out of doors and in,—my puddingheaded friend informs me of a thing. The General has made a large Discourse

[1] Balfour, iv. 97, 100, &c.: 'Cromwell the Blasphemer' (ib. 88.)

[2] Newspapers (in *Parl. Hist.* xix. 298, 310); *Commons Journals*, 19th July, 1650.

[3] p. 450.

[4] [The third "Declaration" was called forth by this statement, and assured the Scotch people of protection so long as they remained peaceable. (E. 608, No 5.)]

to the Officers and Army, now that we are across; speaks to them "as a Christian and a Soldier, To be doubly and trebly diligent, to be wary and worthy, for sure enough we have work before us! But have we not had God's blessing hitherto? Let us go on faithfully, and hope for the like still!"[1] The Army answered 'with acclamations,' still audible to me.—Yorkshire Hodgson continues:

'Well; that night we pitched at Mordington, about the House. 'Our Officers,' General and Staff Officers, 'hearing a great shout 'among the soldiers, looked out of window. They spied a soldier 'with a Scotch *kirn*' (churn) 'on his head. Some of them had 'been purveying abroad, and had found a vessel filled with Scotch 'cream: bringing the reversion of it to their tents, some got 'dishfuls, and some hatfuls; and the cream being now low in the 'vessel, one fellow would have a modest drink, and so lifts the 'kirn to his mouth: but another canting it up, it falls over his 'head; and the man is lost in it, all the cream trickles down his 'apparel, and his head fast in the tub! This was a merriment to 'the Officers; as Oliver loved an innocent jest.'

A week after, we find the General very serious; writing thus to the Lord President Bradshaw.

LETTER CXXXV

'Copperspath,' of which the General here speaks, is the country pronunciation of Cockburnspath; name of a wild rock-and-river chasm, through which the great road goes, some miles to the eastward of Dunbar. Of which we shall hear again. A very wild road at that time, as may still be seen. The ravine is now spanned by a beautiful Bridge, called *Pease Bridge*, or Path's Bridge, which pleasure-parties go to visit.—The date of this Letter, in all the old Newspapers, is '30th July;' and doubtless in the Original too;[2] but the real day, as appears by the context, is Wednesday 31st.

[1] Hodgson, p. 130; Whitlocke, p. 450.
[2] 'Letter from the General dated 30° Julii' (*Commons Journals*, iv. 451).

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State : These

Musselburgh, 30th July 1650.

My Lord,

We marched from Berwick upon Monday, being the 22d of July, and lay at my Lord Mordington's house, Monday night, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Thursday we marched to Copperspath ;[1] on Friday to Dunbar, where we got some small pittance from our ships ; from whence we marched to Haddington.

On the Lord's day, hearing that the Scottish army meant to meet us at Gladsmoor, we laboured to possess the moor before them ; and beat our drums very early in the morning ; but when we came there, no considerable body of the army appeared. Whereupon fourteen-hundred horse, under the command of Major-General Lambert and Colonel Whalley, were sent as a vanguard to Musselburgh, to see likewise if they could find out and attempt any thing upon the enemy ; I marching in the heel of them with the residue of the army. Our party encountered with some of their horse, but they could not abide us. We lay at Musselburgh, encamped close, that night ; the enemy's army lying between Edinburgh and Leith, about four miles from us, entrenched by a line flankered from Edinburgh to Leith ; the guns also from Leith scouring most part of the line, so that they lay very strong.

Upon Monday 29th instant, we were resolved to draw up to them, to see if they would fight with us. And when we came upon the place, we resolved to get our cannons as near them as we could ; hoping thereby to annoy them. We likewise perceived that they had some force upon a hill that overlooks Edinburgh, from whence we might be annoyed ; 'and' did resolve to send up a party to possess the said hill ; which prevailed :[2] but,

[1] [From Copperspath, on the Friday, before marching, Cromwell wrote to Sir Harry Vane. See Supplement, No. 61.]

[2] [For the topography, see Mr. W. S. Douglas's *Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns*, p. 43, *et seq.*]

upon the whole, we did find that their army were not easily to be attempted, whereupon we lay still all the same day; which proved to be so sore a day and night of rain as I have seldom seen, and greatly to our disadvantage; the enemy having enough to cover them, and we nothing at all considerable.[1] Our soldiers did abide this difficulty with great courage and resolution, hoping they should speedily come to fight. In the morning, the ground being very wet, 'and' our provisions scarce, we resolved to draw back to our quarters at Musselburgh, there to refresh and revictual.

The enemy, when we drew off, fell upon our rear and put them into some little disorder, but our bodies of horse being in some readiness, came to a grabble with them; where indeed there was a gallant and hot dispute; the Major-General[2] and Colonel Whalley being in the rear and the enemy drawing out great bodies to second their first affront. Our men charged them up to the very trenches, and beat them in. The Major-General's horse was shot in the neck and head; himself run through the arm with a lance, and run into another place of his body, was taken prisoner by the enemy, but rescued immediately by Lieutenant Empson of my regiment. Colonel Whalley, who was then nearest to the Major-General, did charge very resolutely and repulsed the enemy, and killed divers of them upon the place and took some prisoners, without any considerable loss, which indeed did so amaze and quiet them, that we marched off to Musselburgh, but they dared not send out a man to trouble us. We heard their young King looked on upon all this, but was very ill satisfied to see their men do no better.

We came to Musselburgh that night; so tired and wearied for want of sleep, and so dirty by reason of the wetness of the weather, that we expected the enemy would make an infall upon us, which accordingly they did, between three and four

[1] 'Near a little village named, I think, Lichnagarie,'—means, Lang Niddery (Hodgson, p. 132); the *Niddery* near Duddingston, still deservedly called *Lang* by the people, though map-makers append the epithet elsewhere.

[2] Lambert.

of the clock this morning with fifteen of their most select troops, under the command of Major-General Montgomery and Strahan, two champions of the Church: upon which business there was great hope and expectation laid. The enemy came on with a great deal of resolution; beat in our guards, and put a regiment of horse in some disorder: but our men, speedily taking the alarm, charged the enemy; routed them, took many prisoners, killed a great many of them; did execution 'to' within a quarter of a mile of Edinburgh; and, I am informed, Strahan[1] was killed there, besides divers other officers of quality. We took the major to Strahan's regiment, Major Hamilton; a lieutenant-colonel, and divers other officers and persons of quality, whom yet we know not. Indeed this is a sweet beginning of your business, or rather the Lord's; and I believe is not very satisfactory to the enemy, especially to the Kirk party.[2] We did not lose any in this business, so far as I hear, but a cornet; I do not hear of four men more. The Major-General will, I believe, within few days be well to take the field. And I trust this work, which is the Lord's, will prosper in the hands of His servants.

I do not think advisable to attempt upon the enemy, lying as he doth: but surely it would sufficiently provoke him to fight if he had a mind to it. I do not think he is less than six or seven thousand horse, and fourteen or fifteen thousand foot.[3] The reason, I hear, that they give out to their people why they do not fight us, is, because they expect many bodies of men more out of the North of Scotland; which when they come,

[1] We shall hear of Strahan again, not 'killed.' This Montgomery is the Earl of Eglinton's son Robert, of whom we heard before (Letter LXXVIII.); neither is he 'slain,' as will be seen by and by.

[2] ["In his despatch to Westminster, Cromwell naturally made the most of the enemy's failures, but, for all that, the advantage was on Leslie's side. For the Scottish commander, fighting in his own country, it was enough that he had not been defeated." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 306.]

[3] [He probably had more; about 18,000 foot and 7,000 or 8,000 horse. See intercepted letter in Nickoll's *Original Letters and Papers of State*, p. 13. On the numbers of the opposing armies, see Mr. Firth's paper on the Battle of Dunbar, *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 1900.]

they give out they will then engage. But I believe they would rather tempt us to attempt them in their fastness, within which they are entrenched; or else hoping we shall famish for want of provisions; which is very likely to be, if we be not timely and fully supplied. I remain,

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I understand since writing of this letter, that Major-General Montgomery is slain.*

Cautious David Lesley lies thus within his Line 'flankered' from Leith shore to the Calton Hill, with guns to 'scour' it; with outposts or flying parties, as we see, stationed on the back slope of Salisbury Crags or Arthur's Seat; with all Edinburgh safe behind him, and indeed all Scotland safe behind him for supplies: and nothing can tempt him to come out. The factions and distractions of Scotland, and its Kirk Committees and State Committees, and poor Covenanted King and Courtiers, are many,[1] but Lesley, standing steadily to his guns, persists here. His Army, it appears, is no great things of an Army: 'altogether governed by the Committee of Estates and Kirk,' snarls an angry *Un*covenanted Courtier, whom the said Committee has just ordered to take himself away again; 'altogether governed 'by the Committee of Estates and Kirk,' snarls he, 'and they 'took especial care in their levies not to admit 'any *Malignants* or '*Engagers*' (who had been in Hamilton's Engagement); 'placing 'in command, for most part, Ministers' Sons, Clerks and other 'sanctified creatures, who hardly ever saw or heard of any sword

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 85, 6) [and old *Parl. History*, xix. 317.]

[1] [There is an interesting allusion to the conflicting views of the King's supporters in the letter from Lieut.-Colonel Hobson already quoted. "The old malignants," he writes, "are very much taken off from siding with the King upon the Scotch interest, there being two or three come from thence who were in the last party that was routed with Montrose, and declare to the malignants their sad usage by the Scotch Presbyterians, and withal declare how much the heart of Montrose was broken before the fight in the very thoughts that the King and Scots would agree, and withal protest that Charles the Second, in joining with the Scots, had as really betrayed a kingly interest and the interest of all royalists, as ever any sectary of England, and that 'twas as lawful to fight for a jack-in-a-box as for a King locked in a Scotch saddle."]

'but that of the spirit!'[1] The more reason for Lesley to lie steadily within his Line here. Lodged in 'Bruchton Village,' which means Broughton, now a part of Edinburgh New Town; there in a cautious solid manner lies Lesley; and lets Cromwell attempt upon him. It is his history, the military history of these two, for a month to come.

Meanwhile the General Assembly have not been backward with their Answer to the Cromwell Manifesto, or 'Declaration of the English Army to all the Saints in Scotland,' spoken of above. Nay, already while he lay at Berwick, they had drawn up an eloquent Counter-Declaration, and sent it to him; which he, again, has got 'some godly Ministers' of his to declare against and reply to: the whole of which Declarations, Replies and Re-replies shall, like the primary Document itself, remain suppressed on the present occasion.[2] But along with this 'Reply by some godly Ministers,' the Lord General sends a Letter of his own, which is here:

LETTER CXXXVI

To the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland; or, in case of their not sitting, To the Commissioners of the Kirk of Scotland: These

Musselburgh, 3d August 1650.

SIRS,

Your *Answer to the Declaration of the Army* we have seen. Some godly ministers with us did, at Berwick, compose this *Reply;*[3] which I thought fit to send you.

That you or we, in these great transactions, answer the will and mind of God, it is only from His grace and mercy to us.

[1] Sir Edward Walker: *Historical Discourses* (London, 1705), p. 162. [See also Balfour, iv. 89, and Loudoun to Charles II., Aug. 12. *Charles II. and Scotland*, p. 130.]

[2] Titles of them, copies of several of them, in [old] *Parliamentary History*, xix.

[3] The Scotch 'Answer' which 'we have seen,' dated Edinburgh, 22d July 1650, 'Answer unto the Declaration of the Army;' and then this English 'Reply' to it now sent, entitled '*Vindication* of the Declaration of the Army:' in *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 475, § 15 [E. 609] (Printed, London, 16th Aug. 1650).

And therefore, having said as in our papers, we commit the issue thereof to Him who disposeth all things, assuring you that we have light and comfort increasing upon us, day by day, and are persuaded that, before it be long, the Lord will manifest His good pleasure, so that all shall see Him, and His people shall say, "This is the Lord's work, and it is marvellous in our eyes: this is the day that the Lord hath made; we will be glad and rejoice therein."

Only give me leave to say, in a word: You take upon you to judge us in the things of our God, though you know us not; though in the things we have said unto you, in that which is entitled the Army's Declaration, we have spoken our hearts as in the sight of the Lord who hath tried us. And by your hard and subtle words you have begotten prejudice in those who do too much (in matters of conscience, wherein every soul is to answer for itself to God) depend upon you. So that some have already followed you, to the breathing-out of their souls:[1] 'and' others continue still in the way wherein they are led by you (we fear) to their own ruin.

And no marvel if you deal thus with us, when indeed you can find in your hearts to conceal the papers we have sent you from your own people; who might 'thereby' see and understand the bowels of our affections to them, especially 'to' such among them as fear the Lord. Send as many of your papers as you please amongst ours;[2] they have a free passage. I fear them not. What is of God in them, would it might be embraced and received. One of them lately sent, directed *To the Under-Officers and Soldiers in the English Army*, hath begotten from them this enclosed *Answer*;[3] which they desired me to send you: not a

[1] In the Musselburgh Skirmish, &c. [2] Our people.

[3] The Scotch Paper 'To the Under-Officers,' &c., received on the last day of July; and close following on it, this 'Answer' which it 'hath begotten from them,' addressed *To the People of Scotland (especially those among them that know and fear the Lord) from whom yesterday we received a Paper directed to the Under-Officers*, &c.; of date 'Musselburgh, 1st August 1650:' in *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 475, § 10 [E. 609] (Printed, London, 12th August 1650). This *Answer* 'by the Under-Officers,' a very pious and zealous Piece, seems to have found favour among the pious Scotch, and to have circulated among them in Manuscript Copies. A most mutilated unintelligible Fragment, printed in *Analecta Scotica* (Edinburgh, 1834),

crafty politic one, but a plain simple spiritual one; such as it is God knoweth, and God also will in due time make manifest.

And do we multiply these things,[1] as men; or do we them for the Lord Christ and His people's sake? Indeed we are not, through the grace of God, afraid of your numbers, nor confident in ourselves. We could (I pray God you do not think we boast) meet your army, or what you have to bring against us. We have given (humbly we speak it before our God, in whom all our hope is) some proof that thoughts of that kind prevail not upon us. The Lord hath not hid His face from us since our approach so near unto you.

Your own guilt is too much for you to bear: bring not therefore upon yourselves the blood of innocent men, deceived with pretences of King and Covenant, from whose eyes you hide a better knowledge. I am persuaded that divers of you, who lead the people, have laboured to build yourselves in these things wherein you have censured others, and established yourselves upon the Word of God. Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that you say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken. Precept may be upon precept, line may be upon line, and yet the Word of the Lord may be to some a Word of judgment, that they may fall backward, and be broken and be snared and be taken.[2] There may be a spiritual fulness, which the world may call drunkenness;[3] as in the second chapter of the Acts. There may be, as well, a carnal confidence upon misunderstood and misapplied precepts, which may be called spiritual drunkenness. There may be a Covenant made with death and hell.[2] I will not say yours was so. But judge if such things have a politic aim: to avoid the overflowing

ii. 271, as 'a Proclamation by Oliver Cromwell,' turns out to be in reality a fraction of *this* 'Answer by the Under-Officers:'—printed there from a 'Copy evidently made at the time,' evidently a most ruinous Copy, 'and now in the possession of James Macknight, Esq.'

[1] Papers and Declarations.
[2] Bible phrases [all from the chapter in Isaiah mentioned below].
[3] As you now do of us; while it is rather you that are "drunk."

scourge; or to accomplish worldly interests. And if therein we[1] have confederated with wicked and carnal men, and have respect for them, or otherwise 'have' drawn them in to associate with us, Whether this be a Covenant of God and spiritual, bethink yourselves; we hope we do.

I pray you read the twenty-eighth of Isaiah, from the fifth to the fifteenth 'verse.' And do not scorn to know that it is the Spirit that quickens and giveth life.

The Lord give you and us understanding to do that which is well-pleasing in His sight. Committing you to the grace of God, I rest,

Your humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

Here is the passage from Isaiah: I know not whether the General Assembly read it and laid it well to heart, or not, but it was worth their while,—and is worth our while too:

'In that day shall the Lord of Hosts be for a crown of glory, 'and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of His people. And 'for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for 'strength to them that turn the battle to the gate.

'But they also have erred through wine, and through strong 'drink are out of the way! The Priest and the Prophet have 'erred through strong drink; they are swallowed up of wine; 'they are out of the way through strong drink. They err in 'vision, they stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit 'and filthiness; so that there is no place clean.

'Whom shall He teach knowledge? Whom shall He make to 'understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, 'and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon pre-'cept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here 'a little and there a little. For with stammering lips and another 'tongue will He speak to this people. To whom He said, This is 'the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest, and this is 'the refreshment;—yet they would not hear.' No. 'The Word

[1] *i.e.* you.

* Newspapers (in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 320-323).

'of the Lord was unto them precept upon precept, line upon line, 'here a little and there a little, That they might go, and fall 'backward, and be broken and snared and taken!—Wherefore 'hear ye the Word of the Lord, ye scornful men that rule this 'people which is in Jerusalem!'[1]

Yes, hear it, and not with the outward ear only, ye Kirk Committees, and Prophesying and Governing Persons everywhere: it may be important to you! If God have said it, if the Eternal Truth of things have said it, will it not need to be done, think you? Or will the doing some distracted shadow of it, some Covenanted Charles Stuart of it, suffice?—The Kirk Committee seems in a bad way.

David Lesley, however, what as yet is in their favour, continues within his Line; stands steadily to his guns;—and the weather is wet; Oliver's provision is failing. This Letter to the Kirk was written on Saturday: on the Monday following,[2] 'about the 6th of August,' as Major Hodgson dates it, the tempestuous state of the weather not permitting ship-stores to be landed at Musselburgh, Cromwell has to march his Army back to Dunbar, and there provision it. Great joy in the Kirk-and-Estates Committee thereupon: Lesley steadily continues in his place.—

The famine among the Scots themselves, at Dunbar, is great; picking our horses' beans, eating our soldiers' leavings: 'they are much enslaved to their Lords,' poor creatures; almost destitute of private capital,—and ignorant of soap to a terrible extent![3] Cromwell distributes among them 'peas and wheat to the value of 240*l.*' On the 12th he returns to Musselburgh; finds, as heavy Bulstrode spells it in good Scotch, with a friskiness we hardly looked for in him, that Lesley has commanded 'The 'gude women should awe come away with their gear, and not 'stay to brew or bake, any of them, for the English;'—which makes it a place more forlorn than before.[4] Oliver decides to encamp on the Pentland Hills, which lie on the other side of Edinburgh, overlooking the Fife and Stirling roads; and to try whether he cannot force Lesley to fight, by cutting off his

[1] [Carlyle omits verse 15, which seems to have been above all in Cromwell's mind: "because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement: When the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us: for we have made lies our refuge and under falsehood have we hid ourselves."]

[2] Balfour, iv. 89. [3] Whitlocke, p. 452. [4] *Ibid.*, p. 453.

supplies. Here, in the mean time, is a Letter from Lesley himself; written in 'Broughton Village,' precisely while Oliver is on march towards the Pentlands:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell*

"Bruchton, 13th August 1650.

"My Lord,—I am commanded by the Committee of Estates "of this Kingdom, and desired by the Commissioners of the "General Assembly, to send unto your Excellency this enclosed "*Declaration*, as that which containeth the State of the Quarrel; "wherein we are resolved, by the Lord's assistance, to fight your "Army, when the Lord shall be pleased to call us thereunto. "And as you have professed you will not conceal any of our "Papers, I do desire that this *Declaration* may be made known "to all the Officers of your Army. And so I rest,—your Excel-"lency's most humble servant,

"David Lesley."[1]

This Declaration, done by the Kirk, and endorsed by the Estates, we shall not on the present occasion make known, even though it is brief. The reader shall fancy it a brief emphatic disclaimer, on the part of Kirk and State, of their having anything to do with Malignants;—disclaimer in emphatic words, while the emphatic facts continue as they were. Distinct hope, however, is held out that the Covenanted King will testify openly his sorrow for his Father's Malignancies, and his own resolution for a quite other course. To which Oliver, from the slope of the Pentlands,[2] returns this answer:

[1] Newspapers (in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 330).

[2] 'About Colinton' (Balfour, iv. 90). [On the Braid Hills; probably with outposts on Blackford Hill. Colinton House was occupied on the 18th. See *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 309, 312, and *Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns*, pp. 54-57.]

LETTER CXXXVII

For the Right Honourable David Lesley, Lieutenant-General of the Scots Army: These[1]

From the Camp at Pentland Hills,
14th August 1650.

SIR,

I received yours of the 13th instant, with the paper you mentioned therein, enclosed; which I caused to be read in the presence of so many officers as could well be gotten together on a sudden;[2] to which your trumpet can witness. We return you this answer, by which I hope, in the Lord, it will appear that we continue the same which we have professed ourselves to the honest people of Scotland, wishing to them as to our own souls; it being no part of our business to hinder any of them from worshipping God in that way they are satisfied in their consciences by the Word of God they ought (though different from us), but shall therein be ready to perform what obligation lies upon us by the Covenant.[3]

But that under pretence of the Covenant, mistaken, and wrested from the most native intent and equity thereof, a King should be taken in by you, to be imposed upon us; and this called the cause of God and of the Kingdom; and this done to the satisfaction of God's people in both nations, as is alleged, together with the disowning of malignants, although he[4] who is the head of them, in whom all their hope and comfort lies, be received; who, at this very instant, hath a Popish army fighting for and under him

[1] [There are three texts for this letter: that given in the old *Parliamentary History* (used by Carlyle); a copy printed in the *Clarendon State-Papers*, ii. 547, stated to be made by Mr. Nicholas; and an old MS. copy amongst the papers of the Duke of Atholl, printed in the 12th *Report of the Hist. MSS. Commissioners*, App. 8, p. 30. Where variants occur, the letter is here printed according to the two texts which agree; the variant in the third being given in a footnote.]

[2] ["on a sudden" is omitted in *Parl. Hist.*]

[3] Ungrammatical, but intelligible and characteristic.

[4] Charles Stuart.

in Ireland; hath Prince Rupert, a man who hath had his hand very deep[1] in the blood of many innocent men[2] in England, now in the head of our ships, stolen from us upon a malignant account; hath[3] the French and Irish ships daily making depredations on our coasts; and strong combinations by the malignants in England, to raise Arms[4] in our bowels, by virtue of his commissions, he having[5] of late issued out very many to that purpose: and how the interest you pretend you have received him upon, and the malignant Interest in the ends and consequences centering[6] in this man, can be severed,[7] we cannot discern! And how we should believe, that whilst known and notorious malignants fighting[8] and plotting against us on the one hand, and you[9] declaring for him on the other, should not be an espousing of a malignant party quarrel or interest; but be a mere fighting upon former grounds and principles, and in defence of the cause of God and of the Kingdom, as hath been these twelve years last past, as you say, for the security and satisfaction of the people of God in both nations; or the opposing which should render us enemies to the Godly with you, we cannot understand, especially considering that all malignants take their confidence and encouragement from the late transactions of your Kirk and State with your King. For as we have already said, so we tell you again, It is but satisfying security to those that employ us, and are concerned in that we seek, which we conceive will not be by a few formal and feigned submissions, from a person that could not otherwise tell how to accomplish his malignant ends, and 'is' therefore counselled to this compliance, by them who assisted his Father, and have hitherto actuated him[10] in his most evil and desperate designs; and 'designs which' are now

[1] ["deep" (only) in *Parl. Hist.*; "dipped" in *Clar. S. P.*]
[2] ["people" in *Atholl MS.*]
[3] ["who hath," *ibid.*]
[4] ["Armies," *Parl. Hist.*]
[5] ["who hath," *ibid.*]
[6] ["centred," *Atholl MS.*]
[7] ["secured," *Parl. Hist.*, probably merely a misprint.]
[8] ["are fighting," *ibid.*],
[9] ["yours," *Atholl MS.*]
[10] ["acted him," *Atholl MS.* and *Clar. S.P.*; but meaning as above, and so given in *Parl. Hist.*]

again [1] set on foot. Against which, how you will be able, in the way you are in, to secure us or yourselves is (for as much as concerns ourselves), our duty to look after.

If the state of your quarrel be thus, upon which, as you say, you resolve to fight our army, you will have opportunity to do that; else what means our abode here? And if our hope be not in the Lord, it will be ill with us.[2] We commit both you and ourselves to Him who knows the heart and tries the reins;[3] with whom are all our ways; who is able to do for us and you above what we know: Which we desire may be in much mercy to His poor people, and to the glory of His great name.

And having performed your desire, in making your papers so public as is before expressed, I desire you to do the like, by letting the State, Kirk, and Army have the knowledge thereof. To which end I[4] have sent you enclosed two copies 'of this Letter;' and rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The encampment on Pentland Hills, 'some of our tents within sight of Edinburgh Castle and City,' threatens to cut off Lesley's supplies; but will not induce him to fight. 'The gude wives fly with their bairns and gear' in great terror of us, poor gude wives; and 'when we set fire to furze-bushes, report that we are burning their houses.'[5] Great terror of us; but no other result. Lesley brings over his guns to the western side of Edinburgh, and awaits, steady within his fastnesses there.

Hopes have arisen that the Godly Party in Scotland, seeing now by these Letters and Papers what our real meaning is, may perhaps quit a Malignant King's Interest, and make bloodless

[1] ["by them" added in *Parl. Hist.*] [2] ["for us," *Atholl MS.*]

[3] ["tries the heart and searches the reins," *Atholl MS.* Neither is an exact quotation from any passage in the Bible.]

[4] ["We" in *Atholl MS.*]

[5] *Narrative of Farther Proceedings*, dated 'From the Camp in Musselburgh Fields, 16th August 1650;' read in the Parliament 22d August (*Commons Journals*); reprinted in *Parliamentary History* (xix. 327) as a 'Narrative by General Cromwell;' though it is clearly enough not General Cromwell's, but John Rushworth's.

* Newspapers (in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 331-333).

peace with us, 'which were the best of all.' The King boggles about signing that open Testimony, that Declaration against his Father's sins which was expected of him. 'A great Commander of the Enemy's, Colonel Gibby Carre' (Colonel Gilbert Ker, of whom we shall hear farther), solicits an interview with some of ours, and has it; and other interviews and free communings take place, upon the Burrow-Moor and open fields that lie between us. Gibby Ker, and also Colonel Strahan who was thought to be slain:[1] these and some minority of others are clear against Malignancy in every form; and if the Covenanted Stuart King will not sign this Declaration—!—Whereupon the Covenanted Stuart King does sign it; signs this too[2]—what will he not sign?—and these hopes of accommodation vanish.

Neither still will they risk a Battle; though in their interviews upon the Burrow-Moor, they said they longed to do it. Vain that we draw out in battalia; they lie within their fastnesses. We march, with defiant circumstances of war, round all accessible sides of Edinburgh; encamp on the Pentlands, return to Musselburgh for provisions; go to the Pentlands again,—enjoy one of the beautifullest prospects, over deep-blue seas, over yellow cornfields, dusky Highland mountains, from Ben Lomond round to the Bass again; but can get no Battle. And the weather is broken, and the season is advancing,—equinox within ten days, by the modern Almanac. Our men fall sick; the service is harassing;—and it depends on wind and tide whether even biscuit can be landed for us nearer than Dunbar.[3] Here is the Lord General's own Letter 'to a Member of the Council of State,'—we might guess this or the other, but cannot with the least certainty know which.[4]

[1] Letter CXXXV.

[2] At our Court at Dumfermline this 16th day of August 1650 (Sir Edward Walker, pp. 170-6; by whom the melancholy Document is, with due loyal indignation, given at large there).

[3] ["Cromwell, in fact, had been thoroughly out-generalled. Partly perhaps through the difficulty of carrying provisions so far from his ships, partly through his desire to avoid bringing his conflict with brother Protestants to the arbitrament of battle, he had shown himself, for once in his career, halting and irresolute, whilst Leslie had on every occasion known his own mind and had carried out his designs with promptness and resolution." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 314.]

[4] [It might certainly be supposed to be the despatch to the President, if it were not that it begins "Sir," and after the formation of the Second Council of State, Cromwell appears always to have addressed Bradshaw as "my Lord."]

LETTER CXXXVIII

'To —— —— Council of State in Whitehall: These'

Musselburgh, 30th August 1650.[1]

Sir,

Since my last, we seeing the enemy not willing to engage, and yet very apt to take exceptions against speeches of that kind spoken in our army, which occasioned some of them to come to parley with our officers, to let them know that they would fight us, they lying still in or near their fastnesses, on the west side of Edinburgh, we resolved, the Lord assisting, to draw near to them once more, to try if we could fight them. And indeed one hour's advantage gained might probably, we think, have given us an oppprtunity.[2]

To which purpose, upon Tuesday the 27th instant we marched westward of Edinburgh towards Stirling; which the enemy perceiving, marched with as great expedition as was possible to prevent us, and the vanguards of both the armies came to skirmish, upon a place where bogs and passes made the access of each army to the other difficult. We, being ignorant of the place, drew up, hoping to have engaged, but found no way feasible, by reason of the bogs and other difficulties.

We drew up our cannon, and did that day discharge two or three hundred great shot upon them; a considerable number they likewise returned to us, and this was all that passed from each to other. Wherein we had near twenty killed and wounded, but not one commissioned officer. The enemy, as we are informed, had about eighty killed, and some considerable officers. Seeing they would keep their ground, from which we could not

[1] [In the original printed copy of the letter, issued under Scobell's auspices, (*Several Letters from Scotland*, E. 612, 8), the date is August 31; and two other letters, printed (and no doubt sent) with it, are dated the same day; that is on the Saturday. Harris also gives this date. But even thus, it is possible that Cromwell dated it August 30, for in writing to Lenthall, he speaks of "Saturday, the 30th" (see p. 103 below).]

[2] Had we come one hour sooner :—but we did not.

remove them, and our bread being spent, we were necessitated to go for a new supply: and so marched off about ten or eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning.[1] The enemy perceiving it, and as we conceive, fearing we might interpose between them and Edinburgh, though it was not our intention, albeit it seemed so by our march, retreated back again, with all haste; having a bog and passes between them and us; there being no considerable action, saving the skirmishing of the van of our horse with theirs, near to Edinburgh, without any considerable loss to either part, saving that we got two or three of their horses.

That 'Wednesday' night we quartered within a mile of Edinburgh, and of the enemy. It was a most tempestuous night and wet morning. The enemy marched in the night between Leith and Edinburgh, to interpose between us and our victual, they knowing that it was spent; but the Lord in mercy prevented it; which we perceiving in the morning, got, time enough, through the goodness of the Lord, to the sea-side, to re-victual; the enemy being drawn up upon the hill near Arthur's Seat, looking upon us, but not attempting any thing.

And thus you have an account of the present occurrences.

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The scene of this Tuesday's skirmish, and cannonade across bogs, has not been investigated; though an antiquarian Topographer might find worse work for himself. Rough Hodgson, very uncertain in his spellings, calls it Gawger Field, which will evidently take us to Gogar on the western road there. The Scotch Editor of Hodgson says farther, 'The Water of Leith lay between the two Armies;' which can be believed or not;—

[1] We drew towards our old Camp, one of our old Camps, that Wednesday; and off to Musselburgh 'for a new supply' next morning. Old Camp, or Bivouack, 'on Pentland Hills,' says vague Hodgson (p. 142); 'within a mile of Edinburgh,' says Cromwell in this Letter, who of course knows well. [The Braid and Blackford Hills were considered as belonging to the Pentlands. On the slope of Blackford Hill, the outposts would only be about a mile from Edinburgh.]

* Newspapers (in [old] *Parliamentary History*, xix. 339). [Reprinted from the tract E. 612, 8.]

which indeed turns out to be unbelievable.[1] Yorkshire Hodgson's troop received an ugly cannon-shot while they stood at prayers; just with the word *Amen*, came the ugly cannon-shot singing, but it hurt neither horse nor man. We also 'gave them an English shout' at one time, along the whole line,[2] making their Castle-rocks and Pentlands ring again; but could get no Battle out of them, for the bogs.

Here, in reference to those matters, is an Excerpt which, in spite of imperfections, may be worth transcribing. 'The English 'Army lay' at first 'near Musselburgh, about Stony Hill. But 'shortly after, they marched up to Braid House,' to Braid Hills, to Pentland Hills, Colinton and various other Hills and Houses in succession; 'and the Scots Army, being put in some readiness, 'marched up to Corstorphine Hill. But because the English 'feared it was too near the Castle of Edinburgh, they would not 'hazard battle there. Wherefore both Armies marched to Gogar, 'Tuesday August 27th; and played each upon other with their 'great guns: but because of Gogar Burn (*Brook*) and other 'ditches betwixt the Armies, they could not join battle. Next 'day, about midday,' more precisely Wednesday about ten or eleven o'clock, 'the English began to retire; and went first to 'their Leaguer at Braid Hills,' within a mile of Edinburgh as their General says. 'The English removing, the Scots followed 'by Corstorphine the long gate' (*roundabout road*),[3]—which is hard ground, and out of shot-range. 'The English,' some of them, 'marched near to Musselburgh; and, in the mid night, 'planted some guns in Niddry: the Scots having marched about 'the Hill of Arthur's Seat, towards Craigmillar, there planted 'some guns against those in Niddry;'[4]—and in fact, as we have seen, were drawn up on Arthur's Seat on the morrow morning, looking on amid the rain, and not attempting anything.

The Lord General writes this Letter at Musselburgh on Friday the 30th[5] the morrow after his return: and directly on the heel of it there is a Council of War held, and an important resolution

[1] [See *Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns*, p. 83, *note;* also map in *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, p. 305.]

[2] Hodgson, p. 141.

[3] [Mr. Douglas explains that the Scots took the direct route; "the lang gait" being the old name for the road.]

[4] Collections by a Private Hand, at Edinburgh, from 1650 to 1661 (*Woodrow MSS.*), printed in *Historical Fragments on Scotch Affairs* from 1635 to 1664 (Edinburgh, 1832), Part i. pp. 27-8.

[5] [Or on Saturday the 31st. See note on p. 87 above.]

taken. With sickness, and the wild weather coming on us, rendering even victual uncertain, and no Battle to be had, we clearly cannot continue here. Dunbar, which has a harbour, we might fortify for a kind of citadel and winter-quarter; let us retire at least to Dunbar, to be near our sole friends in this country, our Ships. On the morrow evening, Saturday the 31st, the Lord General fired his huts, and marched towards Dunbar. At sight whereof Lesley rushes out upon him; has his vanguard in Prestonpans before our rear got away. Saturday night through Haddington, and all Sunday to Dunbar, Lesley hangs, close and heavy, on Cromwell's rear; on Sunday night bends southward to the hills that overlook Dunbar, and hems him in there. As will be more specially related in the next fascicle of Letters.

LETTERS CXXXIX—CXLVI

BATTLE OF DUNBAR

The small Town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle now much honey-combed,—on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Frith of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep bay, and fishy little village of Belhaven: the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther the Hills of Fife, and foreshadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look seaward. From the bottom of Belhaven bay to that of the next seabight St. Abb's-ward, the Town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, 'not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea,' Oliver Cromwell's Army, on Monday 2d of September 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and Town behind it,—in very forlorn circumstances. This now is all the ground that Oliver is lord of in Scotland. His Ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him; but visible elsewhere in the Earth no help.

Landward as you look from the Town of Dunbar there rises,

some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home. The crossing of *which*, by any of its boggy passes, and brawling stream-courses, no Army, hardly a solitary Scotch Packman could attempt, in such weather. To the edge of these Lammermoor Heights, David Lesley has betaken himself; lies now along the outmost spur of them,—a long Hill of considerable height, which the Dunbar people call the Dun, Doon, or sometimes for fashion's sake the Down, adding to it the Teutonic *Hill* likewise, though *Dun* itself in old Celtic signifies Hill. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of Twenty-thousand strong; with the Committees of Kirk and Estates, the chief Dignitaries of the Country, and in fact the flower of what the pure Covenant in this the Twelfth year of its existence can still bring forth. There lies he since Sunday night, on the top and slope of this Doon Hill, with the impassable heath-continents behind him; embraces, as within outspread tiger-claws, the base-line of Oliver's Dunbar peninsula; waiting what Oliver will do. Cockburnspath with its ravines has been seized on Oliver's left, and made impassable; behind Oliver is the sea; in front of him Lesley, Doon Hill, and the heath-continent of Lammermoor. Lesley's force is of Three-and-twenty-thousand,[1] in spirits as of men chasing, Oliver's about half as many, in spirits as of men chased.[2] What is to become of Oliver?

LETTER CXXXIX

Haselrig, as we know, is Governor of Newcastle. Oliver on Monday writes this Note; means to send it off, I suppose, by sea. Making no complaint for himself, the remarkable Oliver; doing, with grave brevity, in the hour the business of the hour. He was a strong man, so intimates Charles Harvey, who knew him: 'in the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in

[1] 27,000 say the English Pamphlets; 16,000 foot and 7,000 horse, says Sir Edward Walker (p. 182), who has access to know.

[2] [But Cromwell's men were "war-worn veterans under trusted leaders, whereas the Scots were not only for the most part new to war, but were split asunder in heart and mind by the wedge of faction." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 316.]

all the others.'[1] A genuine King among men, Mr. Harvey. The divinest sight this world sees,—when it is privileged to see such, and not be sickened with the unholy apery of such! He is just now upon an 'engagement,' or complicated concern, 'very difficult.'

To the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselridge at Newcastle or elsewhere: These. Haste, haste

'Dunbar,' 2nd September 1650.

DEAR SIR,

We are upon an Engagement very difficult. The Enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the Hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

I perceive your forces are not in a capacity for present relief.[2] wherefore (whatever becomes of us) it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all good people. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us; but the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for good. Our spirits[3] are comfortable (praised be the Lord), though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.[4]

Indeed do you get together what forces you can against them.

[1] *Passages in his Highness's last Sickness*, already referred to. [Carlyle gives these words as a quotation, but they are his own, not Harvey's. The passage he had in his mind is on pp. 8, 9, of the pamphlet].

[2] [Carlyle altered this to "release," but Cromwell evidently means; able to relieve us, by falling upon the back of Copperspath.]

[3] minds.

[4] ["History possesses no finer picture of the fortitude of the man of action, with eyes courageously open to dark facts closing round him, yet with alacrity, vigilance, and a kind of cheerful hope, taking thought for every detail of the business of the day." Morley's *Cromwell*, p. 318.]

Send to friends in the south to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby. You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you. I rest,

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' It's difficult for me to send to you. Let me hear from 'you' after 'you receive this.'*

The base of Oliver's 'Dunbar Peninsula,' as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon 'an entanglement very difficult'), extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocksmouth House on his left; 'about a mile and a half from sea to sea.' Brocksmouth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh's mansion, which still stands there, his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left. As its name indicates, it is the *mouth* or issue of a small Rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock, Brocksburn;* which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley's Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea. The reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday 3d of September 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn*. It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the South-country Officers in those old Pamphlets describe as a 'deep *ditch*,

* Communicated by John Hare, Esquire, Rosemount Cottage, Clifton. The MS. at Clifton is a Copy, without date; but has this title in an old hand; 'Copy of 'an original Letter of Oliver Cromwell, written with his own hand, the day before 'the Battle of Dunbarr, to Sir A. Haselridge.'— —*Note to Second Edition.* Found since (1846), with the Postscript, printed from the Original, in Brand's *History of Newcastle* (London, 1789), ii. 479.— —*Note to Third Edition.* Autograph-Original found now (May 1847); in the possession of R. Ormston, Esq., Newcastle-on-Tyne. See *postea*, p. 113, and Appendix, No. 18. [The present editor is indebted to R. Welford, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne for the following information concerning this and the three later letters to Hesilrige. "The letters from Oliver Cromwell were published in a booklet bearing the following title: 'Four Letters from Oliver Cromwell to Sir Arthur Heselridge, Governor of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. From the original letters in the possession of Robert Ormston, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Printed at the Courant Office, Pilgrim Street, by J. Blackwell and Co., 1847.' In my copy, after the word Ormston, some one has written, 'now of Sir A. G. Hazlerig, Bart.,' indicating that the originals had been handed over to the family by Mr. Ormston, who was a land agent, and represented the family in the north of England. In a sort of preface we are told: 'The first of these letters, dated September 2, is rightly described in the endorsement as written entirely by Oliver Cromwell. In the other three letters the signatures and the words "My service to the dear lady" are the only words in his writing.'"]

forty feet in depth, and about as many in width,'—ditch dug out by the little Brook itself, and carpeted with greensward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill; forms, from this point to the sea, the boundary of Oliver's position: his force is arranged in battle-order along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its grassy glen; he is busied all Monday, he and his Officers, in ranking them there. 'Before sunrise on Monday' Lesley sent down his horse from the Hill-top, to occupy the other side of this Brook; 'about four in the afternoon' his train came down, his whole Army gradually came down; and they now are ranking themselves on the opposite side of Brocksburn,—on rather narrow ground; cornfields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and winds of Monday 2d September 1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack, must get across this Brook and its glen first; a thing of much disadvantage.

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stand his tents; sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this 'Peninsula;' which is a low though very uneven tract of ground; now in our time all yellow with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially tilled,—describable by Yorkshire Hodgson as a place of plashes and rough bent-grass; terribly beaten by showery winds that day, so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one Farm-house on this tract, where now are not a few: thither were Oliver's Cannon sent this morning; they had at first been lodged 'in the Church,' an edifice standing then as now somewhat apart, 'at the south end of Dunbar.' We have notice of only one other 'small house,' belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground: it stands close by the Brock Rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen; at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts:[1] this of course, as the one 'pass' in that quarter, it is highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert lodged 'six horse and fifteen foot' in this poor hut early in the morning: Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out; killing some and 'taking three prisoners;'—and so got possession of this pass and hut; but did not keep it. Among the three

[1] [See the old picture plan, reproduced in Mr. Firth's paper on Dunbar and his argument that the "small house" stood not on the Dunbar but on the Berwick side of the stream (p. 33, *note*). *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 1900.]

prisoners was one musketeer, 'a very stout man, though he has but a wooden arm,' and some iron hook at the end of it, poor fellow. He 'fired thrice,' not without effect, with his wooden arm; and was not taken without difficulty: a handfast stubborn man; they carried him across to General Lesley to give some account of himself. In several of the old Pamphlets, which agree in all the details of it, this is what we read:

'General *David* Lesley (old Leven,' the other Lesley, 'being 'in the Castle of Edinburgh, as they relate [1]), asked this man, If 'the Enemy did intend to fight? He replied, "What do you 'think we come here for? We come for nothing else!"— '"Soldier," says Lesley, "how will you fight, when you have 'shipped half of your men, and all your great guns?" The 'Soldier replied, "Sir, if you please to draw down your men, you 'shall find both men and great guns too!"'—A most dogged handfast man, this with the wooden arm, and iron hook on it! 'One of the Officers asked, How he durst answer the General so 'saucily? He said, "I only answer the question put to me!"' Lesley sent him across, free again, by a trumpet: he made his way to Cromwell; reported what had passed, and added doggedly, He for one had lost twenty shillings by the business,—plundered from him in this action. 'The Lord General gave him thereupon two pieces,' which I think are forty shillings; and sent him away rejoicing.[2]—This is the adventure at the 'pass' by the shepherd's hut in the bottom of the glen, close by Brocksburn itself.

And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other 'pass' across the Brocksburn; and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocksmouth House. There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock; the steep grassy glen, or 'broad ditch forty feet deep,' flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope: passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with consider-

[1] Old Leven is *here*, if the Pamphlet knew; but only as a volunteer and without command, though nominally still General-in-chief.

[2] Cadwell the Army's Messenger's Narrative to the Parliament (in Carte's *Ormond Papers*, i. 382). Given also, with other details, in *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 478, §§ 9, 7, 10; no. 479, § 1; &c. &c. [E. 612, 613.]

able acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself. There, at this 'pass,' on and about the present London road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago.[1] Read in the extinct old Pamphlets, and ever again obstinately read, till some light rise in them, look even with unmilitary eyes at the ground as it now is, you do at last obtain small glimmerings of distinct features here and there,—which gradually coalesce into a kind of image for you; and some spectrum of the Fact becomes visible; rises veritable, face to face, on you, grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time. Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs or otherwise over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the Sun; the footprint of a Hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here!—

'The Lord General about four o'clock,' says the old Pamphlets, 'went into the Town to take some refreshments,' a hasty late dinner, or early supper, whichever we may call it; 'and very soon returned back,'—having written Sir Arthur's Letter, I think, in the interim.[2] Coursing about the field, with enough of things to order; walking at last with Lambert in the Park or Garden of Brocksmouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astir on the Hill-side; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley in fact is coming wholly down to the basis of the Hill, where his horse had been since sunrise: coming wholly down to the edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields there; and also is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right; edging himself, 'shogging,' as Oliver calls it, his whole line more and more to the right![3] His meaning is, to get hold of

[1] [But see note 3 below.]

[2] [Dr. Gardiner thinks that it must have been written early in the morning, as there is no hint in it of Leslie's movement down the hill, but when Cromwell sent it off, enclosed in another letter written on the 4th, he speaks of it as written on "the 2nd of this month, which was the evening before the fight." Possibly however he uses the word in the sense of the "eve of the fight," *i.e.*, the day before. (See Letter CXLI. below.)]

[3] [Mr. Firth, by the help of the picture plan of the battle before mentioned (found amongst the *Clarke MSS.*) has come definitely to the conclusion that as Leslie descended the northern face of Doon Hill, he did actually "shogg" his horse more and more to the right, *i.e.*, to the east, and that his lines ran facing the sea and at right angles to the burn. Thus Cromwell's main attack would be made, not at the pass over the stream, but by passing in front of the Scotch forces, where the road

Brocksmouth House and the pass of the Brook there;[1] after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will!—Lesley in fact considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost; that, on the whole, he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. A vague story, due to Bishop Burnet, the watery source of many such, still circulates about the world, That it was the Kirk Committee who forced Lesley down against his will; that Oliver, at sight of it, exclaimed, "The Lord hath delivered" &c.: which nobody is in the least bound to believe.[2] It appears, from other quarters, that Lesley *was* advised or sanctioned in this attempt by the Committee of Estates and Kirk, but also that he was by no means hard to advise; that, in fact, lying on the top of Doon Hill, shelterless in such weather, was no operation to spin out beyond necessity;—and that if anybody pressed too much upon him with advice to come down and fight, it was likeliest to be Royalist Civil Dignitaries, who had plagued him with their cavillings at his cunctations, at his 'secret fellow-feeling for the Sectarians and Regicides,' ever since this War began. The poor Scotch Clergy have enough of their own to answer for in this business; let every back bear the burden that belongs to it. In a word, Lesley descends, has been descending all day, and 'shogs' himself to the right,—urged, I believe, by manifold counsel, and by the nature of the case; and, what is equally important for us, Oliver sees him, and sees through him, in this movement of his.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him,

runs to Berwick. See the plan of the battle in Mr. Firth's *Oliver Cromwell*, and his paper on "Dunbar" in the *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 1900. Dr. Gardiner has adopted the same view with some slight variation. See *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, vol. i., p. 322, *note*, *Third edition*.]

[1] Baillie's *Letters*, iii. 111.

[2] [Mr. Hill Burton (*Hist. Scot.* vii. 24, note 2) shows that Burnet is confirmed by Baillie, who states that after the "woeful rout at Dunbar" it was vehemently pressed to have Leslie laid aside, but that nothing was found against him "but the removal of the army from the hill the night before the rout, which yet was a consequence of the Committee's order, contrary to his mind, to stop the enemy's retreat" (*Letters and Journals*, iii. 111). Burnet goes on to say that many thought that the advice was treacherously given, but he is persuaded that this was not so; "only Warriston was too hot and Leslie was too cold, and yielded too easily to their humours, which he ought not to have done." See also Cromwell's own statement in Letter CXLII., that "the clergy's counsel prevailed". It is difficult to say whom Carlyle means by the "Royalist Civil Dignitaries" to whom he inclines to ascribe the advice.]

like to begin the attack?[1] Here is the Enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook, has no room to manœuvre or assist:[2] beat this right wing where it now stands; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main-battle, the whole Army is beaten? Lambert eagerly assents, "had meant to say the same thing." Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents; as the other Officers do, when the case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin tomorrow before dawn.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet;—2d of September means 12th by our calendar: the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man!—Thus they pass the night; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some,[3] extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep.[4] Be wakeful, ye English; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us

[1] [This is probably the speech to which Burnet alludes. It would be quite natural for Oliver to ascribe the advantage to God's special working on their behalf.]

[2] Hodgson.

[3] 'Major-General Holburn' (he that escorted Cromwell into Edinburgh in 1648), says Walker, p. 180.

[4] [Their officers seem to have retired to their tents on the hill side.

"It was our own laziness," Leslie said afterwards; "I take God to witness that we might have as easily beaten them as we did James Graham at Philiphaugh, if the officers had stayed by their troops and regiments."]

storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all is beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, 'a Cornet praying in the night;' a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined: Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance!—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head, a streak of dawn is rising.

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake; thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient;—behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour Night's silence; the cannons awaken along all the Line: "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones, on!—

The dispute 'on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour.' Plenty of fire, from fieldpieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock;—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, 'with lancers in the front rank,' charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet;—back a little; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. 'Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot.' Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: fieldpieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above Three-thousand killed upon the place: 'I never saw such a charge of foot and horse,' says one;[1] nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire

[1] Rushworth's Letter to the Speaker (in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 341).

Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, 'and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,"'—or in Rous's metre.

Let God arise, and scattered
Let all his enemies be;
And let all those that do him hate
Before his presence flee!

Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar, the chase goes as far as Haddington; led by Hacker. 'The Lord General made a halt,' says Hodgson, 'and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm,' till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky:

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nati-ons that be;
Likewise ye people all, accord
His name to magnify!

For great to-us-ward ever are
His lovingkindnesses;
His truth endures forevermore:
The Lord O do ye bless!

And now, to the chase again.

The prisoners are Ten-thousand,—all the foot in a mass. Many Dignitaries are taken; not a few are slain; of whom see Printed Lists,—full of blunders. Provost Jaffray of Aberdeen, Member of the Scots Parliament, one of the Committee of Estates, was very nearly slain: a trooper's sword was in the air to sever him, but one cried, He is a man of consequence; he can ransom himself!—and the trooper kept him prisoner.[1] The first of the Scots Quakers, by and by; and an official person much reconciled to Oliver. Ministers also of the Kirk Committee

[1] *Diary of Alexander Jaffray* (London, 1834;—unhappily relating almost all to the inner man of Jaffray).

were slain; two Ministers I find taken, poor Carstairs of Glasgow, poor Waugh of some other place,—of whom we shall transiently hear again.

General David Lesley, vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o'clock; poor old Leven, not so light of movement, did not get till two. Tragical enough. What a change since January 1644, when we marched out of this same Dunbar up to the knees in snow! It was to help and save these very men that we then marched; with the Covenant in all our hearts. We have stood by the letter of the Covenant; fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could;—they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state!—Yes, my poor friends; —and now be wise, be taught! The letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world. The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world!

Such is Dunbar Battle; which might also be called Dunbar Drove, for it was a frightful rout. Brought on by miscalculation; misunderstanding of the difference between substances and semblances;—by mismanagement, and the chance of war. My Lord General's next seven Letters, all written on the morrow, will now be intelligible to the reader. First, however, take the following

PROCLAMATION

Forasmuch as I understand there are several Soldiers of the Enemy's Army yet abiding in the Field, who by reason of their wounds could not march from thence:

These are therefore to give notice to the Inhabitants of this Nation That they may and 'hereby' have[1] free liberty to repair to the Field aforesaid, and, with their carts or 'in' any other peaceable way, to carry away the said Soldiers to such places as they shall think fit: provided they meddle not 'with,' or take

[1] *sic.*

away, any the Arms there. And all Officers and Soldiers are to take notice that the same is permitted.

Given under my hand, at Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

To be proclaimed by beat of drum.*

LETTER CXL

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

SIR,

I hope it's not ill taken, that I make no more frequent addresses to the Parliament. Things that are of trouble, in point of provision for your army, and of ordinary direction, I have, as I could, often presented to the Council of State, together with such occurrences as have happened; who, I am sure, as they have not been wanting in their extraordinary care and provision for us, so neither 'in' what they judge fit and necessary to represent the same to you. And this I thought to be a sufficient discharge of my duty on that behalf.

It hath now pleased God to bestow a mercy upon you, worthy your knowledge, and of the utmost praise and thanks of all that fear and love His name; yea, the mercy is far above all praise, which that you may the better perceive, I shall take the boldness to tender unto you some circumstances accompanying this great business, which will manifest the greatness and seasonableness of this mercy.

We having tried what we could to engage the enemy, three

* Old Newspapers, *Several Proceedings in Parliament*, no. 50 (5th-12th Sept. 1650): in Burney Newspapers (British Museum), vol. xxxiv. [Also "a true relation of the routing the Scotish army," E. 612. No. 9.]

or four miles west of Edinburgh; that proving ineffectual, and our victual failing, we marched towards our ships for a recruit of our want. The enemy did not at all trouble us in our rear; but marched the direct way towards Edinburgh, and partly in the night and morning slips-through his whole army, and quarters himself in a posture easy to interpose between us and our victual. But the Lord made him to lose the opportunity, and the morning proving exceeding wet and dark, we recovered, by that time it was light, into a ground where they could not hinder us from our victual: which was a high act of the Lord's Providence to us. We being come into the said ground, the enemy marched into the ground we were last upon; having no mind either to strive to interpose between us and our victuals, or to fight; being indeed upon this lock,[1]—hoping that the sickness of your army would render their work more easy by the gaining of time; whereupon we marched to Musselburgh, to victual, and to ship away our sick men; where we sent abroad near five-hundred sick and wounded soldiers, and upon serious consideration, finding our weakness so to increase, and the enemy lying upon his advantage, at a general council it was thought fit to march to Dunbar, and there to fortify the town, which (we thought), if anything, would provoke them to engage, as also, that the having of a garrison there would furnish us with accommodation for our sick men, would be a good place for a magazine (which we exceedingly wanted); being put to depend upon the uncertainty of weather, for landing provisions, which many times cannot be done though the being of the whole army lay upon it (all the coasts from Berwick to Leith not having one good harbour), as also, to lie more conveniently to receive our recruits of horse and foot from Berwick.

Having these considerations, upon Saturday the 30th[2] of

[1] [Nares gives "to be at his old lock" as meaning "to follow his old practices," and Cromwell uses this phrase in Letter CLXXVII. Carlyle altered it to "upon this aim of reducing us to a lock"; but the letter is now printed from the original, so that there can be no doubt as to what Cromwell actually wrote.]

[2] *sic:* but Saturday is 31st.

August we marched from Musselburgh to Haddington, where, by that time we had got the van-brigade of our horse, and our foot and train, into their quarters, the enemy was marched with that exceeding expedition that they fell upon the rear-forlorn of our horse, and put it into some disorder; and indeed had like to have engaged our rear-brigade of horse with their whole army, had not the Lord by His good Providence put a cloud over the moon, thereby giving us opportunity to draw off those horse to the rest of the army, which accordingly was done without any loss, save of three or four of our aforementioned forlorn; wherein the enemy (as we believe) received more loss.

The army being put into a reasonable secure posture, towards midnight the enemy attempted our quarters, on the west end of Haddington: but through the goodness of God we repulsed them. The next morning we drew into an open field, on the south side of Haddington; we not judging it safe for us to draw to the Enemy upon his own ground, he being prepossessed thereof; but rather drew back, to give him way to come to us, if he had so thought fit; and having waited about the space of four or five hours, to see if he would come to us; and not finding any inclination in the enemy so to do, we resolved to go, according to our first intendment, to Dunbar.

By that time we had marched three or four miles, we saw some bodies of the enemy's horse draw out of their quarters; and by that time our carriages were gotten near Dunbar, their whole army was upon their march after us; and indeed, our drawing back in this manner, with the addition of three new regiments added to them, did much heighten their confidence, if not presumption and arrogancy. The enemy, that night, we perceived, gathered towards the hills; labouring to make a perfect interposition between us and Berwick, and having in this posture a great advantage, through his better knowledge of the country; which he effected by sending a considerable party to the strait Pass at Copperspeth; where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way; and truly this was an

exigent to us,[1] wherewith the enemy reproached us with that condition the Parliament's army was in when it made its hard conditions with the King in Cornwall.[2] By some reports that have come to us, they had disposed of us, and of their business, in sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons, and had swallowed up the poor interest of England; believing that their army and their King would have marched to London without any interruption; it being told us (we know not how truly) by a prisoner we took the night before the fight, that their King was very suddenly to come amongst them, with those English they allowed to be about him.[3] But in what they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them.

The enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having those advantages; we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages, having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few amongst us shared: that because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord would be seen; and that He would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us:—and indeed we had our consolations and our hopes.

Upon Monday evening, the enemy, whose numbers were very great; as we heard, about six-thousand horse, and sixteen-thousand foot at least; ours drawn down, as to sound men, to about seven-thousand five-hundred foot, and three-thousand five-hundred horse, the enemy drew down to their right wing about two-thirds of their left wing of horse, to the right wing, shogging also their foot and train much to the right, causing their right wing of horse to edge down towards the sea. We could not

[1] A disgraceful summons of caption to us; 'exigent' is a law-writ issued against a fugitive,—such as we knew long since, in our young days, about Lincoln's Inn!

[2] Essex's Army six years ago, in Autumn 1644, when the King had impounded it among the Hills there (see *antea*, vol. i. p. 183).

[3] [Buckingham (who had played into Argyll's hands) seems to have been about the only one of the King's friends allowed to remain with him.]

well imagine but that the enemy intended to attempt upon us, or to place themselves in a more exact condition of interposition. 'The' Major-General and myself coming to the Earl Roxburgh's House, and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the enemy, to which he immediately replied, that he had thought to have said the same thing to me. So that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon both of our hearts, at the same instant. We called for Colonel Monk, and showed him the thing: and coming to our quarter at night, and demonstrating our apprehensions to some of the colonels, they also cheerfully concurred.

We resolved therefore to put our business into this posture: That six regiments of horse, and three regiments and an half of foot should march in the van; and that the Major-General, the Lieutenant-General of the horse, and the Commissary-General,[1] and Colonel Monk to command the brigade of foot, should lead on the business; and that Colonel Pride's brigade, Colonel Overton's brigade, and the remaining two regiments of horse should bring up the cannon and rear; the time of falling-on to be by break of day: but through some delays it proved not to be so till six o'clock in the morning.[2]

The Enemy's word was, *The Covenant;* which it had been for divers days. Ours, *The Lord of Hosts.* The Major-General, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and Commissary-General Whalley, and Colonel Twisleton's gave the onset; the enemy being in a very good posture to receive them, having the advantage of their cannon and foot against our horse. Before our foot could come up, the enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at sword's point between our horse and

[1] Lambert, Fleetwood, Whalley.

[2] [Dr. Gardiner notes that on Sept. $\frac{3}{13}$ the sun rises at 5.33; that Cadwell in his account speaks of fighting by moonlight, and that Cromwell's well-known words "Let God arise," etc., spoken after the tide of battle turned, coincided with sunrise. Mr. Firth thinks that the preliminary fighting began about four or five, and the real battle an hour or more later.]

theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty (being overpowered with the enemy), received some repulse, which they soon recovered. But my own regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe and my Major, White, did come seasonably in; and, at the push of pike, did repel the stoutest regiment the enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give, which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot; this being the first action between the foot. The horse in the mean time did, with a great deal of courage and spirit, beat back all opposition; charging through the bodies of the enemy's horse, and their foot; who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords. Indeed, I believe I may speak it without partiality: both your chief commanders and others in their several places, and soldiers also, were acted[1] with as much courage as ever hath been seen in any action since this war. I know they look not to be named; and therefore I forbear particulars.[2]

The best of the enemy's horse and foot being broken through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole army being put into confusion, it became a total rout; our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles. We believe that upon the place and near about it were about three-thousand slain; prisoners taken of their officers, you have this enclosed list; of private soldiers near ten-thousand. The whole baggage and train taken, wherein was good store of match, powder and bullet; all their artillery, great and small, thirty guns. We are confident they have left behind them not less than fifteen-thousand arms. I have already brought-in to me near two-hundred colours, which I herewith send you.[3] What officers of

[1] 'actuated,' as we now write it.

[2] ["Cromwell's Gazette," Mr. Morley says, "was peculiar; perhaps not without a moral for later days".]

[3] They hung long in Westminster Hall; beside the Preston ones, and still others that came. Colonel Pride has been heard to wish, and almost to hope, That the Lawyers' gowns might all be hung up beside the Scots colours yet,—and the Lawyers' selves, except some very small and most select needful remnant, be ordered peremptorily to disappear from those localities, and seek an honest trade

quality of theirs are killed, we yet cannot learn, but yet surely divers are, and many men of quality are mortally wounded, as Colonel Lumsden, the Lord Liberton and others. And, that which is no small addition, I do not believe we have lost twenty men. Not one commissioned officer slain that I hear of, save one cornet and Major Rookesby, since dead of his wounds; and not many mortally wounded: Colonel Whalley only cut in the handwrist, and his horse (twice shot) killed under him; but he well recovered another horse, and went on in the chase.

Thus you have the prospect of one of the most signal mercies God hath done for England and His people, this war.

And now may it please you to give me the leave of a few words. It is easy to say, the Lord hath done this. It would do you good to see and hear our poor foot go up and down making their boast of God. But, Sir, it is in your hands, and by these eminent mercies God puts it more into your hands, to give glory to Him; to improve your power, and His blessings, to His praise. We that serve you beg of you not to own us, but God alone; we pray you own His people more and more, for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Disown yourselves, but own your authority, and improve it to curb the proud and the insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretences soever; relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England; be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions; and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich,[1] that suits not a Commonwealth. If He that

elsewhere! (Walker's *History of Independency*.) [The mottoes on the Scottish flags or "cornets" as those of the troops of horse were called, are rather a curious study. At Dunse Law, as we have seen, all bore the words, "For Christs Crown and Covenant" (the modern form of the possessive is not in *Baillie's MS.* although it is in the published edition of it). But at Preston and Dunbar, the most common motto was "Covenant for religion, King and Kingdoms," a banner divided into four triangular spaces by the Cross of St. Andrew. Next in favour, though a good way behind, was "For Covenant, Religion, King and Kingdom." There is a volume of coloured drawings of these flags at the British Museum (*Harley MS.* 1460) compiled "by FF, his Highness' historiographer." This, no doubt, is Fitzpayne Fisher.]

[1] 'Many of them had a *peek* at Lawyers generally' (says learned Bulstrode in these months,—appealing to posterity, almost with tears in his big dull eyes!).

strengthens your servants to fight, pleases to give you hearts to set upon these things, in order to His glory, and the glory of your Commonwealth, besides the benefit England shall feel thereby, you shall shine forth to other nations, who shall emulate the glory of such a pattern, and through the power of God turn into the like.

These are our desires; and that you may have liberty and opportunity to do these things, and not be hindered, we have been and shall be (by God's assistance) willing to venture our lives, and not desire you should be precipitated by importunities, from your care of safety and preservation; but that the doing of these good things may have their place amongst those which concern wellbeing,[1] and so be wrought in their time and order.

Since we came in Scotland, it hath been our desire and longing to have avoided blood in this business, by reason that God hath a people here fearing His name, though deceived; and to that end have we offered much love unto such, in the bowels of Christ, and concerning the truth of our hearts therein, have we appealed unto the Lord. The ministers of Scotland have hindered the passage of these things to the hearts of those to whom we intended them, and now we hear, that not only the deceived people, but some of the ministers are also fallen in this battle. This is the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who take[2] into their hands the instruments of a foolish shepherd, to wit, meddling with worldly policies, and mixtures of earthly power, to set up that which they call the kingdom of Christ, which is neither it, nor, if it were it, would such means be found effectual to that end; and neglect, or trust not to, the Word of God, the sword of the Spirit, which is alone powerful and able for the setting up of that kingdom, and, when trusted to, will be found effectually able to that end, and will also do it. This is humbly offered for their sakes who have[3] lately too much turned aside: that they might return

[1] We as yet struggle for *being*; which is preliminary, and still more essential.
[2] ["taking" in *orig.*]
[3] ["having" in *orig.*]

again to preach Jesus Christ, according to the simplicity of the Gospel; and then no doubt they will discern and find your protection and encouragement.

Beseeching you to pardon this length, I humbly take leave and rest,

Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Industrious dull Bulstrode, coming home from the Council of State towards Chelsea on Saturday afternoon, is accosted on the streets, 'near Charing Cross,' by a dusty individual, who declares himself bearer of this Letter from my Lord General; and imparts a rapid outline of the probable contents to Bulstrode's mind, which naturally kindles with a certain slow solid satisfaction on receipt thereof.[1]

LETTER CXLI

LETTER CXXXIX., for Sir Arthur, did not go on Monday night; and finds now an unexpected conveyance!—Brand, Historian of Newcastle, got sight of that Letter, and of this new one enclosing it, in the hands of an old Steward of the Haselrigs, grandfather of the present possessor of those Documents, some half-century

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 87-91). ["A letter from the Lord General" E. 612, 11. But now printed from the original at Welbeck. It is endorsed, "Recd. 10 Sept. 1650."]

[1] Whitlocke (2d edition), p. 470 (7th Sept.). [It would almost appear from Whitelocke that Cromwell had sent off hurried letters by this messenger, and that the longer account followed. Whitelocke says, Sept. 7, "Letters from Cromwell to the Speaker and to the Council of State of a great victory against the Scots at Dunbar; the particulars were not then certified, but left to the relation of the messenger, who was an eye-witness of the action; who made his narrative to this effect [recited]. The Council of State ordered the narrative made by the Lord General his messenger to be read in all churches in London to-morrow." There does not seem any reason, if Cromwell's own narrative had come, why it should not have been read in the churches, instead of the narrative of the messenger. On Tuesday the 10th, Whitelocke notes "Letters from the General of the Parliament of the particulars of the battle of Dunbar." This agrees with the endorsement of the above letter.]

ago; and happily took copies. Letter CXXXIX. was autograph, 'folded up hastily before the ink was quite dry;—sealed with red wax:' of this there is nothing autograph but the signature; and the sealing-wax is black.

For the Honourable Sir Arthur Haselrige, at Newcastle or elsewhere: These. Haste, haste

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

Sir,

You will see by my enclosed of the 2d of this month, which was the evening before the fight, the condition we were in at that time, which I thought fit on purpose to send you, that you might see how great and how seasonable our deliverance and mercy is, by such aggravation.

Having said my thoughts thereupon to the Parliament, I shall only give you the narrative of this exceeding mercy;[1] believing the Lord will enlarge your heart to a thankful consideration thereupon. The least of this mercy lies not in the advantageous consequences which I hope it may produce, of glory to God and good to His people, in the prosecution of that which remains, unto which this great work hath opened so fair a way. We have no cause to doubt but, if it shall please the Lord to prosper our endeavours, we may find opportunities both upon Edinburgh and Leith, Stirling-Bridge, and other such places as the Lord shall lead unto, even far above our thoughts; as this late and other experiences gives good encouragements.

Wherefore, that we may not be wanting, I desire you, with such forces as you have, immediately to march to me to Dunbar; leaving behind you such of your new levies as will prevent lesser incursions: for surely their rout and ruin is so total that they will not be provided for any thing that is very considerable; or rather, which I more incline unto, that you would send Thomlinson[2]

[1] Means *the bare statement.* In the next sentence, 'The least lies not,' is for *The not least lies.*

[2] [Colonel Matthew Thomlinson.]

with the forces you have ready, and that with all possible expedition; and that you will go on with the remainder of the reserve, which, upon better thoughts, I do not think can well be done without you.

Sir, let no time nor opportunity be lost. Surely it's probable the Kirk has done their do.[1] I believe their King will set up upon his own score now, wherein he will find many friends. Taking opportunity offered, it's our great advantage, through God. I need say no more to you on this behalf, but rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My service to your good Lady. I think it will be very fit that you should bake hard-bread again, considering you increase our numbers. I pray you do so. Sir, I desire you to procure about three or four score masons, and ship them to us with all speed, for we expect that God will suddenly put some places into our hands, which we shall have occasion to fortify.*

LETTER CXLII

To the Lord President of the Council of State: These

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

MY LORD,

I have sent the Major-General, with six regiments of horse and one of foot, towards Edinburgh; purposing (God willing) to follow after, tomorrow, with what convenience I may.

We are put to exceeding trouble, though it be an effect of abundant mercy, with the numerousness of our prisoners; having

[1] 'doo' *in orig.*

* Brand's *History of Newcastle*, ii. 479. In Brand's Book there follow Excerpts from two other Letters to Sir Arthur; of which, on inquiry, the present Baronet of Nosely Hall unluckily knows nothing farther. The Excerpts, with their dates, shall be given presently.

so few hands, so many of our men sick, so little conveniency of disposing of them;[1] and not, by attendance thereupon, to omit the seasonableness of the prosecution of this mercy as Providence shall direct. We have been constrained, even out of Christianity, humanity, and the forementioned necessity, to dismiss between four and five thousand prisoners, almost starved, sick and wounded; the remainder, which are the like, or a greater number, I am fain to send by a convoy of four troops of Colonel Hacker's to Berwick, and so on to Newcastle, southwards.[2]

I think fit to acquaint your Lordship with two or three observations. Some of the honestest in the army amongst the Scots did profess before the fight, that they did not believe their King in his Declaration;[3] and it's most evident he did sign it with as much reluctancy and so much against his heart as could be: and yet they venture their lives for him upon this account; and publish this 'Declaration' to the world, to be believed as the act of a person converted, when in their hearts they know he abhorred the doing of it, and meant it not.

I hear, when the enemy marched last up to us, the ministers pressed their army to interpose between us and home; the chief officers desiring rather that we might have way made, though it were by a golden bridge. But the clergy's counsel prevailed; to their no great comfort, through the goodness of God.

[1] The Prisoners:—sentence ungrammatical, but intelligible.

[2] Here are Brand's Excerpts from the two other Letters to Sir Arthur, spoken of in the former Note: '*Dunbar, 5th Sept.* 1650. . . . After much deliberation, we 'can find no way how to dispose of these prisoners that will be consisting with those 'two ends (to wit, the not losing them and the not starving them, neither of which 'would we willingly incur), but by sending them into England.' (Brand, ii. 481). — —'*Edinburgh, 9th Sept.* 1650. . . . I hope your northern guests are come to 'you by this time. I pray you let humanity be exercised towards them: I am 'persuaded it will be comely. Let the officers be kept at Newcastle, some sent to 'Lynn, some to Chester.' (*Ibid.* p. 480).— —(*Note to Third Edition*). Letters complete, Appendix, No. 19.

A frightful account of what became of those poor 'northern guests' as they proceeded 'southwards;' how, for sheer hunger, they ate raw cabbages in the 'walled garden at Morpeth,' and lay in unspeakable imprisonment in Durham Cathedral, and died as of swift pestilence there: In *Sir Arthur Haselrig's Letter to the Council of State* (reprinted, from the old Pamphlets, in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 417).

[3] Open Testimony against the sins of his Father, see *antea*, p. 86.

The enemy took a gentleman of Major Brown's troop prisoner, that night we came to Haddington; and he had quarter through Lieutenant-General David Lesley's means; who, finding him a man of courage and parts, laboured with him to take up arms. But the man expressing constancy and resolution to this side, the Lieutenant-General caused him to be mounted, and with two troopers to ride about to view their gallant army; using that as an argument to persuade him to their side, and, when this was done, dismissed him to us in a bravery. And indeed the day before we fought, they did express so much insolency and contempt of us, to some soldiers they took, as was beyond apprehension.

Your Lordship's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

WHICH high officialities being ended, here are certain glad domestic Letters of the same date.

LETTER CXLIII

For my beloved Wife Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

MY DEAREST,

I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee that in many of thy letters thou writest to me, that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice.

The Lord hath showed us an exceeding mercy: who can tell how great it is. My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported; though I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 91).

Pray on my behalf in the latter respect. The particulars of our late success Harry Vane or Gil: Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. I rest thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXLIV

For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These. In Hantshire, near Winchester

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

DEAR BROTHER,

Having so good an occasion as the imparting so great a mercy as the Lord hath vouchsafed unto us in Scotland, I would not omit the imparting thereof to you though I be full of business.

Upon Wednesday[1] we fought the Scottish army. They were in number, according to all computation, about twenty-thousand; we hardly eleven-thousand, having great sicknesses upon our army. After much appealing to God, the fight lasted about an hour. We killed (as most think) three-thousand; took near ten-thousand prisoners, all their train, about thirty guns great and small, besides bullet, match and powder, very considerable officers, about two-hundred colours, above ten-thousand arms; lost not thirty men. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Good Sir, give God all the glory; stir up all yours, and all about you, to do so. Pray for

Your affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

*Copied from the Original by John Hare, Esq., Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. Collated with the old Copy in British Museum, *Cole MSS.*, no. 5834, p. 38 [*i.e.* Add. MSS. 5834. Cole 33]. 'The Original was purchased at Strawberry-Hill 'Sale' (Horace Walpole's), '30th April 1842, for Twenty-one guineas.' [There is also an old copy amongst the Marquis of Bath's MSS.]

[1] 'Wednesd.' in the Original. A curious proof of the haste and confusion Cromwell was in. The Battle was on *Tuesday*,—yesterday, 3d September 1650; indisputably Tuesday; and he is now writing on Wednesday!—[Cromwell wrote Tuesday in the first instance, then crossed it out and wrote Wednesday above.]

I desire my love may be presented to my dear sister, and to all your family. I pray tell Doll I do not forget her nor her little brat. She writes very cunningly and complimentally to me; I expect a letter of plain dealing from her. She is too modest to tell me whether she breeds or no. I wish a blessing upon her and her husband. The Lord make them fruitful in all that's good. They are at leisure to write often—but indeed they are both idle, and worthy of blame.*

LETTER CXLV

A PIOUS Word, shot off to Ireland, for Son Ireton and the 'dear Friends' fighting for the same Cause there. That they may rejoice with us, as we have done with them: none knows but they may have 'need' again 'of mutual experiences for refreshment.'

'To Lieutenant-General Ireton, Deputy-Lieutenant of Ireland: These

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

SIR,

Though I hear not often from you, yet I know you forget me not. Think so of me 'too,' for I often remember you at the Throne of Grace. I heard of the Lord's good hand with you in reducing Waterford, Duncannon, and Catherlogh:[1] His Name be praised.

We have been engaged upon a service the fullest of trial ever poor creatures were upon. We made great professions of love; knowing we were to deal with many who were Godly, and pretended to be stumbled at our invasion: indeed, our bowels were pierced again and again; the Lord helped us to sweet words, and

* Harris, p. 513; one of the Pusey stock, the last now but three. ["No. 18." Holograph. Seal of arms. In the Morrison Collection.]

[1] 'Catherlogh' is Carlow: Narrative of these captures (10th August 1650) in a Letter from Ireton to the Speaker (*Parliamentary History*, xix. 334-7).

in sincerity to mean them. We were rejected again and again, yet still we begged to be believed that we loved them as our own souls; they often returned evil for good. We prayed for security:[1] they would not hear or answer a word to that. We made often appeals to God; they appealed also.[2] We were near engagements three or four times, but they lay upon advantages. A heavy flux fell upon our Army; brought it very low, from fourteen to eleven thousand: three-thousand five-hundred horse, and seven-thousand five-hundred foot. The enemy sixteen-thousand foot, and six-thousand horse.

The Enemy prosecuted the advantage. We were necessitated; and upon September[3] the 3d, by six in the morning, we attempted their army: after a hot dispute for about an hour, we routed their whole army; killed near three-thousand; and took, as the Marshal informs me, ten-thousand prisoners; their whole train, being about thirty pieces, great and small; good store of powder, match and bullet; near two-hundred colours; I am persuaded near fifteen-thousand arms left upon the ground. And I believe, though many of ours be wounded, we lost not above thirty men. Before the fight, our condition was made very sad, the enemy greatly insulted and menaced 'us;' but the Lord upheld us with comfort in Himself, beyond ordinary experience.

[1] Begged of them some security against Charles Stuart's designs upon England.

[2] [There is a remarkable letter from St. John to Cromwell, written after hearing of the victory at Dunbar, printed in Nickoll's *Original Letters* (p. 24). "Those you have had formerly to deal withal," he writes, "had the visible characters of God's displeasure upon them . . . but those you have had now to deal withal . . . are the people by and for whom these great deliverances are to be wrought, as God's peculiar, excluded on the one hand from papists and atheists, and from sectaries on the other. And further, many of them are children indeed whose angels continually in heaven behold the face of their father." Both sides, he goes on to say, have solemnly appealed to God to judge between them, and he has taken the "umpirage" upon him and has determined the cause. And signal was his judgment, for never was victory obtained with so little loss, "but chiefly herein, that this heavy judgment seems to be given only against the party there that pretended most to God, to his cause and glory, the King of Scotland and his friends not being admitted unto, but, as we hear, forbidden their army." For the rest St. John offers Cromwell religious exhortations quite in the latter's own vein. On one point he speaks very strongly. He has heard that some of the weak and sickly Scots prisoners, sent to Newcastle, not being able to travel, have been killed by their conductors. This must be looked into, that if it prove true, the offenders may be punished, and if false, "something be published for clearing of the army."]

[3] '7ber' he writes.

I knowing the acquainting you with this great handiwork of the Lord would stir up your minds to praise and rejoicing, and not knowing but your condition may require mutual experiences for refreshment, and knowing also that the news we had of your successes was matter of help to our faith in our distress, and matter of praise also, I thought fit (though in the midst of much business) to give you this account of the unspeakable goodness of the Lord, who hath thus appeared, to the glory of His great Name, and the refreshment of His Saints.

The Lord bless you, and us, to return praises; to live them all our days. Salute all our dear friends with you, as if I named them. I have no more, but rest,

Your loving father and true friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

We observe there are no regards to Bridget Ireton, no news or notice of her, in this Letter. Bridget Ireton is at London, safe from these wild scenes; far from her Husband, far from her Father:—will never see her brave Husband more.[1]

LETTER CXLVI

DUBITATING Wharton must not let 'success' too much sway him; yet it were fit he took notice of these things: he, and idle Norton whom we know, and Montague of Hinchinbrook, and others. The Lord General, for his own share, has a better ground than 'success;' has the direct insight of his own soul, such as suffices him,—such as all souls to which 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding,' are or may be capable of, one would think!

* Russell's *Life of Cromwell* (Edinburgh, 1829; forming vols. 46, 47 of *Constable's Miscellany*), ii. 317-19. Does not say whence;—Letter undoubtedly genuine.

[1] [This is a mistake. "The Lady Ireton" went to Ireland, to her husband, in January, 1651. See Ludlow's *Memoirs*, ed. Firth, i. 259.]

For the Right Honourable the Lord Wharton : These

Dunbar, 4th September 1650.

My dear Lord,

I, poor I, love you! Love you the Lord: take heed of disputing. I was untoward when I spake last with you in St. James's Park. I spake cross in stating 'my' grounds: I spake to my judgings of you; which was: That you,—shall I name others?—Henry Lawrence, Robert Hammond, &c., had ensnared yourselves with disputes.

I believe you desired to be satisfied, and tried and doubted your 'own' sincerities. T'was well. But uprightness (if it be not purely of God), may be, nay is, commonly deceived. The Lord persuade you, and all my dear friends.

The results of your thoughts concerning late transactions I know are your mistakes by a better argument than success. Let not your engaging too far upon your own judgments be your temptation or snare: much less 'let' success,—lest you should be thought to return upon less noble arguments.[1] It is 'in' my heart to write the same things to Norton, Montague and others: I pray you read or communicate these foolish lines to them. I have known my folly do good, when affection has overcome[2] my reason. I pray you judge me sincere, lest a prejudice should be put upon after advantages.

How gracious has the Lord been in this great business. Lord, hide not Thy mercies from our eyes!

My service to the dear Lady. I rest,

Your humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

[1] Decide as the essence of the matter *is;* neither persist nor 'return' upon fallacious, superficial, or external considerations.

[2] outrun.

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1814), lxxxiv. 419. Does not say whence or how. [But now printed from the original at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. The letter is holograph, with seal of arms, and is endorsed "4 Sept., 1650, from my Lord General, from Dunbar."]

LETTERS CXLVII—CXLIX

Of these Letters, the first Two, with their Replies and Adjuncts, Six Missives in all, form a Pamphlet published at Edinburgh in 1650, with the Title: *Several Letters and Passages between his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell and the Governor of Edinburgh Castle.* They have been reprinted in various quarters: we copy the Cromwell part of them from *Thurloe;* and fancy they will not much need any preface. Here are some words, written elsewhere on the occasion, some time ago.

'These Letters of Cromwell to the Edinburgh Clergy, treating 'of obsolete theologies and polities, are very dull to modern men: 'but they deserve a steady perusal by all such as will understand 'the strange meaning (for the present, alas, as good as obsolete in 'all forms of it) that possessed the mind of Cromwell in these 'hazardous operations of his. Dryasdust, carrying his learned 'eye over these and the like Letters, finds them, of course, full 'of "hypocrisy," &c. &c.—Unfortunate Dryasdust, they are corus-'cations, terrible as lightning, and beautiful as lightning, from 'the innermost temple of the Human Soul;—intimations, still 'credible, of what a Human Soul does mean when it *believes* in 'the Highest; a thing poor Dryasdust never did nor will do. 'The hapless generation that now reads these words ought to 'hold its peace when it has read them, and sink into unutterable 'reflections,—not unmixed with tears, and some substitute for '"sackcloth and ashes," if it liked. In its poor canting sniffing 'flimsy vocabulary there is no word that can make any response 'to them. This man has a living god-inspired soul in him, not 'an enchanted artificial "substitute for salt," as our fashion is. 'They that have human eyes can look upon him; they that have 'only owl-eyes need not.'

Here also are some sentences on a favourite topic, *lightning* and *light.* 'As lightning is to light, so is a Cromwell to a Shakspeare. 'The light is beautifuller. Ah, yes; but until, by lightning and 'other fierce labour, your foul Chaos has become a World, you 'cannot have any light, or the smallest chance for any! Honour 'the Amphion whose music makes the stones, rocks, and big 'blocks, dance into figures, into domed cities, with temples and 'habitations:—yet know him too; how, as Volker's in the old '*Nibelungen,* oftentimes his "fiddlebow" has to be of "sharp 'steel," and to play a tune very rough to rebellious ears! The

'melodious Speaker is great, but the melodious Worker is greater 'than he. "Our Time," says a certain author, "cannot speak at 'all, but only cant and sneer, and argumentatively jargon, and recite 'the multiplication-table. Neither as yet can it work, except at 'mere railroads and cotton-spinning. It will, apparently, return to 'Chaos soon; and then more lightnings will be needed, lightning 'enough, to which Cromwell's was but a mild matter;—to be 'followed by light, we may hope!"'—

The following Letter from Whalley, with the Answer to it, will introduce this series. The date is Monday; the Lord General observing yesterday that the poor Edinburgh people were sadly short of Sermon, has ordered the Commissary-General to communicate as follows:

"*For the Honourable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh*

"Edinburgh, 9th September 1650.

"SIR,—I received command from my Lord General to desire "you to let the ministers of Edinburgh, now in the Castle with "you, know, That they have free liberty granted them, if they "please to take the pains, to preach in their several churches; "and that my Lord hath given special command both to officers "and soldiers that they shall not in the least be molested. Sir, "I am, your most humble servant,

"EDWARD WHALLEY."

To which straightway there is this Answer from Governor Dundas:

"'*To Commissary-General Whalley*'

"'Edinburgh Castle, 9th September 1650.

"SIR,—I have communicated the desire of your letter to such "of the ministers of Edinburgh as are with me, who have desired "me to return this for answer:

"That though they are ready to be spent in their Master's "service, and to refuse no suffering so they may fulfill their ministry "with joy; yet perceiving the persecution to be personal, by the "practice of your party[1] upon the ministers of Christ in England

[1] Sectarian Party, of Independents.

"and Ireland, and in the kingdom of Scotland since your unjust "invasion thereof; and finding nothing expressed in yours where- "upon to build any security for their persons while they are there, "and for their return hither, they are resolved to reserve them- "selves for better times, and to wait upon Him who hath hidden "His face for a while from the sons of Jacob.

"This is all I have to say, but that I am, Sir, your most humble "servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

To which somewhat sulky response, Oliver makes Answer in this notable manner:

LETTER CXLVII

For the Honourable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh: These

Edinburgh, 9th September 1650.

SIR,

The kindness offered to the ministers with you was done with ingenuity,[1] thinking it might have met with the like: but I am satisfied to tell those with you, that if their Master's service (as they call it) were chiefly in their eye, imagination of suffering[2] would not have caused such a return; much less 'would' the practice of our party, as they are pleased to say, upon the ministers of Christ in England, have been an argument of personal persecution.

The ministers in England are supported, and have liberty to preach the Gospel, though not to rail, nor, under pretence thereof[3] to overtop the civil power, or debase it as they please. No man hath been troubled in England or Ireland for preaching the Gospel, nor has any minister been molested in Scotland since the coming of the army hither. The speaking truth becomes the ministers of Christ.

[1] Means always *ingenuously*. [2] Fear of personal damage.
[3] Of preaching the Gospel.

When ministers pretend to a glorious Reformation, and lay the foundations thereof in getting to themselves worldly power, and can make worldly mixtures to accomplish the same, such as their late agreement with their king; and hope by him to carry on their design, 'they' may know that the Sion promised will not be built with such untempered mortar.

As for the unjust invasion they mention, time was[1] when an army of Scotland came into England, not called by the supreme authority. We have said, in our papers, with what hearts, and upon what account, we came; and the Lord hath heard us,[2] though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel.

And although they seem to comfort themselves with being sons of Jacob, from whom (they say) God hath hid His face for a time; yet it's no wonder—when the Lord hath lifted up His hand so eminently against a family as He hath done so often against this,[3] and the men will not see His hand,—if the Lord hide His face from such; putting them to shame both for it and their hatred of His people, as it is this day. When they purely trust to the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God, which is powerful to bring down strongholds and every imagination that exalts itself, which alone is able to square and fit the stones for the new Jerusalem; then and not before, and by that means and no other, shall Jerusalem, which is to be the praise of the whole Earth, the city of the Lord, be built; the Sion of the Holy One of Israel.

I have nothing to say to you but that I am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The Scotch Clergy never got such a reprimand since they first

[1] 1648, Duke Hamilton's time; to say nothing of 1640 and other times.
[2] At Dunbar, six days ago. [3] Of the Stuarts.

* Thurloe, i. 159; Pamphlet at Edinburgh.

took ordination! A very dangerous radiance blazes through these eyes of my Lord General's,—destructive to the owl-dominion, in Edinburgh Castle and elsewhere!

Let Dundas and Company reflect on it. Here is their ready Answer: still of the same day.

"'*To the Right Honourable the Lord Cromwell, Commander-in-Chief of the English Army*'

"'Edinburgh Castle,' 9th September 1650.

"My Lord,—Yours I have communicated to those with me "whom it concerned, who desire me to return this answer:

"That their ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, "according to their vocation and place, and in adhering to their "first principles, is well known; and one of their greatest regrets "is that they have not been met with the like. That when "ministers of the Gospel have been imprisoned, deprived of their "benefices, sequestrated, forced to flee from their dwellings, and "bitterly threatened, for their faithful declaring the will of God "against the godless and wicked proceedings of men, that it "cannot be accounted 'an imaginary fear of suffering' in such "as are resolved to follow the like freedom and faithfulness "in discharge of their Master's message. That it savours not "of ingenuity to promise liberty of preaching the Gospel, and "to limit the preachers thereof, that they must not speak against "the sins and enormities of civil powers; since their commission "carrieth them to speak the Word of the Lord unto, and to "reprove the sins of, persons of all ranks, from the highest to "the lowest. That to impose the name of 'railing' upon such "faithful freedom was the old practice of malignants against the "ministers of the Gospel, who laid open to people the wickedness "of their ways, that they should not be ensnared thereby.

"That their consciences bear them record, and all their hearers "do know, that they meddle not with civil affairs, farther than "to hold forth the rule of the Word, by which the straightness "and crookedness of men's actions are made evident. But they "are sorry that they have just cause to regret that men of mere "civil place and employment should usurp the calling and em-"ployment of the ministry:[1] to the scandal of the Reformed

[1] Certain of our Soldiers and Officers preach; very many of them can preach,—and greatly to the purpose too!

"Kirks; and, particularly in Scotland, contrary to the government "and discipline therein established, to the maintenance whereof "you are bound, by the Solemn League and Covenant.

"Thus far they have thought fit to vindicate their return to the "offer in Colonel Whalley's letter. The other part of yours, which "concerns the public as well as them, they conceive hath all been "answered sufficiently in the public papers of the State and Kirk. "Only to that of the success upon your solemn appeal, they say "again what was said to it before, That they have not so learned "Christ as to hang the equity of their cause upon events; but "desire to have their hearts established in the love of the truth, "in all the tribulations that befall them.

"I only do add that I am, my Lord, your most humble servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

On Thursday follows Oliver's Answer,—'very inferior in composition,' says Dryasdust;—composition not being quite the trade of Oliver! In other respects, sufficiently superior.

LETTER CXLVIII

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These

Edinburgh, 12th September, 1650.

SIR,

Because I am at some reasonable good leisure, I cannot let such gross mistakes and inconsequential reasonings pass without some notice taken of them.

And first, their ingenuity in relation to the Covenant, for which they commend themselves, doth no more justify their want of ingenuity in answer to Colonel Whalley's Christian offer, concerning which my letter charged them with guiltiness 'and' deficiency, than their bearing witness to themselves of their adhering to their first principles, and ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, justifies them so to have done merely because they say so. They must give more leave henceforwards;

for Christ will have it so, will they, nill they, and they must have patience to have the truth of their doctrines and sayings tried by the sure touchstone of the Word of God. And if there be a liberty and duty of trial, there is a liberty of judgment also for them that may and ought to try: which being[1] so, they must give others leave to think and say that they can appeal to equal judges, who have been the truest fulfillers of the most real and equitable ends of the Covenant.

But if these gentlemen do[2] assume to themselves to be the infallible expositors of the Covenant, as they do too much to their auditories 'to be the infallible expositors' of the Scriptures, counting a different sense and judgment from theirs breach of covenant and heresy,—no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. But we have not so learned Christ. We look at ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences, whether any 'person' trying their doctrines, and dissenting, shall not incur the censure of sectary? And what is this but to deny Christians the liberty, and assume the infallible chair? What doth he whom we would not be likened unto[3] do more than this?

In the second place, it is affirmed that the ministers of the Gospel have been imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestered, forced to fly from their dwellings, and bitterly threatened, for their faithful declaring of the will of God; and that they have been limited that they might not speak against the sins and enormities of the civil powers; that to impose the name of railing upon such faithful freedom was the old practice of malignants against the preachers of the Gospel, &c. If the civil authority, or that part of it which continued faithful to their trust,[4] 'and' true to the ends of the Covenant, did, in answer to their consciences, turn out a tyrant, in a way which the Christians in aftertimes will mention with honour, and all tyrants in the

[1] 'if' in the original.
[2] 'which do' in the original; *dele* 'which.'
[3] The Pope.
[4] When Pride purged them.

world look at with fear;[1] and 'if' while many thousands of saints in England rejoice to think of it, and have received from the hand of God a liberty from the fear of like usurpations, and have cast off him[2] who trod in his father's steps, doing mischief as far as he was able (whom you have received like fire into your bosom, —of which God will, I trust, in time make you sensible): if, 'I say,' ministers railing at the civil power, and calling them murderers and the like for doing these things, have been dealt with as you mention,—will this be found a personal persecution? Or is sin so, because they say so?[3] They that acted this great business[4] have given a reason of their faith in the action; and some here[5] are ready further to do it against all gainsayers.

But it will be found that these reprovers do not only make themselves the judges and determiners of sin, that so they may reprove; but they also took liberty[6] to stir up the people to blood and arms; and would have brought a war upon England, as hath been upon Scotland, had not God prevented it. And if such severity as hath been expressed towards them be worthy of the name of personal persecution, let all uninterested men judge: 'and' whether the calling of this practice "railing" be to be paralleled with the malignants' imputation upon the ministers for speaking against the Popish innovations in the Prelates' times,[7] and the 'other' tyrannical and wicked practices then on foot, let your own consciences mind you! The Roman Emperors, in Christ's and His Apostles' times, were usurpers and intruders upon the Jewish State; yet what footstep[8] have ye either of our blessed Saviour's so much as willingness to the dividing of an inheritance, or their[9] 'ever' meddling in that kind? This was

[1] [Mr. Goldwin Smith, in his *Three English Statesmen*, p. 59, states that Cromwell never touches on the King's death, either in his letters or speeches. This is not the only time, as he alluded to it also in his speeches of March 23, 1648-9, and of May 20, 1653. See *Supplement*, Nos. 42, 78. See also p. 13 above and p. 275 below.]

[2] Your Charles II., as you call him.

[3] Because you call it so.

[4] Of judging Charles First.

[5] I for one.

[6] In 1648.

[7] O Oliver, my Lord General, the Lindley-Murray composition here is dreadful; the meaning struggling, like a strong swimmer, in an element very viscous!

[8] Vestige.

[9] The Apostles'.

not practised by the Church since our Saviour's time, till Antichrist, assuming the infallible chair, and all that he called church to be under him, practised this authoritatively over civil governors. The way to fulfil your ministry with joy is to preach the Gospel; which I wish some who take pleasure in reproofs at a venture, do not forget too much to do.

Thirdly, you say, You have just cause to regret that men of civil employments should usurp the calling and employment of the ministry; to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks. Are you troubled that Christ is preached? Is preaching so exclusively your function?[1] Doth it scandalise the Reformed Kirks, and Scotland in particular? Is it against the Covenant? Away with the Covenant, if this be so! I thought, the Covenant and these 'professors of it' could have been willing that any should speak good of the name of Christ: if not, it is no Covenant of God's approving; nor are these Kirks you mention in so much[2] the Spouse of Christ. Where do you find in the Scripture a ground to warrant such an assertion, That preaching is exclusively[3] your function? Though an approbation from men hath order in it, and may do well, yet he that hath not a better warrant than that, hath none at all. I hope He that ascended up on high may give His gifts to whom He pleases: and if those gifts be the seal of mission, be not 'you' envious though Eldad and Medad prophesy. You know who bids us *covet earnestly the best gifts,* but chiefly *that we may prophesy;* which the Apostle explains there to be a speaking to instruction and edification and comfort, which 'speaking,' the instructed, the edified and comforted can best tell the energy and effect of.[4] If such evidence be, I say again, take heed you envy not for your own sakes; lest you be guilty of a greater fault than Moses reproved in Joshua for envying for his sake.

Indeed you err through mistaking of the Scriptures. Appro-

[1] 'so inclusive in your function,' means that.
[2] So far as their notion of the Covenant goes.
[3] ["is included in," in Thurloe.]
[4] [Carlyle here inserted "and say whether it is genuine."]

bation[1] is an act of conveniency in respect of order; not of necessity, to give faculty to preach the Gospel. Your pretended fear lest error should step in, is like the man who would keep all the wine out the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deny a man the liberty he has by nature upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge. If a man speak foolishly, ye suffer him gladly[2] because ye are wise; if erroneously, the truth more appears by your conviction. Stop such a man's mouth with sound words that cannot be gainsayed. If 'he speak' blasphemously, or to the disturbance of the public peace, let the civil magistrate punish him: if truly, rejoice in the truth. And if you will call our speakings together since we came into Scotland, to provoke one another to love and good works, to faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and repentance from dead works; 'and' to charity and love towards you, to pray and mourn for you, and for the bitter returns to, and incredulity of, our professions of love to you, of the truth of which we have made our solemn and humble appeals to the Lord our God, which He hath heard and borne witness too: if these things be scandalous to the Kirk, and against the Covenant, because done by men of civil callings,—we rejoice in them, notwithstanding what you say.

For a conclusion: In answer to the witness of God upon our solemn appeal,[3] you say you have not so learned Christ 'as' to hang the equity of your cause upon events. We could wish blindness have not been upon your eyes to all those marvellous dispensations which God hath wrought lately in England. But did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the Great God in this mighty and strange appearance of His; instead of slightly calling it an "event!"[4] Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we

[1] Or say 'Ordination,' Solemn Approbation and Appointment by men.
[2] With a patient victorious feeling.
[3] At Dunbar.
[4] 'but can slightly call it an event,' *in orig.*

waited upon God, to see which way He would manifest Himself upon our appeals? And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations and solemn appeals, call these bare "events?" The Lord pity you.[1]

Surely we, 'for our part,' fear; because it hath been a merciful and gracious deliverance to us. I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, search after the mind of the Lord in it towards you; and we shall help you by our prayers, that you may find it out: for yet (if we know our hearts at all) our bowels do, in Christ Jesus, yearn after the godly in Scotland. We know there are stumbling-blocks which hinder you: the personal prejudices you have taken up against us[2] and our ways, wherein we cannot but think some occasion has been given,[3] and for which we mourn: the apprehension you have that we have hindered the glorious Reformation you think you were upon: I am persuaded these and such like bind you up from an understanding, and yielding to, the mind of God, in this great day of His power and visitation. And, if I be rightly informed, the late blow you received is attributed to profane counsels and conduct, and mixtures[4] in your army, and such like. The natural man will not find out the cause. Look up to the Lord, that he may tell it you. Which that He would do, shall be the fervent prayer of,

Your loving friend and servant,

Oliver Cromwell.

'P.S.' These 'following' queries are sent not to reproach you, but in the love of Christ laying them before you; we being

[1] ["They were not ordinary armies, but two politico-religious sects which now encountered each other. Their quarrel was not about faith and doctrine, for both were alike zealous Protestants, but about the constitution in Church and State—whether there should be a king or not, whether there should be a ruling Church or not, this was the question in suspense between them. Both entertained an equally sure conviction of the immediate interference of the Deity in human affairs: their existence as sects depended on their being anxious to render themselves as worthy as possible of the divine support." Ranke's *History of England*, iii. 47 (Clar. Press ed.).]

[2] Me, Oliver Cromwell.

[3] I have often, in Parliament and elsewhere, been crabbed towards your hide-bound Presbyterian Formula; and given it many a fillip, not thinking sufficiently what good withal was in it.

[4] Admission of Engagers and ungodly people.

persuaded in the Lord that there is a truth in them, which we earnestly desire may not be laid aside unsought after, by any prejudice either against the things themselves, or the unworthiness or weakness of the person that offers them. If you turn at the Lord's reproofs, He will pour out His Spirit upon you, and you shall understand His words, and they will guide you to a blessed Reformation indeed,[1] even to one according to the Word, and such as the people of God wait for: wherein you will find us and all saints ready to rejoice, and serve you to the utmost in our places and callings.*

ENCLOSED is the Paper of Queries; to which the Editor, anxious to bring out my Lord General's sense, will take the great liberty to intercalate a word or two of Commentary as we read.

QUERIES

1. Whether the Lord's controversy be not both against the ministers in Scotland and in England, for their wresting, straining, and employing[2] the Covenant against the Godly and Saints in England (of the same faith with them in every fundamental) even to a bitter persecution; and so making that which, in the main intention, was spiritual, to serve politics and carnal ends, even in that part especially which was spiritual, and did look to the glory of God, and the comfort of His People?

The meaning of your Covenant was, that God's glory should be promoted: and yet how many zealous Preachers, unpresbyterian but real promoters of God's glory, have you, by wresting and straining of the verbal phrases of the Covenant, found means to menace, eject, afflict and in every way discourage!—

[1] 'glorious Reformation,' 'blessed Reformation,' &c. are phrases loud and current everywhere, especially among the Scotch, for ten years past.

[2] 'improving' in the original.

* Thurloe, i. 158-62.

2. Whether the Lord's controversy be not for your and the ministers in England's sullenness at 'God's great providences,' and 'your' darkening and not beholding the glory of God's wonderful dispensations in this series of His providences in England, Scotland and Ireland, both now and formerly, through envy at instruments, and because the things did not work forth your platform, and the great God did not come down to your minds and thoughts.

This is well worth your attention. Perhaps the Great God means something other and farther than you yet imagine. Perhaps, in His infinite Thought, and Scheme that reaches through Eternities, there may be elements which the Westminster Assembly has not jotted down? Perhaps these reverend learned persons, debating at Four shillings and sixpence a day, did not get to the bottom of the Bottomless, after all? Perhaps this Universe was not entirely built according to the Westminster Shorter Catechism, but by other ground-plans withal, not yet entirely brought to paper anywhere, in Westminster or out of it, that I hear of? O my reverend Scotch friends!—

3. Whether your carrying on a Reformation, so much by you spoken of, have not probably been subject to some mistakes in your own judgments about some parts of the same,—laying so much stress thereupon as hath been a temptation to you even to break the Law of Love, the greatest of all laws, towards your brethren, and those 'whom' Christ hath regenerated; even to the reviling and persecuting of them, and to stirring-up of wicked men to do the same, for your form's sake, or but 'for' some parts of it.

A helpless lumbering sentence, but with a noble meaning in it.

4. Whether if your Reformation be so perfect and so spiritual, be indeed the kingdom of the Lord Jesus, it will need such carnal policies, such fleshly mixtures, such unsincere actings as[1] to

[1] [Carlyle here inserted "some of these are" and a full stop.]

pretend to cry down all malignants, and yet to receive and set up the Head of them and so act for the Kingdom of Christ in his name,[1] and upon advantage thereof? And to publish so false a paper,[2] so full of special pretences to piety, as the fruit and effect of his repentance, to deceive the minds of all the godly in England, Ireland and Scotland; you, in your own consciences, knowing with what regret he did it, and with what importunities and threats he was brought to do it, and how much to this very day he is against it? And whether this be not a high provocation of the Lord, in so grossly dissembling with Him and His people? *

Yes, you can consider that, my Friends; and think, on the whole, what kind of course you are probably getting into; steering towards a Kingdom of Jesus Christ with Charles Stuart and Mrs. Barlow at the helm!

The Scotch Clergy reply, through Governor Dundas, still in a sulky unrepentant manner, that they stick by their old opinions; that the Lord General's arguments, which would not be hard to answer a second time, have already been answered amply, by anticipation, in the public Manifestos of the Scottish Nation and Kirk;—that, in short, he hath a longer sword than they for the present, and the Scripture says, "There is one event to the righteous and the wicked," which may probably account for Dunbar, and some other phenomena. Here the correspondence closes; his Excellency on the morrow morning (Friday 13th September 1650) finding no 'reasonable good leisure' to unfold himself farther, in the way of paper and ink, to these men. There remain other ways; the way of cannon-batteries, and Derbyshire miners. It is likely his Excellency will subdue the bodies of these men; and the unconquerable mind will then follow if it can.

[1] Charles Stuart's: a very questionable 'name' for any Kingdom of Christ to act upon!

[2] The *Declaration*, or testimony against his Father's sins.

* Thurloe, i. 158-162.

PROCLAMATION

Whereas it has pleased God, by His gracious providence and goodness, to put the city of Edinburgh and the town of Leith under my power: And although I have put forth several proclamations, since my coming into this country, to the like effect with this present: Yet for further satisfaction to all those whom it may concern, I do hereby again publish and declare,

That all the inhabitants of the country, not now being or continuing in arms, shall have free leave and liberty to come to the army, and to the city and town aforesaid, with their cattle, corn, horse, or other commodities or goods whatsoever; and shall there have free and open markets for the same; and shall be protected in their persons and goods, in coming and returning as aforesaid, from any injury or violence of the soldiery under my command; and shall also be protected in their respective houses. And the citizens and inhabitants of the said city and town shall and hereby likewise have [1] free leave to vend and sell their wares and commodities; and shall be protected from the plunder and violence of the soldiers.

And I do hereby require all officers and soldiers of the army under my command to take due notice hereof, and to yield obedience hereto, as they will answer the contrary at their utmost peril.

Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 14th of September 1650.

Oliver Cromwell.

To be proclaimed in Leith and Edinburgh, by sound of trumpet and beat of drum.*

Listen and be reassured, ye ancient Populations, though your Clergy sit obstinate on their Castle-rock, and your Stuart King

[1] Grammar irremediable!

* *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 479, [E. 613] art. 16 ('The Lord General Cromweil his march to Stirling: being a Diary of' &c. 'Published by Authority').

has vanished!—While this comfortable *Oyez-oyez* goes sounding through the ancient streets, my Lord General is himself just getting on march again; as the next Letter will testify.

LETTER CXLIX

THE Lord General, leaving the Clergy to meditate the Queries in the seclusion of their Castle-rock, sets off westward, on the second day after, to see whether he cannot at once dislodge the Governing Committee-men and Covenanted King; and get possession of Stirling, where they are busily endeavouring to rally. This, he finds, will not answer, for the moment.

To 'the Right Honourable the Lord President of' the Council of State: These

Edinburgh, 25th September 1650.

* * * On Saturday the 14th instant, we marched six miles towards Stirling, and, by reason of the badness of the ways, were forced to send back two pieces of our greatest artillery. The day following, we marched to Linlithgow, not being able to go further by reason of much rain that fell that day. On the 16th, we marched to Falkirk, and the next day following, within cannon-shot of Stirling; where, upon Wednesday the 18th, our army was drawn forth, and all things in readiness to storm the town.

But finding the work very difficult; they having in the town two-thousand horse and more foot, and the place standing upon a river not navigable for shipping to relieve the same, 'so that' we could not, with safety, make it a Garrison, if God should have given it into our hands: upon this, and other considerations, it was not thought a fit time to storm. But such was the unanimous resolution and courage both of our officers and soldiers, that greater could not be (as to outward appearance) in men.

On Thursday the 19th, we returned from thence to Linlithgow, and at night we were informed that, at Stirling, they shot off

their great guns for joy their King was come thither. On Friday the 20th, three Irish soldiers came from them to us, to whom we gave entertainment in the army; they say, great fears possessed the soldiers when they expected us to storm; that they know not whether old Leven be their General or not, the report being various; but that Sir John Browne, a Colonel of their army, was laid aside; that they are endeavouring to raise all the forces they can, in the north; that many of the soldiers, since our victory, are offended at their ministers; that Colonel Gilbert Carr and Colonel Strachan are gone with shattered forces to Glasgow, to levy soldiers there. As yet we hear not of any of the old Cavaliers being entertained as officers among them; the expectation of which occasions differences betwixt their ministers and the officers of the Army.

The same day, we came to Edinburgh 'again,' where we abide without disturbance, saving that about ten at night, and before day in the morning, they sometimes fire three or four great guns at us; and if any of our men come within musket-shot, they fire at them from the Castle. But, blessed be God, they have done us no harm, except one soldier shot (but not to the danger of his life), that I can be informed of. There are some few of the inhabitants of Edinburgh returned home, who, perceiving our civility, and 'our' paying for what we receive of them, they repent their departure; open their shops, and bring provisions to the market. It's reported they have in the Castle provisions for fifteen months; some say, for a longer time. Generally the people[1] acknowledge that our carriage to them is better than that of their own army, and 'that' had they who are gone away known so much, they would have stayed at home. They say, one chief reason wherefore so many are gone was, they feared we would have imposed upon them some oath wherewith they could not have dispensed.

I am in great hopes, through God's mercy, we shall be able

[1] [Carlyle altered to "poor".]

this winter to give the people such an understanding of the justness of our cause, and our desires for the just liberties of the people, that the better sort of them will be satisfied therewith; although, I must confess, hitherto they continue obstinate. I thought I should have found in Scotland a conscientious people, and a barren country: about Edinburgh, it is as fertile for corn as any part of England, but the people generally given to the most impudent lying, and frequent swearing, as is incredible to be believed.[1]

I am,

'Your most humble servant,'

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

What to do with Scotland, in these mixed circumstances, is a question. We have friends among them, a distinct coincidence with them in the great heart of their National Purpose, could they understand us aright; and we have all degrees of enemies among them, up to the bitterest figure of Malignancy itself. What to do? For one thing, Edinburgh Castle ought to be reduced. 'We have put forces into Linlithgow, and our Train 'is lodged in Leith,' Lesley's old citadel there; 'the wet being 'so great that we cannot march with our Train.' Do we try Edinburgh Castle with a few responsive shots from the Calton Hill; or from what point? My Scotch Antiquarian friends have not informed me. We decide on reducing it by mines.

'*Sunday 29th September* 1650. Resolution being taken for the 'springing of mines in order to the reducing of Edinburgh Castle; 'and our men beginning their galleries last night, the Enemy 'fired five pieces of ordnance, with several volleys of shot, from 'the Castle; but did no execution. We hope this work will take 'effect; notwithstanding the height, rockiness, and strength of 'the place.—His Excellency with his Officers met this day in the 'High Church of Edinburgh, forenoon and afternoon; where was 'a great concourse of people.' Mr. Stapylton, who did the

[1] [Compare an unsigned letter printed in *Charles II. and Scotland*, p. 134. "It is usual for the Scots," says the writer, "to talk religiously and with a great show of piety and devotion for a time, and the very next moment to lie, curse and swear."]

* Newspapers (in *Parliamentary History*, xix. 404). [Two short letters in the supplement (Nos. 62 and 63, come between this and the next one; dated respectively Sept. 27 and Oct. 2, and written in favour of Apothecary General Webb and Col. George Gill.]

Hursley Marriage-treaty, and is otherwise transiently known to mankind,—he, as was above intimated, occupies the pulpit there; the Scots Clergy still sitting sulky in their Castle, with Derby miners now operating on them. 'Many Scots expressed much 'affection at the doctrine preached by Mr. Stapylton, in their 'usual way of groans,'—Hum-m-mrrh!—'and it's hoped a good 'work is wrought in some of their hearts.'[1] I am sure I hope so. But to think of brother worshippers, partakers in a Gospel of this kind, cutting one another's throats for a Covenanted Charles Stuart,—Hum-m-mrrh!

LETTERS CL—CLXI

Haste and other considerations forbid us to do more than glance, timidly from the brink, into that sea of confusions in which the poor Scotch people have involved themselves by soldering Christ's Crown to Charles Stuart's! Poor men, they have got a Covenanted King; but he is, so to speak, a Solecism Incarnate: good cannot come of him, or of those that follow him in this course; only inextricability, futility, disaster and discomfiture can come. There is nothing sadder than to see such a Purpose of a Nation led on by such a set of persons; staggering into ever deeper confusion, down, down, till it fall prostrate into utter wreck. Were not Oliver here to gather up the fragments of it, the Cause of Scotland might now die; Oliver, little as the Scots dream of it, is Scotland's Friend too, as he was Ireland's: what would become of Scotch Puritanism, the one great feat hitherto achieved by Scotland, if Oliver were not now there! Oliver's Letters out of Scotland, what will elucidate Oliver's footsteps and utterances there, shall alone concern us at present. For sufficing which object, the main features of these Scotch confusions may become conceivable without much detail of ours.

The first Scotch Army, now annihilated at Dunbar, had been sedulously cleared of all Hamilton *Engagers* and other Malignant or Quasi-Malignant Persons, according to a scheme painfully laid down in what was called the *Act of Classes*,—a General-Assembly Act, defining and *class*ifying such men as shall not be allowed to fight on this occasion, lest a curse overtake the Cause on their account. Something other than a blessing has overtaken the

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 92).

Cause :—and now, on rallying at Stirling, with unbroken purpose of struggle, there arise in the Committee of Estates and Kirk, and over the Nation generally, earnest considerations as to the methods of farther struggle ; huge discrepancies as to the ground and figure it ought henceforth to take. As was natural to the case, Three Parties now develop themselves : a middle one, and two extremes. The Official Party, Argyle and the Official Persons, especially the secular portion of them, think that the old ground should as much as possible be adhered to : Let us fill up our old ranks with new men, and fight and resist with the Covenanted Charles Stuart at the head of us, as we did before. This is the middle or Official opinion.

No, answers an extreme Party, Let us have no more to do with your covenanting pedantries ; let us sign your Covenant one good time for all, and have done with it ; but prosecute the King's Interest, and call on all men to join us in that. An almost openly declared Malignant Party this ; at the head of which Lieutenant-General Middleton, the Marquis of Huntly and other Royalist Persons are raising forces, publishing manifestos, in the Highlands near by. Against whom David Lesley himself at last has to march. This is the one extreme ; the Malignant or Royalist extreme. The amount of whose exploits was this : They invited the poor King to run off from Perth and his Church-and-State Officials, and join them ; which he did,—rode out as if to hawk, one afternoon, softly across the South Inch of Perth, then galloped some forty miles ; found the appointed place,—a villainous hut among the Grampian Hills, without soldiers, resources, or accomodations, 'with nothing but a turf pillow to sleep on :' and was easily persuaded back, the day after ;[1] making his peace by a few more—what shall we call them ?—poetic figments ; which the Official Persons, with an effort, swallowed. Shortly after, by official persuasion and military coercion, this first extreme Party was suppressed, reunited to the main body ; and need not concern us farther.

But now, quite opposite to this, there is another extreme Party ; which has its seat in the 'Western Shires,' from Renfrew down to Dumfries ;—which is, in fact, I think, the old *Whiggamore Raid* of 1648 under a new figure ; these Western Shires being always given that way. They have now got a 'Western Army,' with Colonel Ker and Colonel Strahan to command it ;

[1] 4th-6th October, Balfour, iv. 113-15. [See also Gardiner's *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i., 375, 6.]

and most of the Earls, Lairds, and Ministers in those parts have joined. Very strong for the Covenant; very strong against all shams of the Covenant. Colonel Ker is the 'famed Commander Gibby Carre,' who came to commune with us in the Burrow-Moor, when we lay on Pentland Hills: Colonel Strahan is likewise a famed Commander, who was thought to be slain at Musselburgh once, but is alive here still; an old acquaintance of my Lord General Cromwell's, and always suspected of a leaning to Sectarian courses. These Colonels and Gentry having, by sanction of the Committee of Estates, raised a Western Army of some five-thousand, and had much consideration with themselves; and seen, especially by the flight into the Grampians, what way his Majesty's real inclinations are tending,—decide, or threaten to decide, that they will not serve under his Majesty or his General Lesley with their Army, till they see new light; that in fact they dare not; being apprehensive he is no genuine Covenanted King, but only the sham of one, whom it is terribly dangerous to follow! On this Party Cromwell has his eye; and they on him. What becomes of them we shall, before long, learn.

Meanwhile here is a Letter to the Official Authorities; which, however, produces small effect upon them.

LETTER CL

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of Scotland, at Stirling, or elsewhere: These

Linlithgow, 9th October 1650.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

The grounds and ends of the army's entering Scotland have been heretofore often and clearly made known unto you, and how much we have desired the same might be accomplished without blood. But according to what returns we have received, it is evident your hearts had not that love to us as we can truly say we had towards you; and we are persuaded those difficulties in which you have involved yourselves by espousing your King's interest and taking into your bosom that person, in whom (notwithstanding what hath 'been' or may be said to the contrary) that which is really malignancy and all malignants do

centre; against whose family the Lord hath so eminently witnessed for bloodguiltiness, not to be done away with by such hypocritical and formal shows of repentance as are expressed in his late *Declaration;* and your strange prejudices against us as men of heretical opinions (which, through the great goodness of God to us, have been unjustly charged upon us), have occasioned your rejecting of those Overtures which with a Christian affection were offered to you before any blood was spilt, or your people had suffered damage by us.

The daily sense we have of the calamity of war lying upon the poor people of this nation, and the sad consequences of blood and famine likely to come upon them; the advantage given to the malignant, profane, and popish party by this war; and that reality of affection which we have so often professed to you, and concerning the truth of which we have so solemnly appealed, doth again constrain us to send unto you, to let you know, that if the contending for that person be not by you preferred to the peace and welfare of your country, the blood of your people, the love of men of the same faith with you, and, which is above all, the honour of that God we serve,—Then give the State of England that satisfaction and security for their peaceable and quiet living by you, which may in justice be demanded from a nation giving so just ground to ask the same from those who have (as you) taken their enemy into their bosom, whilst he was in hostility against them: 'do this;' and it will be made good to you, that you may have a lasting and durable peace with them, and the wish of a blessing upon you in all religious and civil things.

If this be refused by you, we are persuaded that God, who hath once borne His testimony, will do it again on the behalf of us His poor servants, who do appeal to Him whether their desires flow from sincerity of heart or not. I rest,

Your Lordships' humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p 93). [Also *Clarendon State-Papers*, ii. 550, "a copy by Mr. Nicholas," and *Mercurius Politicus*, E. 615, 10.]

The Committee of Estates at Stirling or elsewhere debated about an Answer to this Letter; but sent none, except of civility merely, and after considerable delays. A copy of the Letter was likewise forwarded to Colonels Ker and Strahan and their Western Army, by whom it was taken into consideration; and some Correspondence, Cromwell's part of which is not yet altogether lost, followed upon it there; and indeed Cromwell, as we dimly discover in the old Books, set forth towards Glasgow directly on the back of it, in hopes of a closer communication with these Western Colonels and their Party.

While Ker and Strahan are busy 'at Dumfries,' says Baillie, 'Cromwell with the whole body of his Army and cannon comes 'peaceably by way of Kilsyth to Glasgow.' It is Friday evening, 18th October 1650.[1] 'The Ministers and Magistrates flee all 'away. I got to the Isle of Cumbrae with my Lady Montgomery; 'but left all my family and goods to Cromwell's courtesy,— 'which indeed was great; for he took such a course with his 'soldiers that they did less displeasure at Glasgow nor if they 'had been in London; though Mr. Zachary Boyd,' a fantastic old gentleman still known in Glasgow and Scotland, 'railed 'on them all, to their very face, in the High Church;'[2] calling them Sectaries and Blasphemers, the fantastic old gentleman! 'Glasgow, though not so big or rich as Edinburgh, is a much 'sweeter place; the completest town we have yet seen here, and one of their choicest Universities.' The people were much afraid of us till they saw how we treated them. 'Captain Covel 'of the Lord General's regiment of horse was cashiered here, 'for holding some blasphemous opinions.'[3]—This is Cromwell's first visit to Glasgow: he made two others, of which on occasion notice shall be taken. In *Pinkerton's Correspondence* are certain 'anecdotes of Cromwell at Glasgow;' which, like many others on Cromwell, need not be repeated anywhere except in the nursery.

Cromwell entered Glasgow on Friday evening; over Sunday, was patient with Zachary Boyd: but got no result out of Ker

[1] [When Cromwell wrote the above letter, he was already on his way to Glasgow, which he reached, not on the 18th but the 11th. On the 14th, he started on his return to Edinburgh.]

[2] Baillie, iii. 119; Whitlocke, p. 459.

[3] Whitlocke, p. 459; *Cromwelliana*, pp. 92, 3. [But not really a quotation from either. On the cashiering of Capt. Covell and its cause, see Firth's *Cromwell's Army*, p. 347.]

and Strahan. Ker and Strahan, at Dumfries on the Thursday[1] have perfected and signed[2] their *Remonstrance* of the Western Army;[3] a Document of much fame in the old Scotch Books. 'Expressing many sad truths,' says the Kirk Committee. Expressing, in fact, the apprehension of Ker and Strahan that the Covenanted King may probably be a Solecism Incarnate, under whom it will not be good to fight longer for the Cause of Christ and Scotland;—expressing meanwhile considerable reluctancy as to the English Sectaries; and deciding on the whole to fight them still, though on a footing of our own. Not a very hopeful enterprise! Of which we shall see the issue by and by. Meanwhile news come that this Western Army is aiming towards Edinburgh, to get hold of the Castle there. Whereupon Cromwell, in all haste, on Monday, sets off thitherward; 'lodges the first night in a poor cottage fourteen miles from Glasgow;' arrives safe, to prevent all alarms. His first visit to Glasgow was but of two days.

LETTER CLI

The Western Colonels have given-in their Remonstrance to the Committee of Estates; and sat in deliberation on their copy of Cromwell's Expostulatory Letter to that Body, the Letter we have just read,—in which these two words, 'security' and 'satisfaction' are somewhat abstruse to the Western Colonels. They decide that it will not be convenient to return any public Answer; but they have forwarded a private Letter of acknowledgment with 'Six Queries:' Letter lost to us; Six Queries still surviving. To which, directly after his return to Edinburgh, here is Cromwell's Answer. The Six Queries, being very brief, may be transcribed; the Letter of acknowledgment can be conceived without transcribing:—

'*Query* 1. Why is "satisfaction" demanded? 2. What is the 'satisfaction demanded? 3. For what is the "security" de-'manded? 4. What is the security ye would have? 5. From 'whom is the security required? 6. To whom is the security to

[1] [That is, the Thursday *following* Cromwell's visit.]

[2] [But Mr. Douglas states that no names are appended in any copy which he has seen.]

[3] Dated 17th October; given in Balfour, iv. 141-60.

'be given?'[1]—Queries which, I think, do not much look like real despatch-of-business in the present intricate conjuncture!

This Letter, it appears, is, if not accompanied, directly followed by 'Mr. Alexander Jaffray' Provost of Aberdeen, and a 'Reverend Mr. Carstairs' of Glasgow, two Prisoners of Oliver's ever since Dunbar Drove, who are to 'agent' the same.[2]

To Colonel Strahan, 'with the Western Army: These'

Edinburgh, 25th October 1650.

SIR,

I have considered of the letter and the queries; and, having advised with some Christian friends about the same, think fit to return an answer as followeth:

'That' we bear unto the godly of Scotland the same Christian affection we have all along professed in our papers; being ready, through the grace of God, upon all occasions, to give such proof and testimony thereof as the Divine Providence shall minister opportunity to us to do. That nothing would be more acceptable to us to see than the Lord removing offences, and inclining the hearts of His people in Scotland to meet us with the same affection. That we do verily apprehend, with much comfort, that there is some stirring of your bowels by the Lord, giving some hope of His good pleasure tending hereunto: which we are most willing to comply with, and not to be wanting in anything on our part which may further the same.

And having seen the heads of two Remonstrances, the one of the ministers of Glasgow, and the other of the officers and gentlemen of the West,[3] we do from thence hope that the Lord hath cleared unto you some things that were formerly hidden, and which we hope may lead to a better understanding. Nevertheless, we cannot but take notice, that from some expressions in the same papers, we have too much cause to note that there is

[1] Balfour, iv. 135. [2] Baillie, iii. 120.

[3] Remonstrance of the Western Army is this latter; [Peterkin's *Records*, 604] the other, very conceivable as a kind of codicil to this, is not known to me except at secondhand, from Baillie's eager, earnest, very headlong and perplexed account of that Business (iv. 120, 122 *et seqq.*).

still so great a difference betwixt us as we are looked upon and accounted as enemies.

And although we hope that the six queries sent by you to us to be answered were intended to clear doubts and remove the remaining obstructions, which we shall be most ready to do: yet, considering the many misconstructions which may arise from the clearest pen (where men are not all of one mind), and the difficulties at this distance to resolve doubts and rectify mistakes, we conceive our answer in writing may not so effectually reach that end, as a friendly and Christian conference by equal persons.

And we doubt not we can with ingenuity and clearness give a satisfactory account of those general things held forth in the letter sent by us to the Committee of Estates,[1] and in our former declarations and papers; which we shall be ready to do by a friendly debate, when and where our answer to these particulars may probably tend to the better and more clear understanding betwixt the godly party of both nations.

To speak plainly in a few words: If those who sincerely love and fear the Lord amongst you are sensible that matters have been and are carried by your State so as that therewith God is not well pleased, but the interest of His people 'is' hazarded, in Scotland and England, to malignants, to papists, and to the profane, we can (through Grace) be willing to lay our bones in the dust for your sakes; and can, as heretofore we have 'said,' still continue to say, that, not to impose upon you in religious or civil interests, not dominion nor any worldly advantage, but the obtaining of a just security to ourselves,[2] were the motives, and satisfactions to our consciences, in this undertaking; which we believe by this time you may think we had cause to be sensible was more than endangered by the carriage of affairs with your King. And it is not success, and more visible clearness to our consciences arising out of the discoveries God hath

[1] Letter CL.

[2] 'securing ourselves' *in orig.*

made of the hypocrisies of men, that hath altered our principles or demands, but we take from thence humble encouragement to follow the Lord's providence in serving His cause and people; not doubting but He will give such an issue to this business as will be to His glory and your comfort.

I rest,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

There followed no 'Friendly Debate' upon this Letter; nothing followed upon it except new noise in the Western Army, and a straitlaced case of conscience more perplexing than ever. Jaffray and Carstairs had to come back on parole again; Strahan at length withdrew from the concern: the Western Army went its own separate middle road,—to what issue we shall see.

Here is another trait of the old time; not without illumination for us. 'One Watt, a tenant of the Earl of Tweedale's, being 'sore oppressed by the English, took to himself some of his own 'degree; and, by daily incursions and infalls on the English 'Garrisons and Parties in Lothian, killed and took of them above 'Four-hundred,' or say the half or quarter of so many, 'and en-'riched himself by their spoils.' The like 'did one Augustin, a 'High-German,' not a Dutchman, 'being purged out of the Army 'before Dunbar Drove,'—of whom we shall hear farther. In fact, the class called Mosstroopers begins to abound; the only class that can flourish in such a state of affairs. Whereupon comes out this

PROCLAMATION

I FINDING that divers of the army under my command are not only spoiled and robbed, but also sometimes barbarously and inhumanly butchered and slain, by a sort of outlaws and robbers, not under the discipline of any army; and finding that all our tenderness to the country produceth no other effect than

* *Clarendon State-Papers* (Oxford, 1773), ii. 551-2 ["a copy by Mr. Nicholas."

their compliance with, and protection of, such persons; and considering that it is in the power of the country to detect and discover them (many of them being inhabitants of those places where commonly the outrage is committed); and perceiving that their motion is ordinarily by the invitation, and according to intelligence given them by countrymen:

I do therefore declare, that wheresoever any under my command shall be hereafter robbed or spoiled by such parties, I will require life for life, and a plenary satisfaction for their goods, of those parishes and places where the fact shall be committed; unless they shall discover and produce the offender. And this I wish all persons to take notice of, that none may plead ignorance.

Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 5th of November 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CLII

ONE nest of Mosstroopers, not far off, in the Dalkeith region, ought specially to be abated.

To the Governor of Borthwick Castle: These

Edinburgh, 18th November 1650.

SIR,

I thought fit to send this trumpet to you, to let you know, that if you please to walk away with your company, and deliver the house to such as I shall send to receive it, you shall have liberty to carry off your arms and goods, and such other necessaries as you have.

You have harboured such parties in your house as have basely and inhumanly murdered our men: if you necessitate me to bend

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 94).

my cannon against you, you may expect what I doubt you will not be pleased with. I expect your present answer, and rest,

Your servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

The Governor of Borthwick Castle, Lord Borthwick of that Ilk, did as he was bidden; 'walked away,' with movable goods, with wife and child, and had 'fifteen days' allowed him to pack: whereby the Dalkeith region and Carlisle Road is a little quieter henceforth.

LETTER CLIII

Colonels Ker and Strahan with their *Remonstrance* have filled all Scotland with a fresh figure of dissension. The Kirk finds 'many sad truths' in it; knows not what to do with it. In the Estates themselves there is division of opinion. Men of worship, the Minister in Kirkcaldy among others, are heard to say strange things: "That a Hypocrite," or Solecism Incarnate, "ought not "to reign over us; that we ought to treat with Cromwell, and "give him security not to trouble England with a King; and "who marred this Treaty, the blood of the slain in this quarrel "should be on their head!" Which are 'strange words,' says Baillie, 'if true.' Scotland is in a hopeful way. The extreme party of Malignants in the North is not yet quite extinct; and here is another extreme party of Remonstrants in the West,—to whom all the conscientious rash men of Scotland, in Kirkcaldy and elsewhere, seem as if they would join themselves! Nothing but remonstrating, protesting, treatying and mistreatying from sea to sea.

To have taken up such a Remonstrance at first, and stood by it, before the War began, had been very wise: but to take it up now, and attempt not to make a Peace by it, but to continue the War with it, looks mad enough! Such nevertheless is Colonel Gibby Ker's project,—not Strahan's, it would seem:[1]

* Russell's *Life of Cromwell*, ii. 95 (from *Statistical Account of Scotland*).

[1] [Strahan had already fallen under suspicion, and had been forbidden to go to his regiment. Some would even have "laid him fast" for fear of his going to the enemy. (Baillie, iii. 122). He gave his help in trying to rally the troops after

men's projects strangely cross one another in this time of bewilderment; and only perhaps in doing *nothing* could a man in such a scene act wisely. Lambert, however, is gone into the West with Three-thousand horse to deal with Ker and his projects; the Lord General has himself been in the West: the end of Ker's projects is succinctly shadowed forth in the following Letter. From Baillie[1] we learn that Ker, with his Western Army, was lying at a place called Carmunnock, when he made this infall upon Lambert; that the time of it was 'four in the morning of Sunday 1st December 1650;' and the scene of it Hamilton Town, and the streets and ditches thereabouts: a dark sad business, of an ancient Winter morning;—sufficiently luminous for our purpose with it here.

The 'treaties among the Enemy' means Ker and Strahan's confused remonstratings and treatyings; the 'result,' or general upshot, of which is this scene in the ditches at four in the morning.[2]

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These

Edinburgh, 4th December 1650.

SIR,

I have now sent you the results of some treaties amongst the enemy, which came to my hand this day.

The Major-General and Commissary-General Whalley marched a few days ago towards Glasgow. The enemy attempted his quarters in Hamilton; were entered the town: but by the blessing of God, by a very gracious hand of Providence, without the loss of six men as I hear of, he beat them out; killed about an hundred; took also about the same number, amongst whom are some prisoners of quality, and near an hundred horse, as I am informed; the Major-General being in the chase of them;

Ker's defeat, but failing in this, surrendered himself to Lambert. As early as November 1, one of Cromwell's intelligencers had reported that there was 'much talk' that he would join with the English. See *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on Mr. Leyborne-Popham's MSS.*, p. 77.]

[1] iii. 125.

[2] See also Whitlocke, 16th December 1650. [But Cromwell's opening sentence would seem rather to refer to documents just come to his hands and now sent up by him.]

to whom also I have since sent the addition of a fresh party. Colonel Ker (as my messenger, this night, tells me) is taken; his lieutenant-colonel and one that was sometimes major to Colonel Strahan and Ker's captain-lieutenant. The whole party is shattered. And give me leave to say it, If God had not brought them upon us, we might have marched three-thousand horse to death, and not have lighted on them. And truly it was a strange Providence brought them upon him. For I marched from Edinburgh on the north side of Clyde; 'and had' appointed the Major-General to march from Peebles to Hamilton, on the south side of Clyde. I came thither by the time expected; tarried the remainder of the day, and until near seven o'clock the next morning,—apprehending 'then that' the Major-General would not come, by reason of the waters.[1] I being retreated, the enemy took encouragment; marched all that night, and came upon the Major-General's quarters about two hours before day; where it pleased the Lord to order as you have heard.

The Major-General and Commissary-General (as he sent me word) were still gone on in the prosecution of them; and 'he' saith that, except an hundred-and-fifty horse in one body, he hears they are fled, by sixteen or eighteen in a company, all the country over. Robert Montgomery was come out of Stirling, with four or five regiments of horse and dragoons,[2] but was put to a stand when he heard of the issue of this business. Strahan and some other officers had quitted some three weeks or a month

[1] [This is mentioned in other letters from Edinburgh: "My last told you that we were then upon a sudden march. We were out two days and two nights. It was a sad, cold and very tedious march. We foiled many of our horses and tired the men exceedingly, and the Major-General not meeting us according to appointment we were enforced to draw back to our several quarters" *Mercurius Politicus*, No. 27 (E., 619). "This last week hath produced nothing but an hard march to Hamilton, which gave us afar off a sight of two or three troops, which we had pursued, but they retreated to a bridge, and the water not being fordable and night coming on, there was no pursuing. . . . In this march the foot could not go far, by reason of the extraordinary tempests". *Merc. Pol.*, No. 28 (E. 620).]

[2] For the purpose of rallying to him these Western forces, or such of them as would follow the official Authorities and him; and leading them to Stirling, to the main Army (Baillie, *ubi supra*). Poor Ker thought it might be useful to do a feat on his own footing first: and here is the conclusion of ...n! Colonel 'Robin Montgomery' is the Earl of Eglinton's Son, whom we have repeatedly seen before.

before this business; so that Ker commanded this whole party in chief.

It is given out that the malignants will be all (almost) received, and rise unanimously and expeditiously. I can assure you, that those that serve you here find more satisfaction in having to deal with men of this stamp than 'with' others; and it is our comfort that the Lord hath hitherto made it the matter of our prayers, and of our endeavours (if it might have been the will of God), to have had a Christian understanding between those that fear God in this land and ourselves. And yet we hope it hath not been carried on with a willing failing of our duty to those that trust us, and I am persuaded the Lord hath looked favourably upon our sincerity herein, and will still do so; and upon you also, whilst you make the interest of God's people yours.

Those religious people of Scotland that fall in this cause, we cannot but pity and mourn for them, and we pray that all good men may do so too. Indeed there is at this time a very great distraction, and mighty workings of God upon the hearts of divers, both ministers and people; much of it tending to the justification of your cause. And although some are as bitter and as bad as ever, making it their business to shuffle hypocritically with their consciences and the Covenant, to make it 'seem' lawful to join with malignants, which now they do,—as well as they might long before, having taken in the head 'malignant' of them: yet truly others are startled at it, and some have been constrained by the work of God upon their consciences, to make sad and solemn accusations of themselves, and lamentations in the face of their supreme authority; charging themselves as guilty of the blood shed in this war, by having a hand in the Treaty at Breda, and by bringing the King in amongst them. This lately did a Lord of the Session; and withdrew 'from the Committee of Estates.' And lately Mr. James Leviston, a man as highly esteemed as any for piety and learning, who was a Commissioner for the Kirk at the said Treaty, charged himself with the guilt of the blood of this war, before their Assembly, and withdrew from them, and is retired to his own house.

It will be very necessary, to encourage victuallers to come to us, that you take off customs and excise from all things brought hither for the use of the army.

I beg your prayers, and rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

This then is the end of Ker's fighting project; a very mad one, at this state of the business. The *Remonstrance* continued long to be the symbol of the Extreme-Covenant or Whiggamore Party among the Scots; but its practical operation ceased here. Ker lies lamed, dangerously wounded; and, I think, will fight no more.[1] Strahan and some others, voted traitorous by the native Authorities, went openly over to Cromwell;—Strahan soon after died. As for the Western Army, it straightway dispersed itself; part towards Stirling and the Authorities; the much greater part to their civil callings again, wishing they had never quitted them. 'The miscarriage of affairs in the West by a few unhappy men,' says Baillie, 'put us all under the foot of the Enemy. They 'presently ran over all the country without any stop destroying 'cattle and corns; putting Glasgow and all others under grievous 'contributions. This makes me,' for my part, 'yet to stick at 'Perth; not daring to go where the Enemy is master, as now he 'is of all Scotland beyond Forth.'[2]

It only remains to be added, that the two Extreme Parties being broken, the Middle or Official one rose supreme, and widened its borders by the admission, as Oliver anticipated, 'of the Malignants almost all;' a set of 'Public Resolutions' so-called being passed in the Scotch Parliament to that end, and ultimately got carried through the Kirk Assembly too. Official majority of 'Resolutioners,' with a zealous party of 'Remonstrants,' who are also called 'Protesters:' in Kirk and State, these long continue to afflict and worry one another, sad fruit of a Covenanted Charles Stuart; but shall not farther concern us here. It is a great comfort to the Lord General that he has now mainly real Malignants for enemies in this country; and so can smite without reluctance. Unhappy 'Resolutioners,' if they *could* subdue Crom-

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 94, 5).

[1] Other notice of him, and of his unsubduable stiffness of neck, in Thurloe, iv. 480 (Dec. 1655), &c.

[2] *Letters and Journals*, iii. 125 (date, 2d January 1650-1).

well, what would become of them at the hands of their own Malignants! They have admitted the Chief Malignant, 'in whom all Malignity does centre,' into their bosom; and have an Incarnate Solecism presiding over them. Satisfactorily descended from Elizabeth Muir of Caldwell, but in all other respects most unsatisfactory!—

The 'Lord of the Session,' who felt startled at this condition of things, and 'withdrew' from it, I take to have been Sir James Hope of Craighall,[1] of whom, and whose scruples, and the censures they got, there is frequent mention in these months. But the Laird of Swinton, another of the same, went still further in the same course; and indeed, soon after this defeat of Ker, went openly over to Cromwell. 'There is very great distraction, there 'are mighty workings upon the hearts of divers.' 'Mr. James 'Livingstone,' the Minister of Ancrum, has left a curious *Life* of himself:—he is still represented by a distinguished family in America.

LETTER CLIV

The next affair is that of Edinburgh Castle. Our Derbyshire miners found the rock very hard, and made small way in it: but now the Lord General has got his batteries ready; and, on Thursday 12th December, after three months blockade, salutes the place with his 'guns and mortars,' and the following set of Summonses; which prove effectual.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These

Edinburgh, 12th December 1650.

Sir,

We are now resolved (by God's assistance) to make use of such means as He hath put into our hands towards the reducing of Edinburgh Castle, I thought fit to send you this summons.

What [are] the grounds of our relation to the glory of God and the common interest of His people, we have often expressed in our papers tendered to public view, to which though credit hath not been given by men, yet the Lord hath been pleased to bear

[1] Balfour, iv. 173, 235.

a gracious and favourable testimony; and hath not only kept us constant to our professions, and in our affections to such as fear the Lord in this nation, but hath unmasked others of their pretences, as appears by the present transactions at St. Johnstons.[1] Let the Lord dispose your resolutions as seemeth good to Him: my sense of duty presseth me, for the ends aforesaid, and to avoid the effusion of more blood, to demand the rendering of this place to me upon fit conditions.

To which expecting your answer this day, I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor's Answer to my Lord General's Letter is this:

"*For his Excellency the General of the English Forces*

"Edinburgh Castle, 12th December 1650.

"MY LORD,—I am intrusted by the Estates of Scotland with "this place; and being sworn not to deliver it to any without "their warrant, I have no power to dispose thereof by myself. I "do therefore desire the space of ten days, wherein I may conven-"iently acquaint the said Estates, and receive their answer. "And for this effect, your safe-conduct for them employed in the "message. Upon the receipt of their answer, you shall have the "resolution of, my Lord, your most humble servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

The Lord General's Reply to Governor Walter Dundas:

LETTER CLV

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These

Edinburgh, 12th December 1650.

SIR,

It concerns not me to know your obligations to those that trust you. I make no question the apprehensions

[1] Readmission 'of the Malignants almost all;' Earl of Calendar, Duke of Hamilton, &c. (Balfour, iv. 179-203); by the Parliament at Perth,—at 'St. Johnston,' as the old name is. [St. Johnston is of course correct, but it was much more commonly written St. Johnstons.]

you have of your abilities to resist those impressions which shall be made upon you,[1] are the natural and equitable rules of all men's judgments and consciences in your condition; except you had taken an oath beyond a possibility. I leave that to your consideration, and shall not seek to contest with your thoughts: only I think it may become me to let you know, You may have honourable terms for yourself and those with you, and both yourself and the soldiers have satisfaction to all your reasonable desires; and those that have other employments, liberty and protection in the exercise of them. But to deal plainly with you, I will not give liberty to you to consult your Committee of Estates, because I hear, those that are honest amongst them enjoy not satisfaction, and the rest are now discovered to seek another interest than they have formerly pretended to. And if you desire to be informed of this, you may, by them you dare trust, at a nearer distance than St. Johnstons.

Expecting your present answer, I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor's Reply, No. 2, arrives on the morrow, Friday:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General of the English Forces in "Scotland*

"Edinburgh Castle, 13th December 1650.

"MY LORD,—It much concerneth me to consider my obliga-"tions to be found faithful in the trust committed to me. And "therefore, in the fear of the living God, and of His great Name, "called upon in the accepting of my trust, I do again press the "liberty of acquainting the Estates. The time is but short; and "I do expect it as answerable to your profession of affection to "those that fear the Lord. In the mean time I am willing to "hear information of late proceedings from such as he dare "trust who is, my Lord, your humble servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

[1] By my cannons and mortars.

The Lord General's Reply, No. 2.

LETTER CLVI

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These

Edinburgh, 13th December 1650.

Sir,

Because of your strict and solemn adjuration of me, in the fear and name of the living God, that I give you time to send to the Committee of Estates,[1] to whom you undertook the keeping of this place under the obligation of an oath, as you affirm, I cannot but hope that it is your conscience, and not policy, carrying you to that desire, the granting of which, if it be prejudicial to our affairs, I am as much obliged in conscience not to do, as you can pretend cause for your conscience' sake to desire it.

Now considering our merciful and wise God binds not His people to actions so cross one to another; but that our bands may be,[2] as I am persuaded they are, through our mistakes and darkness, not only in the question about the surrendering this Castle, but also in all the present differences:—I have so much reason to believe that, by a Conference, you may be so well satisfied, in point of fact, of your estates[1] (to whom you say you are obliged) carrying on an interest destructive and contrary to what they professed when they committed that trust to you; having made to depart from them many honest men through fear of their own safety,[3] and making way for the reception of professed malignants, both into their Parliament and Army;[4]—also 'that you' may have laid before you such grounds of our ends and aims to the preservation of the interest of honest men in Scotland as well as England, as will (if God vouchsafe to appear in them) give your conscience satisfaction,—which if you refuse, I hope you will not have cause to say that we are

[1] ["States" *in orig.*] [2] our perplexities are caused.
[3] Swinton, Strahan, Hope of Craighall, &c.
[4] ["but" *in orig.*]

either unmindful of the great Name of the Lord which you have mentioned, nor that we are wanting to answer our profession of affection to those that fear the Lord;—[that] I am willing to cease hostility, for some hours, or convenient time to so good an end as information of judgment, and satisfaction of conscience;[1] although I may not give liberty for the time desired, to send to the Committee of Estates and at all stay the prosecution of my attempt.

Expecting your sudden answer, I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The Governor's Reply, No. 3, comes out on Saturday:

"*For his Excellency the Lord General of the English Forces in*
"*Scotland: These*

"Edinburgh Castle, 14th December[2] 1650.

"MY LORD,—What I pressed, in my last, proceeded from con-
"science and not from policy: and I conceived that the few days
"desired could not be of such prejudice to your affairs, as to bar
"the desired expression of professed affection towards those that
"fear the Lord. And I expected that a small delay of our
"own[3] affairs should not have preponderated the satisfaction of a
"desire pressed in so serious and solemn a manner for satisfying
"conscience.

"But if you will needs persist in denial, I shall desire to hear

[1] [This copy is signed by Cromwell's own hand, but the letter was either carelessly written or carelessly copied, and the sense is obscured by one of the long parentheses of which Cromwell is so fond. The meaning evidently is: "I have so much reason to believe that a Conference (with some whom you trust) will satisfy you that the estates have taken up an interest contrary to their former professions, and also will show you our desires for the good of honest men in Scotland, that I am willing to give time for this, though not for sending to the Committee of Estates."]

[2] [Mr. Douglas suggests that this letter would rather appear to have been written a day earlier (*Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns*, p. 204, *note*); but the letter is now printed from the original, and the date is clear. It may, however, have been written early in the morning, before the attack began.]

[3] 'our own,' *one's own.*

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 97). [But now printed from the papers actually sent up to London by Cromwell (that is, the originals of the governor's letters and copies of his own), preserved at Welbeck. There are old copies of these letters in the *Baker MSS.*, vol. 35.]

"the information of late proceedings from such as I dare trust "and 'as' have had occasion to know the certainty of things. "Such I hope you will permit to come alongst at the first con- "venience; and during that time all acts of hostility, and pro- "secution of attempts, be forborne on both sides. I am, my "Lord, your humble servant,

"W. DUNDAS."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 3:

LETTER CLVII

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These

Edinburgh, 14th December 1560.

SIR,

You will give me leave to be sensible of delays out of conscience of duty 'too.'

If you please to name any you would speak with now in town, they shall have liberty to come and speak with you for one hour, if they will, provided you send presently. I expect there be no loss of time. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Governor Dundas applies hereupon for Mr. Alexander Jaffray and the Reverend John Carstairs to be sent to him: two official persons, whom we saw made captive in Dunbar Drove, who have ever since been Prisoners-on-parole with his Excellency; doing now and then an occasional message for him; much meditating on him and his ways. Who very naturally decline to be concerned with so delicate an operation as this now on hand,—in the following characteristic Note, enclosed in his Excellency's Reply, No. 4:

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 97). [But now from the Welbeck Papers. See note on p. 157, above.]

LETTER CLVIII

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These

Edinburgh, 14th December 1650.

SIR,

Having acquainted the gentlemen with your desire to speak with them, and they making some difficulty of it, 'they' have desired me to send you this enclosed. I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Here is 'this enclosed:'

"For the Right Honourable the Governor of Edinburgh Castle

"Edinburgh, 14th December 1650.

"RIGHT HONOURABLE,—We now hearing that you was desirous "to speak with us for your information of the posture of affairs, "we would be glad, and we think you make no doubt of it, to be "refreshing or useful to you in anything; but the matter is of so "huge concernment, especially since it may be you will lean[1] "somewhat upon our information in managing that important "trust put upon you, that we dare not take upon us to meddle: "ye may therefore do as ye find yourselves clear and in capacity, "and the Lord be with you. We are, Sir, your honour's humble "servants and wellwishers in the Lord,

"AL. JAFFRAY.
"JO. CUSTAIRS." (*sic*)

So that, for this Saturday, nothing can be done. On Sunday, we suppose, Mr. Stapylton, in black, teaches in St. Giles's; and other qualified persons, some of them in red with belts, teach in other Kirks; the Scots, much taken with the doctrine, 'answering in their usual way of groans,' Hum-m-mrrh!—and on Monday, it is like, the cannons and mortar-pieces begin to teach again,[2] or indicate that they can at once begin. Wherefore, on Wednesday, here is a new Note from Governor Dundas; which we shall call Reply No. 4, from that much-straitened Gentleman:

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 98). [See note, p. 157.]

[1] ["learn" in the copy sent up, but no doubt the emendation is right.]

[2] [A letter from Edinburgh, written on Tuesday, the 17th, says: "Yesterday the snow that fell hid the Castle from us, so that little was done; this morning the battery is vigorously renewed". *Several Proceedings in Parliament*, E. 781, (14).]

"Edinburgh Castle, 18th December 1650.

"My Lord,—I expected that conscience, which you pretended "to be your motive that did induce you to summon this house "before you did attempt anything against it, should also have "moved you to have expected my answer to your demand of the "house; which I could not, out of conscience, suddenly give "without mature deliberation, it being a business of such high "importance; you having refused that little time, which I did "demand to the effect I might receive the commands of them "that did intrust me with this place. And yet not daring to "fulfil your desire,[1] I do demand such a competent time as may "be condescended upon betwixt us, within which if no relief "come, I shall surrender this place upon such honourable con- "ditions as can be agreed upon by capitulation; and during which "time all acts of hostility and prosecution of attempts on both "sides may be forborne. I am, my Lord, your humble servant,

"W. Dundas."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 5:

LETTER CLIX

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These

Edinburgh, 18th December 1650.

Sir,

All that I have to say is shortly this: that if you will send out commissioners by eleven o'clock this night, thoroughly instructed and authorised to treat and conclude, you may have terms, honourable and safe to you, and those whose interests are concerned in the things that are with you. I shall give a safe-conduct to such whose names you shall send within the time limited, and order to forbear shooting at their coming forth and going in.

To this I expect your answer within one hour, and rest,

Sir, your servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

[1] [Carlyle altered the division of the preceding sentences, but the original punctuation makes good sense.]

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 98). [See note, p. 157.]

The Governor's Reply, No. 5:

"Edinburgh Castle, 18th December 1650.

"My Lord,—I have thought upon these two Gentlemen whose "names are here mentioned; to wit, Major Andrew Abernathie "and Captain Robert Henderson; whom I purpose to send out "instructed, in order to the carrying-on the capitulation, there- "fore expect a safe-conduct for them with this bearer. I rest, "my Lord, your humble servant,

"W. Dundas."

The Lord General's Reply, No. 6:

LETTER CLX

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These

Edinburgh, 18th December 1650.

Sir,

I have, here enclosed, sent you a safe-conduct for the coming forth and return of the gentlemen you desire; and have appointed and authorised Colonel Monck and Lieutenant-Colonel White to meet with your Commissioners, at the house in the safe-conduct mentioned: there to treat and conclude of the capitulation on my part. I rest,

Sir, your servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

Here is his Excellency's Pass or safe-conduct for them:

PASS

To all Officers and Soldiers under my Command

You are on sight hereof to suffer Major Andrew Abernathie and Captain Robert Henderson to come forth of Edinburgh Castle, to the house of Mr. — Wallace in Edinburgh, and to

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 98). [See note, p. 157.]

return back into the said Castle, without any trouble or molestation.

Given under my hand, the 18th December 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

By tomorrow morning, in Mr. Wallace's House, Colonel Monk and the other Three have agreed upon handsome terms; of which, except what indicates itself in the following Proclamation, published by beat of drum the same day, we need say nothing. All was handsome, just and honourable, as the case permitted; my Lord General being extremely anxious to gain this place, and conciliate the Godly People of the Nation. By one of the conditions, the Public Registers, now deposited in the Castle, are to be accurately bundled up by authorised persons, and carried to Stirling, or whither the Authorities please; concerning which some question afterwards accidentally rises.

PROCLAMATION

To be proclaimed by the Marshal-general, by beat of drum, in Edinburgh and Leith

WHEREAS there is an agreement of articles by treaty concluded betwixt myself and Colonel Walter Dundas, Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh, which doth give free liberty to all inhabitants adjacent, and all other persons who have any goods in the said Castle, to fetch forth the same from thence:

These are therefore to declare, that all such people before mentioned who have any goods in the Castle, as is before expressed, shall have free liberty between this present Thursday the 19th instant and Tuesday the 24th, To repair to the Castle, and to fetch away their goods, without let or molestation. And I do hereby further declare and require all officers and soldiers of this army, That they take strict care, that no violation be done

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 99). [See note, p. 157.]

to any person or persons fetching away their goods, and carrying them to such place or places as to them seemeth fit. And if it shall so fall out that any soldier shall be found willingly or wilfully to do anything contrary hereunto, he shall suffer death for the same. And if it shall appear that any officer shall, either through connivance or otherwise, do or suffer 'to be done' anything contrary to and against the said Proclamation, wherein it might lie in his power to prevent or hinder the same, he the said officer shall likewise suffer death.

Given under my hand the 19th of December 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

It is now Thursday: we gain admittance to the Castle on the Tuesday following, and the Scotch forces march away,—in a somewhat confused manner, I conceive. For Governor Dundas and the other parties implicated are considered little better than traitors, at Stirling: in fact, they are, openly or secretly, of the Remonstrant or Protester species; and may as well come over to Cromwell;—which at once or gradually the most of them do. What became of the Clergy, let us not enquire: Remonstrants or Resolutioners, confuse l times await them! Of which here and there a glimpse may turn up as we proceed. The Lord General has now done with Scotch Treaties; the Malignants and Quasi-Malignants are ranked in one definite body; and he may smite without reluctance. Here is his Letter to the Speaker on this business. After which, we may hope, the rest of his Scotch Letters may be given in a mass; sufficiently legible without commentary of ours.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 99). [A curious little bit of historic irony is to be found amongst the *Clarke Papers* at Littlecote. On the back of a copy or draft of this proclamation, written by William Clarke in shorthand, Clarke himself (then acting as secretary to Cromwell at Edinburgh), has drafted a petition for a friend of his to King Charles II., praying for the release of her husband, as a sweet pledge of his Majesty's gracious and auspicious reign, on the happy day of his Coronation, which would engage the petitioner "ever to pray for your Majesty's long and glorious reign over us". *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on Mr. Leyborne-Popham's MSS.*, p. 81.]

LETTER CLXI

'For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These'

Edinburgh, 24th Dec. 1650.

Sir,

It hath pleased God to cause the Castle of Edinburgh to be surrendered into our hands, this day about eleven o'clock. I thought fit to give you such account thereof as I could, and the shortness of time would permit.

I sent a summons to the Castle upon the 12th instant; which occasioned several exchanges of returns and replies, which, for their unusualness, I also thought fit humbly to present to you.[1] Indeed the mercy is very great and seasonable. I think, I need say little of the strength of the place, which, if it had not come as it did, would have cost very much blood to have attained, if at all to be attained, and did tie up your army to that inconvenience, that little or nothing could have been attempted whilst this was in design, or little fruit had of anything brought into your power by your army hitherto, without it. I must needs say, not any skill or wisdom of ours, but the good hand of God hath given you this place.

I believe all Scotland hath not in it so much brass ordnance as this place. I send you here enclosed a list thereof,[2] and of the arms and ammunition, so well as they could be taken on a sudden. Not having more at present to trouble you with, I take leave, and rest,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

[1] We have already read them.

[2] Drakes, minions, murderers, monkeys, of brass and iron,—not interesting to us, except it be 'the great iron murderer called *Muckle-Meg*,' already in existence, and still held in some confused remembrance in those Northern parts.

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 99). [Now printed from the original at Welbeck. Signed only by Cromwell.]

LETTERS CLXII—CLXXXI

The Lord General is now settled at Edinburgh till the season for campaigning return. Tradition still reports him as lodged, as in 1648, in that same spacious and sumptuous 'Earl of Murrie's House in the Cannigate;' credible enough; though Tradition does not in this instance produce any written voucher hitherto.[1] The Lord General, as we shall find by and by, falls dangerously sick here; worn down by over-work and the rugged climate.

The Scots lie entrenched at Stirling, diligently raising new levies; parliamenting and committee-ing diligently at Perth;—crown their King at Scone Kirk, on the First of January,[2] in token that they have now all 'complied' with him. The Lord General is virtually master of all Scotland south of the Forth;—fortifies, before long, a Garrison as far west as 'Newark,'[3] which we now call Port Glasgow, on the Clyde. How his forces had to occupy themselves, reducing detached Castles; coercing Moss-troopers; and, in detail, bringing the Country to obedience, the old Books at great length say, and the reader here shall fancy in his mind. Take the following two little traits from Whitlocke, and spread them out to the due expansion and reduplication:

'*February 3d*, 1650. Letters that Colonel Fenwick summoned 'Hume Castle to be surrendered to General Cromwell. The 'Governor answered, "I know not Cromwell; and as for my 'Castle, it is built on a rock." Whereupon Colonel Fenwick played upon 'him' a little 'with the great guns.' But the Governor still would not yield; nay sent a Letter couched in these singular terms:

> "I, William of the Wastle,
> Am now in my Castle;
> And aw the dogs in the town
> Shanna gar[4] me gang down."

So there remained nothing but opening the mortars upon this

[1] Yes, in fine: *Memorie of the Somervilles* (Edinburgh, 1815), ii. 423, gives 'my Lady Home's Lodging,' which is known to signify that same House. (*Note of* 1857.)

[2] Minute description of the ceremony, in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 117.

[3] *Milton State-Papers*, p. 84.

[4] 'Shand garre,' is Whitlocke's reading.

William of the Wastle; which did gar him gang down,—more fool than he went up.[1]

We also read how Colonel Hacker and others rooted out bodies of Mosstroopers from Strength after Strength; and 'took much oatmeal,' which must have been very useful there. But this little Entry, a few days subsequent to that of Willie Wastle, affected us most: 'Letters that the Scots in a Village called 'Geddard rose, and armed themselves; and set upon Captain 'Dawson as he returned from pursuing some Mosstroopers;—'killed his guide and trumpet; and took Dawson and eight of 'his party, and after having given them quarter, killed them all 'in cold blood.'[2] In which 'Village called Geddard,' do not some readers recognise a known place, *Jeddart* or *Jedburgh*, friendly enough to Mosstroopers; and in the transaction itself, a notable example of what is called 'Jeddart Justice,'—killing a man whom you have a pique at; killing him first, to make sure, and then judging him!—However there come Letters too, 'That the English soldiers married divers of the Scots Women;'[3] which was an excellent movement on their part;—and may serve as the concluding feature here.

LETTER CLXII

The 'Empson' of this Letter, who is now to have a Company in Hacker's regiment, was transiently visible to us once already, as 'Lieutenant Empson of my regiment,' in the Skirmish at Musselburgh, four months ago.[4] Hacker is the well-known

[1] [Fenwick sent a despatch up to London with an account of the taking of the castle, and copies of his own and the governor's letters. The latter has the passage: "I know not Cromwell," etc., but not the old rhyme. Perhaps Fenwick purposely omitted it. It is evident that the governor was driven to surrender by his own garrison. Fenwick states that, in consequence of what the defenders had said to his men, he went up to the castle and called for the governor, "upon which the soldiers not being willing to hold it any longer," the place surrendered. *Mercurius Politicus*, No. 37 (E. 625, 1).]

[2] 14th February 1650 (Whitlocke, p. 464). [See *Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns*, p. 229 *note*.

[3] ["Our English lads and Scotch lassies begin to mingle geer very orderly, so that there is scarce a day but the bagpipes are heard at a marriage; some private soldiers have married knights' and lairds' daughters, and others of them marry maid servants . . . so that we are like to stock ourselves of a new generation" *Mercurius Politicus*, 5-12 December (E. 619).]

[4] Letter CXXXV. [See *The Later History of the Ironsides*, p. 11.]

Colonel Francis Hacker, who attended the King on the scaffold; having a signed Warrant, which we have read, addressed to him and two other Officers to that effect. The most conspicuous, but by no means the most approved, of his military services to this Country! For which one indeed, in overbalance to many others, he was rewarded with death after the Restoration. A Rutlandshire man; a Captain from the beginning of the War; and rather favourably visible, from time to time, all along. Of whom a kind of continuous Outline of a Biography, considerably different from Caulfield's and other inane Accounts of him,[1] might still be gathered, did it much concern us here. To all appearance, a somewhat taciturn, somewhat indignant, very swift, resolute and valiant man. He died for his share in the Regicide; but did not profess to repent of it; intimated, in his taciturn way, that he was willing to accept the results of it, and answer for it in a much higher Court than the Westminster one. We are indeed to understand generally, in spite of the light phrase which Cromwell reprimands in this Letter, that Hacker was a religious man; and in his regicides and other operations, did not act without some warrant that was very satisfactory to him. For the present he has much to do with Mosstroopers; very active upon them; —for which 'Peebles' is a good locality. He continues visible as a Republican to the last; is appointed 'to raise a regiment' for the expiring Cause in 1659, — in which, what a little concerns us, this same 'Hubbert' here in question is to be his Major.[2]

For Francis Hacker, at Peebles or elsewhere: These

'Edinburgh,' 25th December 1650.

SIR,

I have [made *erased*] the best consideration I can, for the present, in this business; and although I believe Captain Hubbert is a worthy man, and heard so much, yet, as the case stands, I cannot, with satisfaction to myself and some others, revoke the commission I had given to Captain Empson,

[1] Caulfield's *High Court of Justice*, pp. 83-7; *Trials of the Regicides*; &c. [His life is in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.]

[2] *Commons Journals*, vii. 669, 675, 824.

without offence to them, and reflection upon my own judgment.

I pray let Captain Hubbert know I shall not be unmindful of him, and that no disrespect is intended to him. But indeed I was not satisfied with your last speech to me about Empson, That he was a better preacher than a fighter or soldier, or words to that effect. Truly I think he that prays and preaches best will fight best. I know nothing 'that' will give like courage and confidence as the knowledge of God in Christ will; and I bless God to see any in this army able and willing to impart the knowledge they have, for the good of others. And I expect it be encouraged, by all chief officers in this army especially; and I hope you will do so. I pray receive Captain Empson lovingly; I dare assure you he is a good man and a good officer; I would we had no worse. I rest,

Your loving friend,

Oliver Cromwell.*

LETTER CLXIII

Letter Hundred-and-sixty-third relates to the exchange of three Prisoners whom we saw taken in Dunbar Drove, and have had an occasional glimpse of since. Before reading it, let us read another Letter, which is quite unconnected with this; but which lies, as we may see, on the Lord General's table in Moray House in the Canongate while he writes this;—and indeed is a unique of its kind: A Letter from the Lord General's Wife.

'My Lord Chief Justice' is Oliver St. John, known to us this long while; 'President' is Bradshaw; 'Speaker' is Lenthall: high official persons; to whom it were better if the Lord General took his Wife's advice, and wrote occasionally.

* Harris, p. 516; *Lansdowne MSS.*, 1236, fol. 105, contains the *address*, which Harris has omitted. [The letter in the *Lansdowne MSS.* is the original. There is a copy in *Add. MS.* 6015,* f. 24.]

"The Lady Elizabeth Cromwell to her Husband the Lord General at "Edinburgh

"'Cockpit, London,' 27th December 1650.

"My Dearest,—I wonder you should blame me for writing no "oftener, when I have sent three for one: I cannot but think "they are miscarried. Truly if I know my own heart, I should "as soon neglect myself as to 'omit'[1] the least thought towards "you, who in doing it, I must do it to myself. But when I do "write, my Dear, I seldom have any satisfactory answer, which "makes me think my writing is slighted, as well it may, but I "cannot but think your love covers my weakness and infirmities.

"I should rejoice to hear your desire in seeing me, but I de- "sire to submit to the Providence of God; hoping the Lord, who "hath separated us, and hath often brought us together again, "will in His good time bring us again, to the praise of His name. "Truly my life is but half a life in your absence, did not the Lord "make it up in Himself, which I must acknowledge to the praise "of His grace.

"I would you would think to write sometimes to your dear "friend, my Lord Chief Justice, of whom I have often put you in "mind. And truly, my Dear, if you would think of what I put "you in mind of some, it might be to as much purpose as others;[2] "writing sometimes a Letter to the President, and sometimes to "the Speaker. Indeed, my Dear, you cannot think the wrong "you do yourself in the want of a Letter, though it were but sel- "dom. I pray think on;[3] and so rest, yours in all faithfulness,

"Elizabeth Cromwell."[4]

This Letter, in the original, is frightfully spelt; but otherwise exactly as here the only Letter extant of this Heroine; and not unworthy of a glance from us. It is given in *Harris* too, and in *Noble* very incorrectly.[5]

And now for the Letter concerning Provost Jaffray and his two fellow-prisoners from Dunbar Drove.

[1] Word left out.

[2] The grammar bad; the meaning evident or discoverable,—and the bad grammar a part of that!

[3] 'think *of*' is the Lady's old phrase. [Probably a word omitted—"think of this" she may have meant to say.]

[4] *Milton State-Papers*, p. 40.

[5] [But we have not got the original; and so cannot tell which is the true version.]

For the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General David Lesley: These

Edinburgh, 17th January 1650.

SIR,

I perceive by your last Letter you had not met with Mr. Carstairs[1] and Mr. Waugh, who were to apply themselves to you about Provost Jaffray's and their release, 'in exchange' for the seamen and officers. But I understood, by a paper since shown me by them under your hand, that you were contented to release the said seamen and officers for those three persons, who have had their discharges accordingly.

I am contented also to discharge the lieutenant, 'in exchange' for the four troopers at Stirling, who hath solicited me to that purpose.

I have, here enclosed, sent you a letter,[2] which I desire you to cause to be conveyed to the Committee of Estates; and that such return shall be sent back to me as they shall please to give.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Here is a notice from Balfour:[3] At Perth, '22d November 1650 (*Rege præsente,*' the King being present, as usually after that Flight to the Grampian Hills he is allowed to be), 'the Committee 'of Estates remits to the Committee of Quarterings the exchange of 'Prisoners anent Mr. Alexander Jaffray and Mr. John Carstairs, 'Minister, with some English Prisoners in the Castle of Dum-'barton.' Nevertheless at this date, six or seven weeks after, the business is not yet perfected.

Alexander Jaffray, as we know already, is Provost of Aberdeen; a leading man for the Covenant from of old; and generally the Member for his Burgh in the Scotch Parliaments of these years. In particular, he sits as Commissioner for Aberdeen in the Parliament that met 4th January 1649;[4] under which this disastrous Quarrel with the English began. He was famed afterwards (infa-

[1] Custaires. [2] The next Letter.
[3] iv. 168. [4] Balfour, iii. 382.

* Thurloe, i. 172. Laigh Parliament House.

mous it then meant) as among the first of the Scotch Quakers; he, with Barclay of Urie, and other lesser Fallen-Stars. Personal intercourse with Cromwell, the Sectary and Blasphemer, had much altered the notions of Mr. Alexander Jaffray. Baillie informed us, three months ago, he and Carstairs, then Prisoners-on-parole, were sent Westward by Cromwell 'to agent the Remonstrance,'—to guide towards some good issue the Ker-and-Strahan Negotiation; which, alas, could only be guided headlong into the ditches at Hamilton before daybreak, as we saw!—Jaffray sat afterwards in the Little Parliament; was an official person in Scotland,[1] and one of Cromwell's leading men there.

Carstairs, we have to say or repeat, is one of the Ministers of Glasgow; deep in the confused Remonstrant-Resolutioner Controversies of that day; though on which side precisely one does not altogether know, perhaps he himself hardly altogether knew. From Baillie, who has frequent notices of him, it is clear he tends strongly towards the Cromwell view in many things; yet with repugnancies, anti-sectary and other, difficult for frail human nature. How he managed his life-pilotage in these circumstances shall concern himself mainly. His Son, I believe, is the 'Principal Carstairs,'[2] who became very celebrated among the Scotch Whigs in King William's time. He gets home to Glasgow now, where perhaps we shall see some glimpses of him again.

John Waugh (whom they spell *Vauch* and *Wauch*, and otherwise distort) was the painful Minister of Borrowstounness, in the Shire of Linlithgow. A man of many troubles, now and afterwards. Captive in the Dunbar Drove; still deaf he to the temptings of Sectary Cromwell; deafer than ever. In this month of January 1651, we perceive he gets his deliverance; returns with painfully increased experience, but little change of view derived from it, to his painful Ministry; where new tribulations await him. From Baillie[3] I gather that the painful Waugh's invincible tendency was to the Resolutioner or Quasi-Malignant side; and too strong withal;—no level sailing, or smooth pilotage, possible for poor Waugh! For as the Remonstrant, Protester, or Ker-and-Strahan Party, having joined itself to the Cromwellean, came

[1] Ousted our friend Scotstarvet,—most unjustly, thinks he of the *Staggering State* (p. 181). There wanted only that to make the Homily on Life's Nothingness complete!

[2] *Biog. Britann. in voce;* somewhat indistinct. [The Life of the son, William Carstares, is in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, preceded by a short notice of the father.]

[3] iii. 248.

ultimately to be dominant in Scotland, there ensued for straitlaced clerical individuals who would cling too desperately to the opposite Resolutioner or Quasi-Malignant side, very bad times. There ensued in the first place, very naturally, this, That the straitlaced individual, who would not cease to pray publicly *against* the now Governing Powers, was put out of his living: this; and if he grew still more desperate, worse than this.

Of both which destinies our poor straitlaced Waugh may serve to us as an emblem here. Some three years hence we find that the Cromwellean Government has, in Waugh's, as in various other cases, ejected the straitlaced Resolutioner, and inducted a *loose*laced Protester into his Kirk;—leaving poor Waugh the straitlaced to preach 'in a barn hard by.' And though the loose-laced 'have but fifteen,' and the straitlaced 'all the Parish,' it matters not;[1] the stipend and the Kirk go with him whose lacing is loose: one has nothing but one's barn left, and sad reflections. Nay in Waugh's case, the very barn, proving as is likely an arena of too vehement discourse, was taken away from him; and he, Waugh, was lodged in Prison, in the Castle of Edinburgh.[2] For Waugh 'named the King in his prayers,' he and 'Mr. Robert Knox' even went that length! In Baillie, under date 11th November 1653, is a most doleful inflexible Letter from Waugh's own hand: "brought to the top of this rock," as his ultimate lodging-place; "having my habitation among the owls of the desert, "because of my very great uselessness and fruitlessness among "the sons of men."[3] Yet he is right well satisfied, conscience yielding him a good &c. &c.—Poor Waugh, I wish he would reconsider himself. Whether it be absolutely indispensable to Christ's Kirk to have a Nell-Gwynn Defender set over it, even though descended from Elizabeth Muir; and if no other, not the bravest and devoutest of all British men, will do for that? O Waugh, it is a strange camera-obscura, the head of man!—

[1] [It was not Waugh but one Mr. Archibald Inglish of Douglas, who was left, with his whole congregation, including the Marquis of Douglas and the Earl of Angus, "in the fields or a barn," whilst an interloper (with his "twelve or sixteen followers"), enjoyed the Church and the stipend.]

[2] Baillie, iii. 248, 253, 228.

[3] [What Waugh says is that he *had* desired to lurk among the owls of the desert, but that he had been so far from attaining to this his "desire of lurking" that he had been brought, &c.]

LETTER CLXIV

We have heard of many Mosstroopers: we heard once of a certain Watt, a Tenant of the Earl of Tweedale's, who being ruined-out by the War, distinguished himself in this new course; and contemporary with him, of 'one Augustin a High-German.' To which latter some more special momentary notice now falls due.

Read Balfour's record, and then Cromwell's Letter. 'One 'Augustin, a High-German, being purged out of the Army before 'Dunbar Drove, but a stout and resolute young man, and lover 'of the Scots Nation,—imitating Watt,—in October and November 'this year, annoyed the Enemy very much; killing many of his 'stragglers; and made nightly infalls upon their quarters, taking 'and killing sometimes twenty, and sometimes thirty, and more 'or less of them: whereby he both enriched himself and his 'followers, and greatly damnified the Enemy. His chief abode 'was about and in the Mountains of Pentland and Soutra.'—And again, from Perth, 19th December 1650: '*Memorandum*, That 'Augustin departed from Fife with a party of Six-score horse; 'crossed at Blackness on Friday the 13 of December; forced 'Cromwell's guards; killed eighty men to the Enemy; put-in 'thirty-six men to Edinburgh Castle, with all sorts of spices, and 'some other things; took thirty-five horses and five prisoners, 'which he sent to Perth the 19th[1] of this instant.' Which feat, with the spices and thirty-six men, could not indeed save Edinburgh Castle from surrendering, as we saw, next week; but did procure Captain Augustin thanks from the Lord Chancellor and Parliament in his Majesty's name, and good outlooks for promotion in that quarter.[2]

For the Right Honourable the Committee of Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland: These

Edinburgh, 17th January 1650.

My Lords,

Having been informed of divers barbarous murders and inhumane acts, perpetrated upon our men by one Augustine, a German in employment under you, and one Ross, a

[1] [Carlyle printed 14th, but Balfour says 19th, and mentions the warrant to the magistrates of Perth for their committal as issued on this day.]

[2] Balfour, iv. 165, 209, 214.

Lieutenant, I did send to Lieutenant-General David Lesley, desiring justice against the said persons. And to the end I might make good the fact upon them, I was either willing by commissioners on both parts, or in any other equal way, to have the charge proved.

The Lieutenant-General was pleased to allege a want of power from public authority to enable him herein, which occasions me to desire your Lordships that this business may be put into such a way as may give satisfaction; whereby I may understand what rules your Lordships will hold during this sad contest between the two nations, which may evidence the war to stand upon other pretences at least than the allowing of such actions will suppose.

Desiring your Lordships' answer, I rest,

My Lords,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

No effect whatever seems to have been produced by this Letter. The Scotch Quasi-Malignant Authorities have 'thanked' Augustin, and are determined to have all the benefit they can of him,—which cannot be much, one would think! In the following June accordingly we find him become '*Colonel* Augustin,' probably Major or Lieutenant-Colonel; quartered with Robin Montgomery 'at Dumfries;' giving 'an alarm to Carlisle,' but by no means taking it;—'falling in,' on another occasion, 'with Two-hundred picked men,' but very glad to fall out again, 'nearly all cut off.' In strong practical *Remonstrance* against which, the learned Bulstrode has Letters in November, vague but satisfactory, 'That the Scots 'themselves rose against Augustin, killed some of his men, and 'drove away the rest;' entirely disapproving of such courses and personages. And then finally in January following, 'Letters that 'Augustin the great robber in Scotland,—upon disbanding of the 'Marquis of Huntly's forces,' the last remnant of Scotch Malignancy for the present,—'went into the Orcades, and their took 'ship for Norway.'[1] Fair wind and full sea to him!

* Thurloe, i. 171. Laigh Parliament House.

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 104); Whitlocke, 23d November 1651; *ib.* 14th January 1651-2.

LETTER CLXV

An Official Medallist has arrived from London to take the Effigies of the Lord General, for a Medal commemorative of the Victory at Dunbar. The Effigies, Portrait, or 'Statue' as they sometimes call it, of the Lord General appears to be in a state of forwardness; but he would fain waive such a piece of vanity. The 'Gratuity to the Army' is a solid thing: but this of the Effigies, or Stamp of my poor transient unbeautiful Face—?—However, the Authorities, as we may surmise, have made up their mind.

For the Honourable the Committee of the Army 'at London:' These

Edinburgh, 4th February 1650.

Gentlemen,

It was not a little wonder to me to see that you should send Mr. Symonds so great a journey, about a business importing so little, as far as it relates to me; whereas, if my poor opinion may not be rejected by you, I have to offer to that[1] which I think the most noble end, to wit, the commemoration of that great mercy at Dunbar, and the gratuity to the army, which might better be expressed upon the medal, by engraving, as on the one side the Parliament, which I hear was intended and will do singularly well, so on the other side an army, with this inscription over the head of it, *The Lord of Hosts*, which was our Word that day. Wherefore, if I may beg it as a favour from you, I most earnestly beseech you, if I may do it without offence, that it may be so. And if you think not fit to have it as I offer, you may alter it as you see cause; only I do think I may truly say, it will be very thankfully acknowledged by me, if you will spare the having my effigies in it.

The Gentleman's pains and trouble hither have been very great; and I shall make it my second suit unto you that you will please to confer upon him that employment in your service which Nicholas Briot had before him: indeed the man is ingenious, and

[1] I should vote exclusively for that.

worthy of encouragement. I may not presume much, but if, at my request, and for my sake, he may obtain this favour, I shall put it upon the account of my obligations, which are not a few; and, I hope, shall be found ready to acknowledge 'it,' and to approve myself,

Gentlemen,

Your most real servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Of 'Nicholas Briot' and 'Mr. Symonds,' since they have the honour of a passing relation to the Lord General, and still enjoy, or suffer, a kind of ghost-existence in the Dilettante memory, we may subjoin, rather than cancel, the following authentic particulars. In the Commons Journals of 20th August 1642, it is: '*Ordered*, That the Earl of Warwick,' now Admiral of our Fleet, 'be desired that Monsieur Bryatt may have delivery of his wear-'ing apparel; and all his other goods stayed at Scarborough, not 'belonging to Minting and Coining of Moneys.'—This Nicholas Bryatt, or Briot, then, must have been Chief Engraver for the Mint at the beginning of the Civil Wars. We perceive, he has gone to the King northward; but is here stopt at Scarborough, with all his baggage, by Warwick the Lord High Admiral: and is to get away. What became of him afterwards, or what was his history before, no man and hardly any Dilettante knows.[1]

* Harris, p. 519. [Stated by him to be in the possession of James Lamb, Esq., of Fairford in Gloucestershire. It is also printed from the original by Gough (in his edition of Vertue's *Works of Thomas Simon*, ed. 1780, p. 74*), who states that the name of Nicholas Briot has been inserted by another hand. There is a full explanation of the matter in Mr. Henfrey's *Numismata Cromwelliana*. Mr. Henfrey says that Cromwell's suggestions were all carried out, with the exception that the Parliament were resolved to have his bust upon the medal. "The House of Commons sitting, a view of the army in the battle, with the word of the day, *The Lord of Hosts*, are all there, in addition to a life-like portrait of the General. His recommendation of Simon to the place of Briot was also adopted." Mr. Henfrey gives engravings of the three varieties of the medal, with a list of other books in which they may be found. There are specimens in the British Museum.]

[1] [Nicholas Briot, according to his own statement, came to England about 1624, and in 1626 was employed "to make the great seal of England in silver, according to a model presented him by the King." He proposed many new schemes concerning the coinage, and in 1630 the King ordered that he should have lodgings in the Tower, for himself, his instruments and his workmen. The officers of the Mint objected, on the ground that he was not of their "body or corporation," but steps were taken to remedy this, and in 1633, if not earlier, he was made one of the King's chief engravers, Sir Robert Harley being then Master of the Mint. In 1638 he urged the employment of mills and presses, instead of the "ancient way of the hammer" for

Symonds, Symons, or as the moderns call him, Simon, is still known as an approved Medal-maker. In the Commons Journals of 17th December 1651, we find: '*Ordered*, That it be referred to 'the Council of State to take order that the sum of 300*l.* be paid 'unto Thomas Symonds, which was agreed by the Committee ap- 'pointed for that purpose to be paid unto him, for the Two Great 'Seals made by him, and the materials thereof: And that the said 'Council do take consideration of what farther recompense is fit 'to be given unto him for his extraordinary pains therein; and 'give order for the payment of such sum of money as they shall 'think fit in respect thereof.'

An earlier entry, which still more concerns us here, is an Order, in favour of one whose name has not reached the Clerk, and is now indicated only by stars, That the Council of State shall pay him for 'making the Statue of the General,'—doubtless this Medal or Effigies of the General; the name indicated by stars being again that of Symonds. The Order, we observe, has the same date as the present Letter.[1] The Medal of Cromwell, executed on this occasion, still exists, and is said to be a good likeness.[2] The Committee-men had not taken my Lord General's advice about the Parliament, about the Army with the Lord of Hosts, and the total omitting of his own Effigies. Vertue published Engravings of all these Medals of Simon (as he spells him) in the year 1753.[3]

The 'Two Great Seals,' mentioned in the Excerpt above, are also worth a word from us. There had a good few Great Seals to be made in the course of this War; all by Symonds: of whom, with reference thereto, we find, in authentic quarters, various notices, of years long prior and posterior to this. The *first* of all the 'new Great Seals' was the one made, after infinite debates and hesitations, in 1643, when Lord Keeper Lyttleton ran away with the original: Symonds was the maker of this, as other entries of the same Rhadamanthine Commons Journals instruct us: On the

the coinage of money, desire to save the revenue having evidently got the better of his artistic instincts. In the summer of 1642, he was summoned by Sir Edward Nicholas to join the King at York, and was told to bring with him all his instruments for coining money. From the entry in the *Commons' Journal*, quoted above, he would appear to have gone by sea and to have been stayed at Scarborough, where his professional apparatus was confiscated. Sir Robert Harley says that Briot left England at this time, which is probably true, as his name is no more found amongst the *State Papers*.]

[1] *Commons Journals*, 4th February 1650-1. [2] Harris, p. 518.
[3] [Reproduced in Mr. Firth's *Oliver Cromwell*, p. 278.]

11th July 1643, Henry Marten is to bring 'the man' that will make the new Great Seal, and let us see him 'tomorrow;' which man it turns out, at sight of him, not 'tomorrow,' but a week after, on the 19th July, is 'Mr. Simonds,'[1]—who, we find farther, is to have 100*l.* for his work; 40*l.* in hand, 30*l.* so soon as his work is done, and the other 30*l.* one knows not when. Symonds made the Seal duly; but as for his payment, we fear it was not very duly made. Of course when the Commonwealth and Council of State began, a couple of new Great Seals were needed; and these too, as we see above, Symonds made; and is to *be* paid for them, and for the General's Statue;—which we hope he was, but are not sure!

Other new Seals, Great and Not-so-great, in the subsequent mutations, were needed; and assiduous Symonds made them all. Nevertheless, in 1659, when the Protectorate under Richard was staggering towards ruin, we find 'Mr. Thomas Symonds Chief Graver of the Mint and Seals,' repeatedly turning up with new Seals, new *order* for payment, and new indication that the order was but incompletely complied with.[2] May 14th, 1659, he has made a new and newest Great Seal; he is to be paid for that, and 'for the former, for which he yet remains unsatisfied.' Also on the 24th May 1659,[3] the Council of State get a new Seal from him. Then on the 22d August, on the Rump Parliament's re-assembling, he makes a 'new Parliament Seal;' and presents[4] modest Petition to have his money paid him: *order* is granted very promptly to that end; 'his debt to be paid for this Seal, and for all former work done by him;'—we *hope*, with complete effect.

The Restoration soon followed, and Symonds continued still in the Mint under Charles II.; when it is not very likely his claims were much better attended to; the brave Hollar, and other brave Artists, having their own difficulties to get life kept-in, during those rare times, Mr. Rigmarole!—Symonds, we see, did get the place of Nicholas Briot; and found it, like other brave men's places, full of hard work and short rations. Enough now of Symonds and the Seal, and Effigies.

[1] *Commons Journals*, iii. 162, 174.
[2] *Ibid.* vii. 654. [3] *Ibid.* vii. 663.
[4] *Ibid.* vii. 654, 663, 765. [In October, 1659, he made two *more* seals; for Scotland and Ireland; and these, at any rate, he was paid for, the warrants—for 300*l.* on account and a further 200*l.* a few months later—being amongst the *State Papers*. See *Cal. S. P. Dom. Commonwealth*, 1659-60, pp. 587, 592, 598.]

LETTER CLXVI

Along with Symonds, various English strangers, we perceive, are arriving or arrived, on miscellaneous business with the Lord General in his Winter-quarters. Part of the Oxford Caput is here in Edinburgh, with 'a very high testimony of respect;' whom, in those same hours, the Lord General dismisses honourably with their Answer.

We are to premise that Oxford University, which at the end of the First Civil War had been found in a most broken, Malignant, altogether waste and ruinous condition, was afterwards, not without difficulty, and immense patience on the part of the Parliament Commissioners, radically reformed. Philip Earl of Pembroke, he of the loud voice, who dined once with Bulstrode in the Guildhall;[1] he, as Chancellor of the University, had at last to go down in person, in the Spring of 1648;—put the intemperate Dr. Fell, incorrigible otherwise, under lock and key; left the incorrigible Mrs. Dr. Fell, 'whom the soldiers had to carry out in her chair,' 'sitting in the quadrangle;' appointed a new Vice-Chancellor, new Heads where needful,—and, on the whole, swept the University clean of much loud Nonsense, and left some Piety and Sense, the best he could meet with, at work there in its stead.[2] At work, with earnest diligence and good success, as it has since continued actually to be,—for the contemporary clamours and *Querelas* about Vandalism, Destruction of Learning, and so forth, prove on examination to be mere agonised shrieks, and unmelodious hysterical wind, forgettable by all creatures. Not easily before or since could the Two Universities give such account of themselves to mankind, under all categories, human and divine, as during those Puritan years.

But now Philip of Pembroke, the loud-voiced Chancellor of Oxford, is dead; and the reformed University, after due consultation, has elected the Lord General in his stead; to which 'high testimony' here is his response.—'Dr. Greenwood,' who I think

[1] *Antea*, vol. i., p. 443.

[2] Act and Visitors' names in Scobell, i. 116 (1st May 1647): see *Commons Journals*, v. 83-142 (10th February—15th April 1647): 8th March 1647-8, Chancellor Pembroke is to go (Neal, ii. 307; Walker, i. 133); makes report, and is thanked, 21st April 1648 (*Commons Journals*, v. 538). Copious history of the proceedings, from the Puritan side, in Neal, ii. 290-314; and from the Royalist side, in Walker's *Sufferings of the Clergy*, i. 124-142, which latter, amid its tempestuous froth, has many entertaining traits.

has some cast about his eyes, is otherwise a most recommendable man: 'Bachelor, then Doctor of Divinity, sometimes Fellow of 'Brasenose College,' says Royalist Anthony,[1] 'and lately made 'Principal of the said College by the Committee and Parliamen-'tary Visitors; a severe and good Governor, as well in his Vice-'Chancellorship as Principality; continued till the King's return, 'and then'—

To the Reverend Dr. Greenwood, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and other Members of the Convocation

Edinburgh, 4th Feb. 1650.

Honoured Gentlemen,

I have received, by the hands of those worthy persons of your University sent by you into Scotland, a testimony of very high respect and honour, in 'your' choosing me to be your Chancellor, which deserves a fuller return, of deep resentment, value and acknowledgment, than I am any ways able to make. Only give me leave a little to expostulate, on your and my own behalf. I confess it was in your freedom to elect, and it would be very uningenious in me to reflect upon your action; only (though somewhat late) let me advise you of my unfitness to answer the ends of so great a service and obligation, with some things very obvious.

I suppose a principal aim in such elections hath not only respected abilities and interest to serve you, but freedom 'as' to opportunities of time and place. As the first may not be well supposed, so the want of the latter may well become me to represent to you. You know where Providence hath placed me for the present; and to what I am related if this call were off,[2] I being tied to attendance in another land as much out of the way of serving you as this, for some certain time yet to come appointed by the Parliament. The known esteem and honour of this place is such, that I should wrong it and your favour very much, and

[1] Wood's *Fasti*, ii. 157 (in *Athenæ*, iv.), of July 1649.

[2] Lord Lieutenant of Ireland 'for three years to come' (*Commons Journals*, vi. 239), 22d June 1649.

your freedom in choosing me, if, either by pretended modesty or in any unbenign way, I should dispute the acceptance of it. Only I hope it will not be imputed to me as a neglect towards you, that I cannot serve you in the measure I desire.

I offer these exceptions with all candour and clearness to you, as 'leaving you' most free to mend your choice in case you think them reasonable; and shall not reckon myself the less obliged to do all good offices for the University. But if these prevail not, and that I must continue this honour,—until I can personally serve you, you shall not want my prayers that that seed and stock of piety and learning, so marvellously springing up amongst you, may be useful to that great and glorious Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ; of the approach of which so plentiful an effusion of the Spirit upon those hopeful plants is one of the best presages. And in all other things I shall, by the Divine assistance, improve my poor abilities and interests in manifesting myself, to the University and yourselves,

Your most cordial friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On the same Tuesday, 4th February 1650-1, while the Lord General is writing this and the former Letter, his Army, issuing from its Leith Citadel and other Winter-quarters, has marched westward towards Stirling; he himself follows on the morrow. His Army on Tuesday got to Linlithgow; the Lord General overtook them at Falkirk on Wednesday. Two such days of wind, hail, snow and rain as made our soldiers very uncomfortable indeed. On Friday,[1] the morning proving fair, we set out again; got to Kilsyth;—but the hail-reservoirs also opened on us again: we found it impossible to get along; and so returned, by the road we came; back to Edinburgh on Saturday,[2]—coated with white sleet,

* From the Archives of Oxford University; communicated by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.

[1] [This should be Thursday. Cromwell joined them on Wednesday. "The next morning promising fair we marched towards Kilsyth, . . . that afternoon was as bad or worse than the former, so the next morning, *viz.*, Friday the 7, the army marched back." *Perfect Diurnal* (E. 784, 10).

[2] *Perfect Diurnal* (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 100).

but endeavouring not to be discouraged. We hope we much terrified the Scots at Stirling; but the hail-reservoirs proved friendly to them.

LETTER CLXVII

The Oxford Convocation has received the foregoing Letter, 'canting Letter sent thereunto,' as crabbed Anthony designates it, 'dated at Edinburgh on the 4th of February,' and now at length made public in print; they have 'read it in Convocation,' continues Anthony, 'whereat the Members made the House re-'sound with their cheerful acclamations;' [1]—and the Lord General is and continues their Chancellor; encouraging and helping forward them and their work, in many ways, amid his weighty affairs, in a really faithful manner. As begins to be credible without much proof of ours, and might still be abundantly proved if needful.

Here however, in the first blush of the business, comes Mr. Waterhouse, with a small recommendation from the Lord General; 'John Waterhouse of Great Greenford in Middlesex, son of Francis 'Waterhouse by Bridget his wife,' if anybody want to know him better; [2]—'a student heretofore for eighteen years in Trinity College, Cambridge,' a meritorious Man and Healer since; whom one may well decorate with a Degree, or decorate a Degree with, by the next opportunity.

To my very worthy Friend Dr. Greenwood, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford

Edinburgh, 14th February 1650.

Sir,

This gentleman, Mr. Waterhouse, went over into Ireland as physician to the army there; of whose diligence, fidelity and abilities I had much experience. Whilst I was there,

[1] *Fasti*, ii. 159.

[2] *Ibid.* 163: 'created Doctor of Physic by virtue of the Letters of Oliver Cromwell, General' (12th March 1650-1). [There are two or three notices of him, as Dr. Joseph (*sic*) Waterhouse, in the State Papers of this year. He was perhaps related to the Nathaniel Waterhouse who is spoken of as Cromwell's "Steward" about this time.]

he constantly attended the army: and having, to my own knowledge, done very much good to the officers and soldiers, by his skill and industry; and being upon urgent occasion lately come into England, 'he' hath desired me to recommend him for the obtaining of the degree of Doctor in that science. Wherefore I earnestly desire you that, when he shall repair to you, you[1] will give him your best assistance for the obtaining of the said degree; he being shortly to return back to his charge in Ireland.

By doing whereof, as you will encourage one who is willing and ready to serve the public, so you will also lay a very great obligation upon,

Sir, your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CLXVIII

COLONEL ROBERT LILBURN, a stout impetuous soldier, as both his Brothers were, and steady to his side as neither of them was, had the honour, at a critical time, in the Summer of 1648, while Duke Hamilton and his Scots were about invading us, to do the State good service, as we transiently saw;[2]—to beat down, namely, and quite suppress, in Lancashire[3] a certain Sir Richard Tempest and his hot levyings of '1000 horse,' and indeed thereby to suppress all such levyings on behalf of the said Duke, in those Northern parts. An important, and at the time most welcome service. Letter of thanks, in consequence; reward of 1000*l.* in consequence,—reward voted, never yet paid, nor, as would seem, likely soon to be. Colonel Robert will take Delinquents' lands for his 1000*l.*; will buy Bear Park, with it and with other debentures or moneys: Bear Park, once *Beaurepaire*, a pleasant manor near native Durham, belongs to the Cathedral land; and might answer both parties, would the Committee of Obstructions move.

[1] 'that you' in the hasty original. [The repetition was very usual.]
[2] *Antea*, vol. i. p. 318. [See his life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.]
[3] [In Northumberland. See *Rushworth*, vii., 1177.]

* From the Archives of Oxford University; communicated by Rev. Dr. Bliss.

To the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England: These

Edinburgh, 8th March 1650.

Sir,

I am informed that Colonel Robert Lilburn is like to be damnified very much, in relation to his purchase of the manor of Beare Park in the county of Durham, by being employed in the service of the Commonwealth in[1] Scotland:—which business (as I understand), upon his petition to the Parliament, was referred to the Committee of Obstructions, and a report thereof hath lain ready in the hands of Mr. John Corbet,[2] a long time, unreported.

I do therefore humbly desire that the House may be moved to take the said report into speedy consideration, that so Colonel Lilburn may have redress therein, according as you shall think fit; and that his readiness and willingness to return to his charge here, and leave his own affairs to serve the public, may not turn to his disadvantage. I doubt not but those services he hath done in England and here will be a sufficient motive to gratify him herein; which shall be acknowledged by,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

Committee of Obstructions, 'a Committee for *removing* Obstructions to the Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands,' does accordingly bestir itself; and on Tuesday 18th March, the due order is given.[3] To which, we doubt not, as the matter then drops, effect was given,—till the Restoration came, and ousted Colonel Robert and some others. Whether the Colonel personally ever lived at Bear Park, or has left any trace of his presence there, the County Histories and other accessible records do not say.

[1] 'of' in *orig.* [2] [Chairman of the Committee of Petitions.]

[3] *Commons Journals*, vi. 492 (7th November 1650), his 'Petition,' referred to in this Letter; *ib.* 549 (18th March 1650), due 'redress' to him.

* *Baker MSS.* (Cambridge), xxxv. 79. [Now collated with the original, which is at Welbeck. Signed and sealed.]

LETTER CLXIX

HERE next, from another quarter, is a new University matter, —Project of a College at Durham; emerging incidentally like a green fruitful islet from amid the dim storms of War; agreeably arresting the eye for a moment.

Concerning which read in the Commons Journals of May last: 'A Letter from the Sheriff and Gentlemen of the County of 'Duresme, dated 24th April 1650; with a Paper' or Petition of the same date, '"delivered-in by the Grand Jury at the Sessions 'of the Peace holden at Duresme the 24th of April 1650, To be 'presented to the Honourable Parliament of this Nation,"—were 'this day read. *Ordered*, That it be referred to the Committee 'of Obstructions for Sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands, to consider 'these Desires of the Gentlemen and others of that County, 'touching the converting some of the Buildings at Duresme 'called the "College," which were the Houses of the late Dean 'and Chapter, into some College or School of Literature; to state 'the business, to'[1]—in short, to get on with it if possible.

This was some ten months ago, but still there is no visible way made; and now in the wild Spring weather here has been, I suppose, some Deputation of the Northern Gentry riding through the wild mountains, with humane intent, to represent the matter to the Lord General at Edinburgh; from whom, if he pleased to help it forward, a word might be very furthersome. The Lord General is prompt with his word;—writes this Letter, as I find, this and the foregoing, in some interval of a painful fit of sickness he has been labouring under.[2]

[1] *Commons Journals*, vi. 410 (8th May 1650).

[2] [There are many allusions to Cromwell's health in the news-letters about this time. A letter written on the 4th says that since his sickness he had been to Leith, but "came back not well again," but God be blessed, pretty cheerful though loath to venture abroad until he is stronger for fear of taking cold. *Several Proceedings* (E. 784 (23)). The General's wife appears to have been kept informed of her husband's state of health by a gentleman in attendance upon him. Writing "by an extraordinary post," on March 7, he says, "Truly, Madam, my lord took his rest very well on Tuesday night last, and so (blessed be God) he hath done every night since, and sometimes in the daytime also, so that he is better sensible both in Dr. Goddard's opinion and also in his own; hath a better stomach, and grows stronger." The writer ends by promising to send a further account on the morrow by the post, which also took up Cromwell's letter above. *Perfect Passages* (E. 784 (25)).]

For the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England: These

Edinburgh, 11th March 1650.

Sir,

Having received information from the Mayor and citizens of Durham, and some Gentlemen of the Northern Counties, That upon their Petition to the Parliament, that the Houses of the late Dean and Chapter of the City of Durham might be converted into a College or School of Literature, the Parliament was pleased in May last to refer the same to the Committee for removing Obstructions in the sale of Dean-and-Chapter Lands, to consider thereof, and to report their opinion therein to the House:[1] Which said Committee (as I am also informed) have so far approved thereof as that they are of an opinion That the said Houses will be a fit place to erect a College or School for all the Sciences and Literature, and that it will be a pious and laudable work and of great use to the Northern parts, and have ordered Sir Arthur Haselrig to make report thereof to the House accordingly: And the said Citizens and Gentlemen having made some address to me to contribute my assistance to them therein: to which, in so good and pious a work, I could not but willingly and heartily concur; and not knowing wherein I might better serve them, or answer their desires, than by recommending of the same to the Parliament by, Sir, yourself their Speaker, I do make it my humble and earnest request that the House may be moved, as speedily as conveniently may be, To hear the Report of the said Committee concerning the said Business, from Sir Arthur Haselrig; that so the House, taking the same into consideration, may do therein what shall seem meet for the good of those poor Countries.

Truly it seems to me a matter of great concernment and importance, as that which, by the blessing of God, may much conduce to the promoting of learning and piety in those poor rude and ignorant parts; there being also many concurring

[1] *Commons Journals, ubi supra.*

advantages to this Place, as pleasantness and aptness of situation, healthful air, and plenty of provisions, which seem to favour and plead for their desires therein. And besides the good (so obvious to us) those Northern Counties may reap thereby, who knows but the setting on foot of this work at this time may suit with God's present dispensations; and may (if due care and circumspection be used in the right constituting and carrying on the same) tend to, and (by the blessing of God) produce, such happy and glorious fruits as are scarce thought on or foreseen!

Sir, not doubting of your readiness and zeal to promote so good and public a work, I crave pardon for this boldness; and rest, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Whereupon the Committee for removing Obstructions does bestir itself; manages, in three months hence (for we do nothing rashly), to report[1] by 'Sir Arthur Haselrig, touching Duresme 'College-Buildings to be converted to a College or School for all 'the Sciences of Literature: That'—that—And, in brief, History itself has to report that the pious Project, thanks mainly to furtherance by the Lord General, whose power to further it increased by and by, did actually, some seven years hence, take effect;[2]—actually began giving Lessons of human Grammar, human Geography, Geometry, and other divine Knowledge, to the vacant human mind,—in those once sleepy Edifices, dark heretofore, or illuminated mainly by Dr. Cosin's Papistical waxlights or the like:[3] and so continued, in spite of opposition, till the Blessed Restoration put a stop to it, and to some other things. In late years there is again some kind of Durham College giving Lessons,—I hope, with good success.[4]

* *Baker MSS.* xxviii. 455: printed also in Hutchinson's *History of Durham;* and elsewhere. [Contemporaneous MS. copy at Welbeck.]

[1] *Commons Journals* (vi. 589), 18th June 1651.

[2] Protector's *Letters-Patent* of 15th May 1657, following up his *Ordinance in Council* of the previous Year: Hutchinson's *History of the County Palatine of Durham* (Newcastle, 1785), i. 514-30. See Cooper's *Annals of Cambridge*, iii. 473 (Cambridge Petition against it: 18th April 1659). 'Throve apace,' says Hutchinson, 'till' &c.

[3] [The buildings referred to were the private houses of the Dean and Chapter in the Cathedral Close of Durham, which is called the College.]

[4] [Durham University was refounded in 1831.]

LETTER CLXX

By that tempestuous sleety expedition in the beginning of February, my Lord General caught a dangerous illness, which hung about him, reappearing in three successive relapses, till June next; and greatly alarmed the Commonwealth and the Authorities. As this to Bradshaw, and various other Letters still indicate.[1]

To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These

Edinburgh, 24th March 1650.

My Lord,

I do with all humble thankfulness acknowledge your high favour, and tender respect of me, expressed in your letter, and the express sent therewith to inquire after one so unworthy as myself.[2]

Indeed, my Lord, your service needs not me: I am a poor creature, and have been a dry bone, and am still an unprofitable servant to my Master and you. I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness, but the Lord seemeth to dispose otherwise. But truly, my Lord, I desire not to live, unless I may obtain

[1] [He was now, however, much better. See next page, which is a quotation from the *Perfect Diurnal* (E. 784, 34).]

[2] [The letter from the Council, dated March 17, is partly printed in the *Calendar of S. P. Dom.*, 1651, p. 91. Mr. Jenkin Floyd or Lloyd was sent to Scotland to carry the letter and to inquire concerning the General's health, and hastened back with such speed that he had reached London with Cromwell's letter on the 28th. "A messenger which was sent express to understand the state of the health of the Lord General," the Council wrote to the ambassadors in Holland on that date, "hath brought to the Council a letter from the Lord General, signed with his own hand. Upon conference with the said messenger, we are informed that the health of the Lord General both by his own judgment and that of his physicians, is as good as it hath been at any time in his life." The following day, a reply was sent to the General himself. "We received yesternight your Lordship's letter," it begins, "by Mr. Lloyd, whom we had sent expressly to . . . bring us true information of the state of your health, whose diligence in so speedy a return was very acceptable to us, especially in regard of the good news he brought of your Lordship's so happy recovery . . . we doubt not but God will still continue you an instrument in His hand for settling the peace of this nation, and of His displeasure against those who will not see when His hand is lifted up." *S.P. Interregnum*, I. 96, pp. 48, 88, 89.]

mercy from the Lord to approve my heart and life to Him in more faithfulness and thankfulness, and 'to' those I serve in more profitableness and diligence. And I pray God, your Lordship, and all in public trust, may improve all those unparalleled experiences of the Lord's wonderful workings in your sight, with singleness of heart to His glory, and the refreshment of His people, who are to Him as the apple of His eye; and upon whom your enemies, both former and latter, who have fallen before you did split themselves.

This shall be the unfeigned prayer of,

My Lord, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

From Edinburgh, of date 18th March, by special Express we have this comfortable intelligence: 'The Lord General is now 'well recovered: he was in his dining-room today with his 'Officers, and was very cheerful and pleasant.' And the symptoms, we see, continue good and better on the 24th. 'So 'that there is not any fear, by the blessing of God, but our 'General will be enabled to take the field when the Provisions 'arrive.' 'Dr. Goddard' is attending him.[1] Before the end of the month he is on foot again; sieging Blackness, sieging the Island of Inchgarvie, or giving Colonel Monk directions to that end.

LETTER CLXXI

THE following Letter brings its own commentary:

For my beloved Wife Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These

'Edinburgh,' 12th April 1651.

MY DEAREST,

I praise the Lord I am increased in strength in my outward man: but that will not satisfy me except I get

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 101).

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 100, 1). [In June Dr. Goddard was ordered 100*l.* and recommended to the Universities' Committee to be made Master of a college "for his care and pains with the Lord General in his sickness." *Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1651, p. 251. He was made Warden of Merton College, Oxford, in the following December.]

a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better; and get more of the light of His countenance, which is better than life, and more power over my corruptions: in these hopes I wait, and am not without expectation of a gracious return. Pray for me; truly I do daily for thee, and the dear family; and God Almighty bless you all with His spiritual blessings.

Mind poor Bettie of the Lord's great mercy. Oh, I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord; and to keep close to Him; and to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her and for him. Truly they are dear to me, very dear; and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them,—knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtle the adversary is, and what way the deceitfulness of our hearts and the vain world make for his temptations. The Lord give them truth of heart to Him. Let them seek Him in truth, and they shall find Him.

My love to the dear little ones; I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their Letters; let me have them often.

Beware of my Lord Harbert his resort to your house. If he do so, 'it' may occasion scandal, as if I were bargaining with him. Indeed, be wise, you know my meaning. Mind Sir Hen: Vane of the business of my estate. Mr. Floyd knows my whole mind in this matter.

If Dick Cromwell and his wife be with you, my dear love to them. I pray for them: they shall, God willing, hear from me. I love them very dearly. Truly I am not able as yet to write much. I am wearied; and rest,

Thine,

Oliver Cromwell.*

'Bettie' and 'he' are Elizabeth Claypole and her Husband; of whom, for the curious, there is a longwinded intricate account

* *Cole MS.* xxxiii. 37 [*Add. MS.* 5834]: a Copy; Copies are frequent.

by Noble,[1] but very little discoverable in it. They lived at Norborough, which is near Market Deeping, but in Northamptonshire; where, as already intimated, the Lady Protectress, Widow Elizabeth Cromwell, after the Restoration, found a retreat. 'They had at least three sons and daughters.' Claypole became 'Master of the Horse' to Oliver; sat in Parliament; made an elegant appearance in the world:—but dwindled sadly after his widowership; his second marriage ending in 'separation,' in a third *quasi-marriage*, and other confusions, poor man! But as yet the Lady Claypole lives; bright and brave. 'Truly they are dear to me, very dear.'

'Dick Cromwell and his Wife' seem to be up in Town on a visit;—living much at their ease in the Cockpit, they. Brother Henry, in these same days, is out 'in the King's County' in Ireland; doing hard duty at 'Ballybawn,' and elsewhere,[2]—the distinguished Colonel Cromwell. And Deputy Ireton, with his labours, is wearing himself to death. In the same house, one works, another goes idle.

'The Lord Herbert' is Henry Somerset, eldest son of the now Marquis of Worcester,—of the Lord Glamorgan whom we knew slightly at Ragland, in underhand 'Irish Treaties' and such like; whose *Century of Inventions* is still slighty known to here and there a reader of Old Books. 'This Lord Herbert,' it seems, 'became Duke of Beaufort after the Restoration.' For obvious reasons, you are to 'beware of his resort to your house at present.' A kind of professed Protestant he, but come of rank Papists and Malignants; which may give rise to commentaries. One stupid Annotator on a certain Copy of this Letter says, 'his Lordship had an intrigue with Mrs. Claypole;'—which is evidently downright stupor and falsehood, like so much else.[3]

[1] ii. 375, &c. [2] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 102).

[3] [Cole, the annotator in question, goes on to say that "by this means he made an easy composition with Oliver for his estate." This is nonsense, as compositions were not made with the Lord General. The great Worcester estates had been confiscated long ago, some of them, as we have seen, being assigned to Cromwell; but Lord Herbert himself appears to have been unmolested until December, 1650, when a charge of delinquency was exhibited against him in the Committee for Compounding, *viz.*: "that he rode in Oxford with a sword when it was a King's garrison, and was with his father at Newent at the siege of Gloucester, riding in a troop of horse." Nothing much seems to have come of the charge at the time, and in April, 1651, he appears rather as plaintiff than defendant in a business relating to the Worcester lands in Cromwell's hands, as on April 23 Parliament appointed a Committee upon Lord Herbert's petition, to consider what interest he had in any of the lands lately settled on the Lord General, and if they find he has a good title, to except out of "sale by the Act" lands of like value. The date of this order is two days later than Cromwell's letter to his wife, and his mention

LETTER CLXXII

Upon the Surrender of Edinburgh Castle, due provision had been made for conveyance of the Public Writs and Registers to what quarter the Scotch Authorities might direct; and 'Passes,' under the Lord General's hand, duly granted for that end. Archibald Johnston, Lord Register, we conclude, had superintended the operation; had, after much labour, bundled the Public Writs properly together into masses, packages; and put them on shipboard, considering this the eligiblest mode of transport towards Stirling and the Scotch head-quarters at present. But now it has fallen out, in the middle of last month, that the said ship has been taken, as many ships and shallops on both sides now are; and the Public Writs are in jeopardy: whereupon ensues correspondence; and this fair Answer from my Lord General:

'*To the Honourable Archibald Johnston, Lord Register of Scotland: These*'

Edinburgh, 12th April 1651.

My Lord,

Upon the perusal of the passes formerly given for the safe passing of the public writs and registers of the Kingdom of Scotland, I do think they[1] ought to be restored: and they shall be so, to such persons as you shall appoint to receive them, with passes for persons and vessels, to carry them to such place as shall be appointed: so that it be done within one month next following.

I herewith send you a pass for your Servant to go into Fife, and to return with the other clerks; and rest,

Your servant,

Oliver Cromwell.*

of "bargaining" apparently refers to this business. The same Parliament order directs the Committee for Compounding to report concerning Lord Herbert's delinquency, an order which is repeated a month later, but no further proceedings in the case are recorded. See *Cal. of Committee for Compounding*, pp. 435, 1706.]

[1] The Writs and Registers.

* Thurloe, i. 177. *Records of the Laigh Parliament House.* [In these *Records* Cromwell's spelling is altered to the Scotch fashion. Probably the entries were made from dictation.]

Warriston's answer, written on Monday, the 12th being Saturday, is given also in *Thurloe*. The Lord General's phrase, 'perusal of the Passes,' we now find is prospective, and means 'reperusal,' new sight of them by the Lord General; which, Archibald earnestly urges, is impossible;[1] the original Passes being now far off in the hands of the Authorities, and the Writs in a state of imminent danger, lying in a ship at Leith, as Archibald obscurely intimates, which the English Governor has got his claws over, and keeps shut up in dock; with a considerable leak in her, too: very bad stowage for such goods.[2] Which obscure intimation of Archibald's becomes lucid to us, as to the Lord General it already was, when we read this sentence of Bulstrode's, under date 22d March 1650-1: 'Letters that the Books and Goods belonging to 'the' Scotch 'King and Register were taken by the Parliament's 'ships; and another ship, laden with oats, meal, and other pro-'visions, going to Fife: twenty-two prisoners.'[3] For captures and small sea-surprisals abound in the Frith at present; the Parliament-ships busy on one hand; and the 'Captain of the Bass,' the 'Shippers of Wemyss,' and the like active persons doing their duty on the other,—whereby infinite 'biscuit,' and such small ware, is from time to time realised.[4]

Without doubt the Public Writs were all redelivered, according to the justice of the case;[5] and the term of 'one month' which Archibald pleads hard to get lengthened, was made into two, or the necessary time. Archibald's tone towards the Lord General is anxiously respectful, nay submissive and subject. In fact, Archibald belongs, if not by profession, yet by invincible tendency, to the Remonstrant Ker-and-Strahan Party; and looks dimly

[1] [One would rather judge from Warriston's letter that Cromwell's meaning is—that upon perusal of certain of the passes (entrusted to Warriston for this purpose), he thinks the "Writs" should be restored, and that they shall be so, to persons properly appointed and armed with the orders or passes originally given out at Edinburgh. To which Warriston replies that this being a redelivery, he fears whether he shall be able to get at the original passes, but will do his best, if the General insists.]

[2] Thurloe, i., 177.

[3] Whitlocke, p. 490.

[4] Balfour, iv. 204, 241, 251, &c.

[5] [They reached Stirling Castle, it is true, but made no long stay there, for upon its surrender in August they were seized, and by advice of the Council of State, Parliament made order "that all the records, with the regalia and insignia," were to be brought to England and placed in the Tower; where they duly arrived, and were no doubt joyfully received by William Ryley, the zealous Keeper of the Records there. He was allowed 50*l.* to defray charges and for his trouble in the matter. In 1653 the Protector ordered their restoration, but unfortunately many were lost in a storm at sea, on their way home.]

forward to a near time when there will be no refuge for him, and the like of him, but Cromwell. Strahan, in the month of January last, is already 'excommunicated, and solemnly delivered to the Devil, in the Church of Perth.'[1] This is what you have to look for, from a Quasi-Malignant set of men!

This Archibald, as is well known, sat afterwards in Cromwell's Parliaments; became 'one of Cromwell's Lords;' and ultimately lost his life for these dangerous services. Archibald Johnston of Warriston; loose-flowing Bishop Burnet's uncle by the Mother's side: a Lord Register of whom all the world has heard. Redactor of the Covenanters' protests, in 1637, and onwards; redactor perhaps of the Covenant itself; canny lynx-eyed Lawyer, and austere Presbyterian Zealot; full of fire, of heavy energy and gloom: in fact, a very notable character;—of whom our Scotch friends might do well to give us farther elucidations. Certain of his Letters edited by Lord Hailes,[2] a man of fine intelligence, though at that time ignorant of this subject, have proved well worth their paper and ink. Many more, it appears, still lie in the Edinburgh Archives. A good selection and edition of them were desirable. But, alas, will any human soul ever again *love* poor Warriston, and take pious pains with him, in this world? Properly it turns all upon that; and the chance seems rather dubious!—

SECOND VISIT TO GLASGOW

That Note to Warriston, and the Letter to Elizabeth Cromwell, as may have been observed, are written on the same day, Saturday 12th April 1651. Directly after which, on Wednesday the 16th, there is a grand Muster of the Army on Musselburgh Links; preparatory to new operations. Blackness Fort has surrendered; Inchgarvie Island is beset by gunboats: Colonel Monk, we perceive, who has charge of these services, is to be made Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance: and now there is to be an attack on Burntisland with gunboats, which also, one hopes, may succeed. As for the Army, it is to go westward this same afternoon; try whether cautious Lesley, straitened or assaulted from both west and east, will not come out of his Stirling fastness, so that some

[1] Balfour, iv. 240.
[2] *Memorials and Letters in the reign of Charles I.* (Glasgow, 1766).

good may be done upon him. The Muster is held on Musselburgh Links; whereat the Lord General, making his appearance, is received 'with shouts and acclamations,' the sight of him infinitely comfortable to us.[1] The Lord General's health is somewhat re-established, though he has had relapses, and still tends a little towards ague. 'About three in the afternoon' all is on march towards Hamilton; quarters 'mostly in the field there.' Where the Lord General himself arrives, on Friday night, late, and on the morrow afternoon we see Glasgow again.

Concerning which here are two notices from opposite points of the compass, curiously corroborative of one another; which we must not withhold. Face-to-face glimpses into the old dead actualities; worth rescuing with a Cromwell in the centre of them.

The first is from Baillie;[2] shows us à glance of our old friend Carstairs withal. Read this fraction of a Letter: "Reverend and "beloved Brother,—For preventing of mistakes," lest you should think us looselaced, Remonstrant, sectarian individuals, "we "have thought meet to advertise you that Cromwell having come "to Hamilton on Friday late, and to Glasgow on Saturday with "a body of his Army, sooner than with safety we could well have "retired ourselves,"—there was nothing for it but to stay and abide him here! "On Sunday forenoon he came unexpectedly "to the High Inner Kirk; where quietly he heard Mr. Robert "Ramsay," unknown to common readers, "preach a very good, "honest sermon, pertinent to his" Cromwell's "case. In the "afternoon he came, as unexpectedly, to the High Outer Kirk; "where he heard Mr. John Carstairs," our old friend, "lecture "and" a "Mr. James Durham preach,—graciously, and weel to "the times as could have been desired." So that you see we are not of the looselaced species, we! And "generally all who "preached that day in the Town gave a fair enough testimony "against the Sectaries."—Whereupon, next day, Cromwell sent for us to confer with him in a friendly manner. "All of us did meet to advise," for the case was grave: however, we have decided to go; nay are just going;—but, most unfortunately, do not write any record of our interview! Nothing, except some transient assertion elsewhere that "we had no disadvantage in the thing."[3]—So that now, from the opposite point of the com-

[1] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 102).
[2] (Glasgow, 22d April 1651) iii. 165.
[3] Baillie, iii. 168.

pass, the old London Newspaper must come in; curiously confirmatory:

"SIR,—We came hither" to Glasgow "on Saturday last, April "19th. The Ministers and Townsmen generally stayed at home, "and did not quit their habitations as formerly. The Ministers "that are here are those that have deserted from the proceedings "beyond the Water," at Perth,—and are in fact given to Remonstrant ways, though Mr. Baillie denies it: "yet they are equally "dissatisfied with us. And though they preach against us in the "pulpit to our faces,[1] yet we permit them without disturbance, "as willing to gain them by love.

"My Lord General sent to them to give us a friendly Christian "meeting, To discourse of those things which they rail against "us for; that if possible, all misunderstandings between us may "be taken away; which accordingly they gave us on Wednesday "last. There was no bitterness nor passion vented on either "side; all was with moderation and tenderness. My Lord "General and Major-General Lambert, for the most part, main-"tained the discourse; and, on their part, Mr. James Guthry "and Mr. Patrick Gillespie.[2] We know not what satisfaction "they have received. Sure I am, there was no such weight in "their arguments as might in the least discourage us from what "we have undertaken; the chiefest thing on which they insisted "being our Invasion into Scotland."[3]

The Army quitted Glasgow after some ten days; rather hastily, on Wednesday 30th April; pressing news, some false alarm of movements about Stirling, having arrived by express from the East. They marched again for Edinburgh;—quenched some foolish Town Riot, which had broken out among the Glasgow Baillies themselves, on some quarrel of their own; and was now tugging and wriggling, in a most unseemly manner, on the open streets, and likely to enlist the population generally, had not Cromwell's soldiers charitably scattered it asunder before they went.[4] In three days they were in Edinburgh again.

[1] ["to our forces" in the old tract.]

[2] 'Gelaspy' the Sectarian spells; in all particulars of facts he coincides with Baillie. Guthry and Gillespie, noted men in that time, published a 'Sum' of this Interview (Baillie, iii. 168), but nobody now knows it. [Patrick Gilaspy was one of the Scottish ministers sent for by Cromwell in 1654. See Supplement No. 86.]

[3] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 102).

[4] "Ane Information concerning the late Tumult in Glasgow, Wednesday, April 30th, at the very time of Cromwell's Removal" (in Baillie, iii. 161). [As the riot was in consequence of an attempt by the magistrates to stop the proceedings of a

When a luminous body, such as Oliver Cromwell, happens to be crossing a dark Country, a dark Century, who knows what he will not disclose to us! For example: On the Western edge of Lanarkshire, in the desolate uplands of the Kirk of Shotts, there dwelt at that time a worshipful Family of Scotch Lairds, of the name of Stewart, at a House called Allertoun,—a lean turreted angry-looking old Stone House, I take it; standing in some green place, in the alluvial hollows of the Auchter Burn or its tributaries: most obscure; standing lean and grim, like a thousand such; entirely unnoticeable by History,—had not Oliver chanced to pass in that direction, and make a call there! Here is an account of that event: unfortunately very vague, not written till the second generation after; indeed, palpably incorrect in some of its details; but indubitable as to the main fact; and too curious to be omitted here. The date, not given or hinted at in the original, seems to fix itself as Thursday 1st May 1651. On that day Auchter Burn, rushing idly on as usual, the grim old turreted Stone House, and rigorous Presbyterian inmates, and desolate uplands of the Kirk of Shotts in general,—saw Cromwell's face, and have become memorable to us. Here is the record given as we find it.[1]

'There was a fifth Son' of Sir Walter Stewart, Laird of Allertoun: 'James; who in his younger years was called "the Captain 'of Allertoun,"—from this incident: Oliver Cromwell, Captain-'General of the English Sectarian Army, after taking Edinburgh 'Castle, was making a Progress through the West of Scotland; 'and came down towards the River Clyde near Lanark, and was 'on his march back, against King Charles the Second's Army, 'then with the King at Stirling. Being informed of a near way 'through Auchtermuir, he came with some General Officers to 'reconnoitre; and had a Guide along. Sir Walter, being a 'Royalist and Covenanter, had absconded. As he' Cromwell 'passed, he called in at Allertoun for a further Guide; but no 'men were to be found, save one valetudinary Gentleman, Sir 'Walter's Son,'—properly a poor valetudinary Boy, as appears, who of course could do nothing for him.

'He found the road not practicable for carriages; and upon 'his return he called in at Sir Walter's House. There was none

committee appointed by the citizens to collect and hand over the "cess" demanded by the English garrison at Hamilton, it was a case in which the English troops would naturally interfere.]

[1] *Coltness Collections*, published by the Maitland Club (Glasgow, 1842), p. 9.

'to entertain him but the Lady and Sir Walter's sickly Son. The 'good Woman was as much for the King and Royal Family as 'her Husband: but she offered the General the civilities of her 'House; and a glass of canary was presented. The General ob- 'served the forms of these times (I have it from good authority), 'and he asked a blessing in a long pathetic grace before the cup 'went round;—he drank his good wishes [1] for the family, and 'asked for Sir Walter; and was pleased to say, His Mother was 'a Stewart's Daughter, and he had a relation to the name. All 'passed easy; and our James, being a lad of ten years, came so 'near as to handle the hilt of one of the swords: upon which 'Oliver stroked his head, saying, "You are my little Captain;" 'and this was all the Commission our Captain of Allertoun ever 'had.

'The General called for some of his own wines for himself and 'other Officers,[2] and would have the Lady try his wine; and was 'so humane, When he saw the young Gentleman so maigre and 'indisposed, he said, Changing the climate might do good, and 'the South of France, Montpellier, was the place.

'Amidst all this humanity and politeness he omitted not, in 'person, to return thanks to God in a pointed grace after his 'repast; and after this hasted on his return to join the Army. 'The Lady had been a strenuous Royalist, and her Son a Captain 'in command at Dunbar; yet upon this interview with the 'General she abated much of her zeal. She said she was sure 'Cromwell was one who feared God, and had that fear in him, 'and the true interest of Religion at heart. A story of this kind 'is no idle digression; it has some small connexion with the 'Family concerns, and shows some little of the genius of these 'distracted times.'—And so we leave it; vague, but indubitable; standing on such basis as it has.[3]

[1] Certainly incorrect. [2] Imaginary.

[3] [Of this story, Mr. Douglas remarks that Allertoun should be Allenton; that the incident ought possibly to be assigned to Cromwell's homeward march after his first visit to Glasgow, and that, judging from the "Memorie of the Somervilles," Sir Walter Stewart's royalism was not above suspicion. (See *Cromwell's Scotch Campaigns*, p. 148 *note*.)]

LETTER CLXXIII

'For my beloved Wife Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These'

Edinburgh, 3d May 1651.

My Dearest,

I could not satisfy myself to omit this post, although I have not much to write; yet indeed I love to write to my dear, who is very much in my heart. It joys me to hear thy soul prospereth: the Lord increase His favours to thee more and more. The great good thy soul can wish is, That the Lord lift upon thee the light of His countenance, which is better than life. The Lord bless all thy good counsel and example to all those about thee, and hear all thy prayers, and accept thee always.

I am glad to hear thy son and daughter are with thee. I hope thou wilt have some good opportunity of good advice to him. Present my duty to my Mother, my love to all the family. Still pray for

Thine,

Oliver Cromwell.*

Written the day after his return to Edinburgh. 'Thy Son and Daughter' are, to all appearance, Richard and his Wife, who prolong their visit at the Cockpit. The good old 'Mother', is still spared with us, to have 'my duty' presented to her. A pale venerable Figure; who has lived to see strange things in this world;—can piously, in her good old tremulous heart, rejoice in such a Son.[1]

* Harris, p. 517. [Same date, Appendix 20.*]

[1] [Between this letter and the next is one to Hammond, dated May 13. See Supplement, No. 65.

Cromwell wrote other letters at this time of which we find traces amongst the papers of the Council of State, although the letters themselves have not been preserved, *viz.*:—

April 1 (about), to Sir Henry Vane, concerning draught horses, a further supply of hay, etc. Referred, on April 7, to the Irish and Scotch Committee.

April 5. Evidently a further request for supplies. Referred, on April 10, to the same committee, "who are to confer with the navy victuallers concerning it."

April 8. "Concerning commissioners to be sent to Scotland." Referred by Parliament to the Council of State on April 15.

May 3 (probably). Desiring an establishment for Edinburgh Castle and Leith

Precisely in these days, a small ship driven by stress of weather into Ayr Harbour, and seized and searched by Cromwell's Garrison there, discloses a matter highly interesting to the Commonwealth. A Plot, namely, on the part of the English Presbyterian-Royalists, English Royalists Proper, and all manner of Malignant Interests in England, to unite with the Scots and their King: in which certain of the London Presbyterian Clergy, Christopher Love among others, are deeply involved. The little ship was bound for the Isle of Man, with tidings to the Earl of Derby concerning the affair; and now we have caught her within the Bars of Ayr; and the whole matter is made manifest![1] Reverend Christopher Love is laid hold of, 7th May; he and others: and the Council of State is busy. It is the same Christopher who preached at Uxbridge Treaty long since, That 'Heaven might as well think of uniting with Hell.' Were a new High Court of Justice once constituted, it will go hard with Christopher.

As for the Lord General, this march to Glasgow has thrown him into a new relapse, which his Doctor counts as the third since March last. The disease is now ague; comes and goes, till, in the end of this month, the Council of State, as ordered by Parliament, requests him to return, in the mean while, to England for milder air;[2] and despatches two London Doctors to him; whom the Lord Fairfax is kind enough to 'send in his own coach;' who arrive in Edinburgh on the 30th of May, 'and are affectionately entertained by my Lord.'[3] The two Doctors are Bates and Wright. Bates, in his loose-tongued *History of the Troubles*, redacted in aftertimes, observes strict silence as to this Visit. Here is the Lord General's Answer; indicating with much thankfulness that he will not now need to return.

(ordered, May 8, to be reported to the House); also particulars of ordnance, colours, etc., needed (referred to the Ordnance Committee) and, at the same time, a letter to Sir Harry Vane "of the particulars wanting," referred to the Irish and Scotch Committee.

May 10 (about). Desiring a supply of medicaments and surgeons. Referred, on May 15, to the Irish and Scotch Committee, who are to send the persons and commodities mentioned to Scotland. See *Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1651, pp. 134, 140, 147, 184, 201, 203.]

[1] Bates: *History of the late Troubles in England* (Translation of the *Elenchus Motuum*; London, 1685), Part ii. 115.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 476; *Commons Journals* (vi. 579), 27th May 1651.

[3] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 103).

LETTER CLXXIV

'To the Lord President of the Council of State: These'

Edinburgh, 3d June 1651.

My Lord,

I have received yours of the 27th of May, with an order of Parliament for my liberty to return into England for change of air, that thereby I might the better recover my health; all which came unto me whilst Dr. Wright and Dr. Bates, whom your Lordship sent down, were with me.

I shall not need to recite the extremity of my last sickness: it was so violent that indeed my nature was not able to bear the weight thereof. But the Lord was pleased to deliver me, beyond expectation, and to give me cause to say once more, "He hath plucked me out of the grave!"[1]—My Lord, the indulgence of the Parliament expressed by their order is a very high and undeserved favour, of which although it be fit I keep a thankful remembrance, yet I judge it would be too much presumption in me to[2] return a particular acknowledgment. I beseech you give me the boldness to return my humble thankfulness to the Council for sending two such worthy persons, so great a journey, to visit me; from whom I have received much encouragement, and good direction for recovery of health and strength, which I find by the goodness of God, growing to such a state as may yet, if it be His good will, render me useful according to my poor ability, in the station wherein He hath set me.

I wish more steadiness in your affairs here than to depend, in the least degree, upon so frail a thing as I am. Indeed they do not, nor on any instrument. This Cause is of God and it must prosper. Oh, that all that have any hand therein, being

[1] Psalm xxx. 3, 'hast brought up my soul from the grave;' or, lxxxvi. 13, 'delivered my soul from:' but 'plucked' is not in any of the texts.

[2] 'not to' in *orig.*;—dele 'not.'

so persuaded, would gird up the loins of their minds, and endeavour in all things to walk worthy of the Lord! So prays,

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The Lord General's case was somewhat grave; at one time, it seemed hopeless for this summer. 'My Lord is not sensible that he is grown an old man.' The Officers were to proceed without him; directed by him from the distance. Here, however, is an improvement; and two days after, on the 5th of June, the Lord General is seen abroad in his coach again; shakes his ailments and infirmities of age away, and takes the field in person once more. The Campaign is now vigorously begun; though as yet no great result follows from it.[1]

On the 25th of June, the Army from all quarters reassembled 'in its old Camp on the Pentland Hills;' marched westward; left Linlithgow July 2d, ever westward, with a view to force the Enemy from his strong ground about Stirling. Much pickeering, vapouring, and transient skirmishing ensues; but the Enemy, strongly entrenched at Torwood, secured by bogs and brooks, cannot be forced out. We take Calendar House, and do other insults, before their eyes; they will not come out. Cannonadings there are 'from opposite Hills;' but not till it please the Enemy can there be any battle. David Lesley, second in rank, but real leader of the operations, is at his old trade again. The Problem is becoming difficult. We decide to get across into Fife; to take them in flank, and at least cut off an important part of their supplies.

Here is the Lord General's Letter on the result of that enterprise. Farther details of the Battle, which is briefly spoken of here,—still remembered in those parts as the *Battle of Inverkeithing*,—may be found in Lambert's own Letter concerning it.[2] 'Sir

* Kimber's (anonymous) *Life of Oliver Cromwell* (London, 1724), p. 201; does not say whence derived. [*Perfect Politician*, 1660. Also in *Several Proceedings in Parliament*, p. 1354, E. 785, 40.]

[1] [On June 17 Cromwell wrote to the Council of State concerning Fleetwood and Whalley. See Supplement, No. 66. And Letter CLXXVIII., which Carlyle printed as written in July, was really written on June 28, and should come in here.]

[2] North Ferry, 22d July 1651 (Whitlocke, p. 472): the Battle was on Sunday the 20th. See also Balfour, iv. 313.

John Browne, their Major-General,'[1] was once a zealous Parliamenteer; 'Governor of Abingdon' and much else; but the King gained him, growls Ludlow, 'by the gift of a pair of silk stockings,' —poor wretch! Besides Browne, there are Massey, and various Englishmen of mark with this Malignant Army. Massey's Brother, a subaltern person in London, is one of the conspirators with Christopher Love.—The Lord General has in the interim made his Third Visit to Glasgow; concerning which there are no details worth giving here.[2] Christopher Love, on the 5th of this month, was condemned to die.[3]

LETTER CLXXV

For the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These

Linlithgow, 21st July 1651.

Sir,

After our waiting upon the Lord, and not knowing what course to take, for indeed we know nothing but what God pleaseth to teach us, of His great mercy we were directed to send a party to get us a landing 'on the Fife coast' by our boats, whilst we marched towards Glasgow.

On Thursday morning last, Colonel Overton, with about one-thousand four-hundred foot and some horse and dragoons, landed at the North Ferry in Fife; we with the army lying near the enemy (a small river parting us and them) had consultations to attempt the enemy within his fortifications: but the Lord was not pleased to give way to that counsel, proposing a better way for us. Major-General Lambert marched, on Thursday night, with two regiments of horse and two regiments of foot, for better securing the place; and to attempt upon the enemy as occasion should serve. He getting over, and finding a considerable body of the enemy there (who would probably have beaten our men from the place if he had not come), drew

[1] [Carlyle confuses Sir John Browne of Fordell, a Scot, with Major-General Richard Browne.]

[2] Whitlocke p. 471; *Milton State-Papers*, p. 84 (11th July 1651).

[3] Wood, iii. 278, &c.

out and fought them; he being two regiments of horse, and about four-hundred of horse and dragoons more, and three regiments of foot; the enemy five regiments of foot, and about four or five regiments of horse. They came to a close charge and in the end totally routed the enemy; having taken about forty or fifty colours,[1] killed near two-thousand, some say more; have taken Sir John Browne, their Major-General, who commanded in chief, and other Colonels and considerable Officers killed and taken, and about five or six Hundred prisoners.[2] The enemy is removed from their ground with their whole army; but whither we know not certainly.

This is an unspeakable mercy. I trust the Lord will follow it until He hath perfected peace and truth. We can truly say, we were gone as far as we could in our counsel and action, and we did say one to another, we knew not what to do. Wherefore it's sealed upon our hearts, that this, as all the rest, is from the Lord's goodness, and not from man. I hope it becometh me to pray that we may walk humbly and self-denyingly before the Lord, and believingly also; that you whom we serve, as the authority over us, may do the work committed to you, with uprightness and faithfulness, and thoroughly, as to the Lord; that you may not suffer anything to remain that offends the eyes of His jealousy; that the common weal may more and more be sought, and justice done impartially. For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro; and as He finds out His enemies here, to be avenged on them, so will He not spare them for whom He doth good, if by His lovingkindness they become not good. I shall take the humble boldness to represent this engagement in the words of David in the 119th Psalm, 134th verse, *Deliver me from the oppression of man, so will I keep Thy precepts.*

I take leave, and rest,

Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

[1] Farther account of these in Appendix, No. 22.

[2] [In a letter written next day Cromwell corrects this statement, having learnt that between fifteen and sixteen hundred prisoners had been taken. See Supplement, No. 67.]

P.S. The carriage of the Major-General, as in all other things so in this, is worthy of your taking notice of; as also the Colonels Okey, Overton, Daniel, West, Lydcot, Syler, and the rest of the Officers.*

Matters now speedily take another turn. At the Castle of 'Dundas' we are still on the South side of the Frith; in front of the Scotch lines, though distant: but Inchgarvie, often tried with gunboats, now surrenders; Burntisland, by force of gunboats and dispiritment, surrenders: the Lord General himself goes across into Fife. The following Letters speak for themselves.

LETTER CLXXVI

'To the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These'

Dundas, 24th July 1651.

My Lord,

It hath pleased God to put your affairs here in some hopeful way, since the last defeat given to the enemy.

I marched with the army very near to Stirling, hoping thereby to get the pass; and went myself with General Deane, and some others, up to Bannockburn; hearing that the enemy were marched on the other side towards our forces in Fife. Indeed they went four or five miles on towards them, but hearing of my advance, in all haste they retreated back, and possessed the Park, and their other works; which we viewed, and finding them not advisable to attempt, resolved to march to Queensferry, and there to ship over so much of the army as might hopefully be master of the field in Fife. Which accordingly we have almost perfected; and have left, on this side, somewhat better than four regiments of horse, and as many of foot.

I hear now the enemy's great expectation is to supply themselves in the West with recruits of men, and what victual they

* Newspapers (in *Parl. Hist.* xix. 494; and *Cromwelliana*, p. 105).

can get: for they may expect none out of the North, when once our army shall interpose between them and St. Johnstons. To prevent their prevalency in the West, and making incursions into the Borders of England, * * *[1]

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CLXXVII

OF this Letter Sir Harry Vane and the Council of State judge it improper to publish anything in the Newspapers, except a rough abstract, in words of their own, of the *first two paragraphs* and the *concluding one*. In which state it presents itself in the Old Pamphlets.[2] The Letter copied in full lies among the *Tanner Manuscripts*;—gives us a glimpse into the private wants, and old furnitures, of the Cromwell Army. 'Pots' are cavalry helmets; 'backs-and-breasts' are still seen on cuirassier regiments; 'snaphances' (German *schnapphahn*, snapcock) are a new wonderful invention, giving fire by flint-and-steel;—promising, were they not so terribly expensive, to supersede the old slow matchlock in field-service! But, I believe, they wind up like a watch before the trigger acts;[3] and come very high!—

For the Right Honourable the Lord President of the Council of State: These

'Leith,'[4] 26th July 1651.

MY LORD,

I am able to give you no more account than what you have by my last, only we have now in Fife about

[1] Sir Harry Vane, who reads the Letter in Parliament, judges it prudent to stop here (*Commons Journals*, vi. 614).

[2] In *Parliamentary History*, xix. 498.

[3] Grose's *Military Antiquities*. [Carlyle confuses the two sorts of firelock muskets, the wheellock and the snaphanse or flintlock. For the difference between them, see *Cromwell's Army*, p. 87.]

[4] [Carlyle dated this letter from Linlithgow; but a letter written at Leith on this very day says: "My Lord General is here at Leith for a week, to take physic and refresh himself, if the armies drawing near together do not call him away." *Mercurius Politicus*, No. 61 (E. 640, 2). The writer of this letter took a more sanguine view of the state of affairs than his General. "We have 20,000 men on Fifeside," he wrote, "so that the enemy will be hard put to it, and their late projects of delay be utterly spoiled and prevented."]

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 107).

thirteen or fourteen thousand horse and foot. The enemy is at his old lock,[1] and lieth in and near Stirling, where we cannot come to fight him, except he please, or we go upon too-too manifest hazards; he having very strongly laid himself, and having a very great advantage there. Whither we hear he hath lately gotten great provisions of meal, and reinforcement of his strength out of the North under Marquis Huntly. It is our business still to wait upon God, to show us our way how to deal with this subtle enemy; which I hope He will.

Our forces on this side the river[2] are not very many: wherefore I have sent for Colonel Rich's, and shall appoint them, with the forces under Colonel Sanders, to embody close upon the Borders, and to be in readiness to join with those left on this side the Frith, or to be for the security of England, as occasion shall offer;[3] there being little use of them where they lie, as we know.

Your soldiers begin to fall sick, through the wet weather which has lately been. It is desired, therefore, that the recruits of foot determined 'on,' may rather come sooner in time than usually; and may be sure to be full in numbers, according to your appointment, whereof great failing have lately been. For the way of raising them, it is wholly submitted to your pleasure;

[1] [See p. 103 above.] [2] Means 'Frith' always.

[3] [A letter from Leith shows what Cromwell means, stating that the Lord General is reserving a body of horse and foot, together with Colonel Rich's horse in Nottinghamshire and those left by Major-General Harrison in Northumberland and Cumberland, which he has sent for, to lie upon the borders, where they "will be in a capacity, through God's assistance, to engage or at least impede their [the Scots] march, if they attempt that way." *Army's Intelligencer* (E. 638, 15). See also another letter in *Mercurius Politicus* (E. 640, 2), and yet another written on the 29th. This last says that the enemy "have a wistly look towards England, and 'tis thought they will endeavour to play that game" (*Ibid.*). The letters from the North in this number of *Mercurius Politicus* are preceded by the following news from Paris: "Aug. 9 [*i.e.* July 30]. Yesterday, very early in the morning, the little Queen [Henrietta Maria], imparted unto the Ambassador of Savoy . . . that General Cromwell had been altogether routed in a fight wherein, she said, her son behaved himself gallantly, and came off victoriously, with his arms bloody by slaying his enemies; after which he had prosecuted his victory almost to the very gates of London." The editor continues: "Now you have seen what the royal news is abroad, pray let us see in the next place what our friends say in Scotland," and proceeds to describe the surrender of Burntisland without a shot fired.]

and we hearing you rather choose to send us volunteers than pressed-men, shall be very glad you go that way.

Our spades are spent to a very small number: we desire, therefore, that of the five-thousand tools we lately sent for, at the least three-thousand of them may be spades, they wearing most away in our works, and being most useful. Our horse-arms, especially our pots, are come to a very small number: it is desired we may have a thousand backs-and-breasts, and fifteen-hundred pots. We have left us in store but four-hundred pair of pistols, two-hundred saddles, six-hundred pikes, two-thousand and thirty muskets, whereof thirty snaphances. These are our present stores: and not knowing what you have sent us by this fleet that is coming, we desire we may be considered therein. Our cheese and butter is our lowest store of victual.

We were necessitated to pay the soldiery moneys now at their going over into Fife, whereby the treasury is much exhausted, although we desire to husband it what we can. This being the principal time of action, we desire your Lordship to take a principal care that money may be supplied us with all possible speed, and these other things herewith mentioned; your affairs so necessarily requiring the same.

The Castle of Ennes-garvy [Inchgarvie], which lieth in the river, almost in the midway between the North and South Ferry, commonly called Queen's Ferry, was delivered to us on Thursday last. They marched away with their swords and baggage only; leaving us sixteen cannon, and all their other arms and ammunition. I rest,

My Lord,
Your lordship's most humble servant,
Oliver Cromwell.*

* *Tanner MSS.*, in Cary, ii. 288-90. [Now printed from the original, Tanner, liv. 120. Only the concluding words, date and signature are in Cromwell's hand.]

LETTER CLXXVIII [1]

'To my very loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley : These'

28th June 1651.

DEAR BROTHER,

I was glad to receive a letter from you, for indeed anything that comes from you is very welcome to me. I believe your expectation of my Son's coming is deferred. I wish he may see a happy delivery of his Wife first,[2] for whom I frequently pray.

I hear my Son hath exceeded his allowance, and is in debt. Truly I cannot commend him therein; wisdom requiring his living within compass, and calling for it 'at' his hands. And in my judgment, the reputation arising from thence would have been more real honour than what is attained the other way. I believe vain men will speak well of him that does ill.

I desire to be understood that I grudge him not laudable recreations, nor an honourable carriage of himself in them; nor is any matter of charge, like to fall to my share, a stick [3] with me. Truly I can find in my heart to allow him not only a sufficiency but more, for his good. But if pleasure and self-satisfaction be made the business of a man's life, so much cost laid out upon it, so much time spent in it, as rather answers appetite than the will of God, or is comely before His Saints, I scruple to feed this humour; and God forbid that his being my son should be his allowance to live not pleasingly to our Heavenly Father, who hath raised me out of the dust to what I am!

[1] [This letter should be CLXXV., as it is dated on June 28. Carlyle printed it July 28 by mistake. It was, therefore, written, not from Burntisland, as he supposed, but from somewhere between Edinburgh and Linlithgow.]

[2] Noble's registers are very defective! These Letters, too, were before the poor man's eyes. [The birth of the child is given by Noble quite accurately—Anne, the second daughter, born on July 15; three weeks, nearly, after this letter was written. See note, p. 69 above.]

[3] stop.

I desire your faithfulness (he being also your concernment as well as mine) to advise him to approve himself to the Lord in his course of life; and to search His statutes for a rule to conscience, and to seek grace from Christ to enable 'him' to walk therein. This hath life in it, and will come to somewhat: what is a poor creature without this? This will not abridge of lawful pleasures; but teach such an use of them as will have the peace of a good conscience going along with it. Sir, I write what is in my heart; I pray you communicate my mind herein to my Son, and be his remembrancer in these things. Truly I love him, he is dear to me; so is his Wife; and for their sakes do I thus write. They shall not want comfort nor encouragement from me, so far as I may afford it. But indeed I cannot think I do well to feed a voluptuous humour in my Son, if he should make pleasures the business of his life, in a time when some precious Saints are bleeding, and breathing out their last, for the safety of the rest. Memorable is the speech of Urijah to David (2nd Chron., xi. 11).[1]

Sir, I beseech you believe I here say not this to save my purse; for I shall willingly do what is convenient to satisfy his occasions, as I have opportunity. But as I pray he may not walk in a course not pleasing to the Lord, so 'I' think it lieth upon me to give him (in love) the best counsel I may; and know not how better to convey it to him than by so good a hand as yours. Sir, I pray you acquaint him with these thoughts of mine. And remember my love to my daughter; for whose sake I shall be induced to do any reasonable thing. I pray for her happy deliverance, frequently and earnestly.

I am sorry to hear my bailiff[2] in Hantshire should do to my son as is intimated by your Letter. I assure you I shall not

[1] [Carlyle altered to 2nd Samuel which is, of course, right, but Cromwell wrote "2nd Chron."] 'And Uriah said unto David, The Ark, and Israel, 'and Judah 'abide in tents; and my lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped in 'the open fields: shall I then go into mine house, to eat and to drink, and to lie 'with my wife? As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing.'

[2] 'Baylye.'

allow any such thing. If there be any suspicion of his abuse of the wood, I desire it may be looked after, and inquired into; that so, if things appear true, he may be removed; although indeed I must needs say he had the repute of a godly man, by divers that knew him when I placed him there.

Sir, I desire my hearty affection may be presented to my sister, my Cousin Ann, and her husband though unknown. I praise the Lord I have obtained much mercy in respect of my health; the Lord give me a truly thankful heart. I desire your prayers; and rest,

Your very affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

My Cousin Ann, then, is wedded! 'Her Husband though unknown' is John Dunch; who, on his Father's decease, became John Dunch of Pusey;—to whom we owe this Letter, among the others.

LETTER CLXXIX

To the Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These

Burntisland, 29th July 1651.

SIR,

The greatest part of the army is in Fife, waiting what way God will farther lead us. It hath pleased God to give us in Burntisland;[1] which is indeed very conducing to the carrying-on of our affairs. The town is well seated; pretty strong; but marvellous capable of further improvement in that respect, without great charge. The harbour, at a high spring, is near a fathom deeper than at Leith, and doth not lie commanded by any ground without the town. We took three

* Harris, p. 513. [Pusey letters, "No. 19." Holograph. In the Morrison Collection.]

[1] 'Brunt Island' *in orig.*

or four small men-of-war in it, and I believe thirty or forty guns.

Commissary-General Whalley marched along the sea-side in Fife, having some ships to go along the coast; and hath taken great store of great artillery, and divers ships. The enemy's affairs are in some discomposure, as we hear. Surely the Lord will blow upon them.

'I rest,'

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CLXXX

IN effect, the crisis has now arrived.[1] The Scotch King and Army, finding their supplies cut off, and their defences rendered unavailing, by this flank-movement,—break up suddenly from Stirling;[2] march direct towards England,—for a stroke at the heart of the Commonwealth itself. Their game now is, All or nothing. A desperate kind of play. Royalists, Presbyterian-Royalists and the large miscellany of Discontented Interests may perhaps join them there;—perhaps also not! They march by Biggar; enter England by Carlisle,[3] on Wednesday 6th of August 1651. 'At Girthhead, in the Parish of Wamphray, in Annandale,' human Tradition, very faintly indeed, indicates

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 107).

[1] [After taking Burntisland Cromwell advanced to Perth, thus placing his army between Leslie and his hoped-for reinforcements in the North. Perth surrendered on August 2nd, and the news having now come that the Scots had started for England Cromwell set off in pursuit of them. In this next letter he defends himself from expected criticism for having left the way to England open to the enemy, explaining that otherwise it would have been impossible to move him from his strong position, and that the English army would have been ruined by a lingering, costly winter's war. The letters from the newspapers, quoted in the notes above, show that this was no mere excuse after the event, but his deliberate decision, as the probable movements of the Scots had been foreseen more than a week before. No better defence of Cromwell's conduct can be found than Hamilton's bitter words on the ridiculousness of their situation, who "have quit Scotland, being scarce able to maintain it," and yet grasp at all. "I confess," he adds, "I cannot tell whether our hopes or fears are greatest, but we have one stout argument, dispair." Cary's *Memorials of the Civil War*, ii. 305.]

[2] 'Last day of July' (Bates, ii. 120). [3] Whitlocke, p. 474.

some Roman Stones or Mile-stones, by the wayside, as the place where his Sacred Majesty passed the Tuesday night;—which are not quite so venerable now as formerly.[1]

For the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England: These

Leith, 4th August 1651.

Sir,

In pursuance of the Providence of God, and that blessing lately given to your forces in Fife, and finding that the enemy, being masters of the pass at Sterling, could not be gotten out there, without hindering his provisions at St. Johnstons,—we, by general advice, thought fit to attempt St. Johnstons; knowing that that would necessitate him to quit his pass. Wherefore, leaving with Major-General Harrison about three-thousand horse and dragoons, besides those which are with Colonel Rich, Colonel Sanders, and Colonel Barton upon the borders, we marched to St. Johnstons;[2] and lying one day before it, we had it surrendered to us;[3] during which time we had some intelligence of the enemy's marching southward, though with some contradictions, as if it had not been so. But doubting it might be true, we (leaving a garrison in St. Johnstons, and sending Lieutenant-General Monck with about five or six thousand to Stirling to reduce that place, and by it to put your affairs into a good posture in Scotland) we marched, with all possible expedition, back again; and had passed our foot and many of our horse over the Frith this day, resolving to make what speed we can up to the enemy, who, in his desperation and fear, and out of inevitable necessity, is run to try what he can do this way.[4]

[1] Nicholas Carlisle's *Topographical Dict. of Scotland*, § Wamphray.

[2] 2d August 1651 (Balfour, iv. 313): 'St. Johnston,' as we know, is *Perth*.

[3] [For Cromwell's summons to Perth, see Supplement, No. 68.]

[4] [Many of the news letters of this date speak of the demoralization of the Scots forces. "Wheresoever our army marcheth, they find the country full of the Scots runaways. Argile is gone melancholy from Stirling, and the Lord Roxborough with many other of the Scots nobility, have left the noise and tumult of the war

I do apprehend that if he goes for England, being some few days march before us, it will trouble some men's thoughts, and may occasion some inconveniences;—of which I hope we are as deeply sensible, and have 'been,' and I trust shall be, as diligent to prevent, as any; and indeed this is our comfort, That in simplicity of heart as to God, we have done to the best of our judgments; knowing that if some issue were not put to this business, it would occasion another winter's war, to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the winter difficulties of this country, and been under the endless expense of the treasure of England in prosecuting this war. It may be supposed we might have kept the enemy from this, by interposing between him and England; which truly I believe we might: but how to remove him out of this place, without doing what we have done, unless we had had a commanding army on both sides of the river of Forth, is not clear to us; or how to answer the inconveniences aforementioned, we understand not.

We pray therefore that (seeing there is a possibility for the enemy to put you to some trouble) you would, with the same courage (grounded upon a confidence in God) wherein you have been supported to the great things God hath used you in hitherto, you would improve, the best you can, such forces as you have in readiness, or may on the sudden be gathered together, To give the enemy some check,[1] until we shall be able to reach up to him, which we trust in the Lord we shall do our utmost endeavour in. And indeed we have this comfortable experience from the Lord, that this enemy is heart-smitten by God, and whenever the Lord shall bring us up to them, we believe the Lord will

for places of safety and retiredness." *Weekly Intelligencer* (E. 640 (4)). "That which this week is most remarkable is the Scots King, with about eleven thousand, desperately abandoning Scotland and distractedly running into England" (*Ibid.*). "Through all the country in Scotland we find their runaways. In a word, nothing was left them but a desperate cure or a desperate ruin." George Downing to the Council (E. 640 (5)).]

[1] [In Cromwell's hand, over "delay," *erased.*]

make the desperateness of this counsel of theirs to appear, and the folly of it also.[1] When England was much more unsteady than now, and when a much more considerable army of theirs, unfoiled, invaded you, and we had but a weak force to make resistance at Preston,—upon deliberate advice, we chose rather to put ourselves between their army and Scotland: and how God succeeded that, is not well to be forgotten. This is not out of choice on our part, but by some kind of necessity; and, it's to be hoped, will have the like issue, together with a hopeful end of your work; in which it's good to wait upon the Lord, upon the earnest of former experiences, and hope of His presence, which only is the life of your Cause.

Major-General Harrison, with the horse and dragoons under him, and Colonel Rich and the rest in those parts, shall attend the motion of the enemy, and endeavour the keeping of them together, as also to impede his march, and will be ready to be in conjunction with what forces shall gather together for this service: to whom orders have been speeded to that purpose, as this enclosed to Major-General Harrison will show. Major-General Lambert,[2] this day, marched with a very considerable body of horse, up towards the enemy's rear. With the rest of the horse, and nine regiments of foot (most of them of your old foot and horse), I am hasting up; and shall, by the Lord's help, use utmost diligence. I hope I have left a commanding force under Lieutenant-General Monck in Scotland.

This account I thought my duty to speed to you, and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[1] [*Cf.* Harrison's letter to Bradshaw: "The Lord hath now tempted out the enemy from his trenches, fastnesses and advantages, and we doubt not but He will very speedily discomfort them and cut this work short in righteousness." Cary's *Memorials of the Civil War*, ii., p. 302.]

[2] [In Cromwell's hand. It was originally "the Major-General."]

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 107-8). [Now printed from the original, signed and corrected by Cromwell, *Tanner MSS.*, liv. 130.]

The Scots found no Presbyterian-Royalists, no Royalists Proper to speak of, nor any Discontented Interest in England disposed to join them in present circumstances. They marched, under rigorous discipline, weary and uncheered, south through Lancashire; had to dispute their old friend the Bridge of Warrington with Lambert and Harrison, who attended them with horse-troops on the left; Cromwell with the main Army steadily advancing behind. They carried the Bridge at Warrington; they summoned various Towns, but none yielded; proclaimed their King with all force of lungs and heraldry, but none cried, God bless him. Summoning Shrewsbury, with the usual negative response, they quitted the London road; bent southward towards Worcester, a City of slight Garrison and loyal Mayor; there to entrench themselves, and repose a little.

Poor Earl Derby, a distinguished Royalist Proper, had hastened over from the Isle of Man, to kiss his Majesty's hand in passing. He then raised some force in Lancashire, and was in hopes to kindle that country again, and go to Worcester in triumph:—but Lilburn, Colonel Robert, whom we have known here before, fell upon him at Wigan; cut his force in pieces:[1] the poor Earl had to go to Worcester in a wounded and wrecked condition. To Worcester,—and, alas, to the scaffold by and by, for that business. The Scots at Worcester have a loyal Mayor, some very few adventurous loyal Gentry in the neighbourhood; and excitable Wales, perhaps again excitable, lying in the rear: but for the present, except in their own poor Fourteen-thousand right-hands[2] no outlook. And Cromwell is advancing steadily; by York,[3] by Nottingham, by Coventry and Stratford; 'raising all the County Militias,' who muster with singular alacrity;—flowing towards Worcester like the Ocean-tide; begirdling it with 'upwards of Thirty-thousand men.'[4] His Majesty's royal summons to the

[1] Lilburn's two Letters, in Cary, ii. 338-45. [This was on August 25, three days after Charles reached Worcester.]

[2] [Their numbers, when they entered England, were more probably about twenty thousand; see *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 431, *note;* although there were not more than sixteen thousand, if so many, at Worcester fight—only about half the numbers of Cromwell's army. When the news of their starting for England reached Cromwell's army, it was believed they were only about eleven thousand. (See note on p. 214 above. Also Downing's letter there quoted). See Cromwell's Letter CLXXXIII. below.]

[3] See Appendix, No 21.

[4] ["Cromwell's march from Perth to Worcester and the combinations incident to it have excited the warm admiration of the military critics of our own time. The precision of his operations would be deemed remarkable even in the days of the

Corporation of London is burnt there by the hands of the common hangman; Speaker Lenthall and the Mayor have a copy of it burnt by that functionary at the head of every regiment, at a review of the Trainbands in Moorfields.[1] London, England generally, seems to have made up its mind.

At London on the 22d of August, a rigorous thing was done: Reverend Christopher Love, eloquent zealous Minister of St. Lawrence in the Jewry, was, after repeated respites and negotiations, beheaded on Tower Hill. To the unspeakable emotion of men. Nay the very Heavens seemed to testify a feeling of it,—by a thunderclap, by two thunderclaps. When the Parliament passed their vote on the 4th of July, That he should die according to the sentence of the Court, there was then a terrible thunderclap, and darkening of daylight. And now when he actually dies, 'directly after his beheading,' arises thunderstorm that threatens the dissolution of Nature! Nature, as we see, survived it.

The old Newspaper says, It was on the 22d August 1642, that Charles late King erected his Standard at Nottingham: and now on the same day, 22d August 1651, Charles Pretender erects his at Worcester; and the Reverend Christopher dies. Men may make their reflections.—There goes a story, due to Carrion Heath or some such party, That Cromwell being earnestly solicited for mercy to this poor Christopher, did, while yet in Scotland, send a Letter to the Parliament, recommending it; which Letter, however, was seized by some roving outriders of the Scottish Worcester Army; who reading it, and remembering Uxbridge Sermon, tore it, saying, "No, let the villian die!"—after the manner of Heath. Which could be proved, if time and paper were of no value, to be, like a hundred other very wooden *myths* of the same Period, without truth. *Guarda e passa.* Glance at it here for the last time, and never repeat it more!—

Charles's Standard, it would seem then, was erected at Worcester on Friday the 22d, the day of poor Christopher's death. On which same Friday, about sunrise, 'our Messenger' (the Parliament's) 'left the Lord General at Mr. Pierpoint's House,'—William Pierpoint, of the Kingston Family, much his friend,—the

telegraph, and their success testifies to Cromwell's extraordinary sureness in all that concerned the movements of horse, as well as to the extraordinary military talent of Lambert, on which he knew that he could safely reckon." Morley's *Cromwell*, p. 328.]

[1] Bates, ii. 122; Whitlocke, p. 492; see also *Commons Journals*, vii. 6 (23d August 1651).

House called Thoresby, 'near Mansfield;' just starting for Nottingham, to arrive there that night. From Nottingham, by Coventry, by Stratford and Evesham, to 'the southeast side of Worcester,' rallying Country forces as we go, will take till Thursday next. Here at Stratford on the Wednesday, eve of that, is a Letter accidentally preserved.

LETTER CLXXXI

DUBITATING Wharton, he also might help to rally forces; his name, from 'Upper Winchington in Bucks,' or wherever he may be, might do something. Give him, at any rate, a last chance.—'Tom Westrow,' here accidentally named; once a well-known man, familiar to the Lord General and to men of worth and quality; now, as near as may be, swallowed forever in the Night-Empires;—is still visible, strangely enough, through one small chink, and recoverable into daylight as far as needful. A Kentish man, a Parliament Soldier once, named in military Kent Committees; sat in Parliament too, 'recruiter' for Hythe, though at present in abeyance owing to scruples. Above all, he was the Friend of poor George Wither, stepson of the Muses; to whom in his undeserved distresses he lent beneficent princely sums; and who, in poor splayfooted doggrel,—very poor, but very grateful, pious, true, and on the whole noble,—preserves some adequate memory of him for the curious.[1] By this chink Tom Westrow and the ancient figure of his Life, is still recoverable if needed.

Westrow, we find by good evidence, did return to his place in Parliament;[2]—quitted it too, as Wither informs us, foreseeing the great Catastrophe; and retired to country quiet, up the River at Teddington. Westrow and the others returned: Wharton continued to dubitate;—and we shall here take leave of him. 'Poor foolish Mall,' young Mary Cromwell, one of 'my two little Wenches,' has been on a visit at Winchington, I think;—'thanks to you and the dear Lady' for her.

[1] *Westrow Revived: a Funeral Poem without Fiction, composed by George Wither, Esq.; that God may be glorified in His Saints, and that*—&c. &c. (*King's Pamphlets*, 12mo (No. 390): London, 1653-4, dated with the pen '3d January'): unadulterated doggerel; but really *says* something, and even something *just*;—by no means your insupportablest 'poetic' reading, as times go!

[2] 'Admitted to sit;' means, readmitted after Pride's Purge: *Commons Journals* (vii. 27, 29), 10th October 1651.

For my honoured Lord Wharton: These

Stratford-on-Avon, 27th August 1651.

My Lord,

I know I write to my friend, therefore give 'me' leave to 'say' one bold word.

In my very heart: Your Lordship, Dick Norton, Tom Westrowe, Robert Hammond[1] (though not intentionally) have helped one another to stumble at the dispensations of God, and to reason yourselves out of His service, &c.

Now 'again' you have an opportunity to associate with His people, in His work; and to manifest your willingness and desire to serve the Lord against His and His people's enemies. Would you be blessed out of Zion, and see the good of His people, and rejoice with His inheritance, I advise you all in the bowels of love, Let it appear you offer yourselves willingly to His work. Wherein to be accepted, is more honour from the Lord than the world can give or hath. I am persuaded it needs you not, save as our Lord and Master needed the ass's colt, to show His humility, meekness and condescension: but you need it, to declare your submission to, and owning yourself the Lord's and His people's.[2]

If you can break through old disputes, I shall rejoice if you help others to do 'so' also. Do not say, you are now satisfied because it is the old Quarrel; as if it had not been so, all this while.

I have no leisure, but a great deal of entire affection to you and yours, and those named 'here,'—which I thus plainly express. Thanks to you and the dear Lady, for all loves,—and for poor foolish Mall. I am in good earnest 'thankful;' and so also

Your Lordship's
Faithful friend and most humble servant,
Oliver Cromwell.*

[1] [Compare the letter to Hammond in the Supplement, No. 65.]
[2] Grammar, in this last clause, lost in the haste: 'Ass's Colt' is 'Beast' *in orig.*

* *Gentleman's Magazine* (London, 1814), lxxxiv. p. 419. [Fitzwilliam Museum. Holograph.]—In Appendix, No. 26, there is now (1857) another Letter to his Lordship.

Charles's Standard has been floating over Worcester some six days; and now on Thursday 28th of August, comes in sight Cromwell's also; from the Evesham side; with upwards of Thirty-thousand men now near him; and some say, upwards of Eighty-thousand rising in the distance to join him if need were.

LETTERS CLXXXII., CLXXXIII

BATTLE OF WORCESTER

The Battle of Worcester was fought on the evening of Wednesday 3d September 1651; anniversary of that at Dunbar last year. It could well have but one issue; defeat for the Scots and their Cause;—either swift and complete; or else incomplete, ending in slow sieges, partial revolts, and much new misery and blood. The swift issue was the one appointed; and complete enough; severing the neck of the Controversy now at last, as with one effectual stroke, no need to strike a second time.

The Battle was fought on both sides of the Severn; part of Cromwell's forces having crossed to the Western bank, by Upton Bridge, some miles below Worcester, the night before. About a week ago, Massey understood himself to have ruined this Bridge at Upton; but Lambert's men 'straddled across by the parapet,'—a dangerous kind of *saddle* for such riding, I think!—and hastily repaired it; hastily got hold of Upton Church, and maintained themselves there; driving Massey back with a bad wound in the hand. This was on Thursday night last, the very night of the Lord General's arrival in those parts; and they have held this post ever since. Fleetwood crosses here with a good part of Cromwell's Army, on the evening of Tuesday September 2d; shall, on the morrow, attack the Scotch posts on the Southwest, about the Suburb of St. John's, across the River; while Cromwell, in person, on this side, plies them from the Southeast. St. John's Suburb lies at some distance from Worcester; west, or southwest as we say, on the Herefordshire Road; and connects itself with the City by Severn Bridge. Southeast of the City, again, near the then and present London Road, is 'Fort Royal,' an entrenchment of the Scots: on this side Cromwell is to attempt the Enemy, and second Fleetwood, as occasion may serve,

Worcester City itself is on Cromwell's side of the River; stands high, surmounted by its high Cathedral; close on the left or eastern margin of the Severn; surrounded by fruitful fields, and hedges unfit for cavalry-fighting. This is the posture of affairs on the eve of Wednesday 3d September 1651.

But now, for Wednesday itself, we are to remark that between Fleetwood at Upton, and the Enemy's outposts at St. John's on the west side of Severn, there runs still a River Teme; a western tributary of the Severn, into which it falls about a mile below the City. This River Teme Fleetwood hopes to cross, if not by the Bridge at Powick which the Enemy possesses, then by a Bridge of Boats which he is himself to prepare lower down, close by the mouth of Teme. At this point also, or 'within pistol-shot of it,' there is to be a Bridge of Boats laid across the Severn itself, that so both ends of the Army may communicate. Boats, boatmen, carpenters, aquatic and terrestrial artificers and implements, in great abundance, contributed by the neighbouring Towns, lie ready on the River, about Upton, for this service. Does the reader now understand the ground a little?

Fleetwood, at Upton, was astir with the dawn September 3d. But it was towards 'three in the afternoon' before the boatmen were got up; must have been towards five before those Bridges were got built, and Fleetwood set fairly across the Teme to begin business. The King of Scots and his Council of War, 'on the top of the Cathedral,' have been anxiously viewing him all afternoon; have seen him build his Bridges of Boats; see him now in great force got across Teme River, attacking the Scotch on the South, fighting them from hedge to hedge towards the Suburb of St. John's. In great force: for new regiments, horse and foot, now stream across the Severn Bridge of Boats to assist Fleetwood: nay, if the Scots knew it, my Lord General himself is come across, 'did lead the van in person, and was the first that set foot 'on the Enemy's ground.'—The Scots, obstinately struggling, are gradually beaten there; driven from hedge to hedge. But the King of Scots and his War-Council decide that most part of Cromwell's Army must now be over in that quarter, on the West side of the River, engaged among the hedges;—decide that they, for their part, will storm out, and offer him battle on their own East side, now while he is weak there. The Council of War comes down from the top of the Cathedral; their trumpets sound: Cromwell also is soon back, across the Severn Bridge of Boats again; and the deadliest tug of war begins.

Fort Royal is still known at Worcester, and Sudbury Gate at the southeast end of the City is known, and those other localities here specified; after much study of which and of the old dead Pamphlets, this Battle will at last become conceivable. Besides Cromwell's Two Letters, there are plentiful details, questionable and unquestionable, in *Bates* and elsewhere, as indicated below.[1] The fighting of the Scots was fierce and desperate. 'My Lord 'General did exceedingly hazard himself, riding up and down in 'the midst of the fire; riding, himself in person, to the Enemy's 'foot to offer them quarter, whereto they returned no answer but 'shot.' The small Scotch Army, begirdled with overpowering force, and cut off from help or reasonable hope, storms forth in fiery pulses, horse and foot; charges now on this side of the River, now on that;—can on no side prevail. Cromwell recoils a little; but only to rally, and return irresistible. The small Scotch Army is, on every side, driven in again. Its fiery pulsings are but the struggles of death: agonies as of a lion coiled in the folds of a boa!

'As stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen.' But it avails not. Through Sudbury Gate, on Cromwell's side, through St. John's Suburb, and over Severn Bridge on Fleetwood's, the Scots are driven-in again to Worcester Streets; desperately struggling and recoiling, are driven through Worcester Streets, to the North end of the City,—and terminate there. A distracted mass of ruin: the foot all killed or taken; the horse all scattered on flight, and their place of refuge very far! His sacred Majesty escaped, by royal oaks and other miraculous appliances well known to mankind: but Fourteen-thousand other men, sacred too after a sort though not majesties, did not escape. One could weep at such a death for brave men in such a Cause! But let us now read Cromwell's Letters.

[1] Bates, Part ii. 124-7. *King's Pamphlets;* small 4to, no. 507, § 12 [E. 641] (given mostly in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 114, 15); large 4to, no. 54, §§ 15, 18. [E. 787.] Letter from Stapylton the Chaplain, in *Cromwelliana*, p. 112.

LETTER CLXXXII

For the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England: These haste, haste, post haste for the special service of the State

Near Worcester, 3d September 1651,
(10 at night).

SIR,

Being so weary, and scarce able to write, yet I thought it my duty to let you know thus much; that upon this day, being the 3d of September (remarkable for a mercy vouchsafed to your forces on this day twelvemonth in Scotland), we built a bridge of boats over Severn, between it and Tame, about half a mile from Worcester; and another over Tame, within pistol-shot of our other Bridge. Lieutenant-General Fleetwood and Major-General Deane marched from Upton on the southwest side of Severn up to Poyick, a town which was a pass the enemy kept. We passed over some horse and foot, and were in conjunction with the Lieutenant-General's forces. We beat the enemy from hedge to hedge till we beat him into Worcester.

The enemy then drew all his forces on the other side the town, all but what he lost; and made a very considerable fight with us, for three hours space: but in the end we beat him totally, and pursued him up to his Royal Fort, which we took, —and indeed have beaten his whole army. When we took the fort, we turned his own guns upon him. The enemy hath had great loss, and certainly is scattered, and run several ways. We are in pursuit of him, and have laid forces in several places, that we hope will gather him up.

Indeed this hath been a very glorious mercy, and as stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen. Both your old forces and those new-raised have behaved themselves with very great courage; and He that made them come out, made

them willing to fight for you. The Lord God Almighty frame our hearts to real thankfulness for this, which is alone His doing. I hope I shall within a day or two give you a more perfect account.

In the mean time I hope you will pardon, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On Saturday the 6th comes a farther Letter from my Lord General; 'the effect whereof speaketh thus:'

LETTER CLXXXIII

For the Right Honourable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England: These

Worcester, 4th September 1651.

Sir,

I am not able yet to give you an exact account of the great things the Lord hath wrought for this Commonwealth and for His people, and yet I am unwilling to be silent, but, according to my duty, shall represent it to you as it comes to hand.

This battle was fought with various successes for some hours, but still hopeful on your part; and in the end became an absolute victory, and so full an one as proved a total defeat and ruin of the enemy's army; a possession of the town (our men entering at the enemy's heels, and fighting with them in the streets with very great courage); and of all their baggage and artillery. What the slain are, I can give you no account, because we have not taken an exact view, but they are very many; and must needs be so, because the dispute was long and very near at hand, and often at push of pike, and from one defence

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 113); *Tanner MSS.* (Cary, ii. 355). [Tanner, lv. 31. Signed only by Cromwell. Signed by him on the outside also.]

to another. There are about six or seven thousand prisoners taken here, and many officers and noblemen of very great quality: Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Rothes, and divers other noblemen,—I hear, the Earl of Loutherdale; many officers of great quality; and some that will be fit subjects of your justice.

We have sent very considerable parties after the flying enemy; I hear they have taken considerable numbers of prisoners, and are very close in the pursuit. Indeed, I hear the country riseth upon them everywhere, and I believe the forces that lay, through Providence, at Bewdley, and in Shropshire and Staffordshire, and those with Colonel Lilborne, were in a condition, as if this had been foreseen, to intercept what should return.

A more particular account than this will be prepared for you as we are able. I hear they had not many more than a thousand horse in their body that fled, and I believe you have near four-thousand forces following, and interposing between them and home; what fish they will catch, time will declare.[1] Their army was about sixteen-thousand strong, and fought ours on the Worcester side of Severn almost with their whole, whilst we had engaged about half our army on the other side but with parties of theirs. Indeed it was a stiff business; yet I do not think we lost two-hundred men. Your new-raised forces did perform singular good service; for which they deserve a very high estimation and acknowledgment, as also for their willingness thereunto, forasmuch as the same hath added so much to the reputation of your affairs.[2] They are all despatched home again; which I hope will be much for the ease and satisfaction of the country; which is a great fruit of the success.

The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts. It is,

[1] Phrase omitted in the Newspaper. *In orig.*, an official hand has written on the margin 'omitt this.' [The allusion is, no doubt, to the young King.]

[2] ["In this and in nothing else lay the significance of Worcester. The military critic finds little to say about it; but it stands out as the first combat since the day on which Waller's levies poured home after the fight at Copredy Bridge, in which other than professional soldiers took part. It is probable that nearly if not quite a third of the victorious army consisted of local militia regiments." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 445.]

for aught I know, a crowning mercy. Surely, if it be not, such a one we shall have, if this provoke those that are concerned in it to thankfulness, and the Parliament to do the will of Him who hath done His will for it, and for the nation; whose good pleasure it is to establish the nation and the change of the government, by making the people so willing to the defence thereof, and so signally to bless the endeavours of your servants in this late great work. I am bold humbly to beg, that all thoughts may tend to the promoting of His honour who hath wrought so great salvation, and that the fatness of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen nation;[1] but that the fear of the Lord, even for His mercies, may keep an authority and a people so prospered, and blessed, and witnessed unto, humble and faithful; and that justice and righteousness, mercy and truth may flow from you, as a thankful return to our gracious God. This shall be the prayer of,

Sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

Oliver Cromwell.

Your officers behaved themselves with much honour in this service; and the person[2] who is the bearer hereof was equal, in the performance of his duty, to most that served you that day.*

'On Lord's day next, by order of Parliament,' these Letters are read from all London Pulpits, amid the general thanksgiving of men. At Worcester, the while, thousands of Prisoners are getting ranked, 'penned up in the Cathedral,' with sad outlooks: carcasses of horses, corpses of men, frightful to sense and mind,

[1] 'But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked:—(and thou art waxen fat, thou art 'grown thick, thou art covered with fatness:) then he forsook God which made 'him, and lightly esteemed the rock of his salvation' (Deuteronomy, xxxii. 15).

[2] Major [John] Cobbet, 'who makes a relation,' and gets 100*l.* (*Commons Journals*, vii. 12, 13).

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 113, 114); *Tanner MSS.* (in Cary, ii. 359-62). [Tanner, lv. 29. Signed only by Cromwell, and sealed.]

encumber the streets of Worcester; 'we are plucking Lords, Knights and Gentlemen from their lurking-holes,' into the unwelcome light.[1] Lords very numerous; a Peerage sore slashed. The Duke of Hamilton has got his thigh broken; dies on the fourth day. The Earl of Derby, also wounded, is caught, and tried for Treason against the State; lays down his head at Bolton, where he had once carried it too high.[2] Lauderdale and others are put in the Tower; have to lie there, in heavy dormancy, for long years. The Earls of Cleveland and Lauderdale came to Town together, about a fortnight hence. 'As they passed along 'Cornhill in their coaches with a guard of horse, the Earl of 'Lauderdale's coach made a stand near the Conduit: where a 'Carman gave his Lordship a visit, saying, "Oh, my Lord, you are 'welcome to London! I protest, off goes your head, as round 'as a hoop!" But his Lordship passed off the fatal compliment 'only with a laughter, and so fared along to the Tower.'[3] His Lordship's big red head has yet other work to do in this world. Having, at the Ever-blessed Restoration, managed, not without difficulty, 'to get a new suit of clothes,'[4] he knelt before his now triumphant Sacred Majesty on that glorious Thirtieth of May; learned from his Majesty, that "Presbytery was no religion for a gentleman;" gave it up, not without pangs; and resolutely set himself to introduce the exploded Tulchan Apparatus into Scotland again, by thumbikins, by bootikins, by any and every method, since it was the will of his Sacred Majesty;—failed in the Tulchan Apparatus, as is well known; earned for himself new plentiful clothes-suits, Dukedoms and promotions, from the Sacred Majesty; and from the Scotch People deep-toned universal sound of curses, not yet become inaudible; and shall, in this place, and we hope elsewhere, concern us no more.

On Friday the 12th of September the Lord General arrived in Town. Four dignified Members, of whom Bulstrode was one, specially missioned by vote of Parliament,[5] had met him the day before with congratulations, on the other side Aylesbury; whom he received 'with all kindness and respect; and after salutations

[1] Original Commission, signed 'O. Cromwell,' and dated 8th September 1651, appointing 'Collonel John James' Governor of Worcester, is now among the MSS. of Trin. Coll. Cambridge (copy *penes me*).

[2] [Salvetti wrote that Cromwell was doing all that he could to save Lord Derby. See *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, i. 463, note.]

[3] *King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, no. 507, § 18 [E. 641, 18].

[4] Roger Coke's *Detection of the Court and State of England*.

[5] *Commons Journals*, vii. 13 (9th Sept. 1651).

'and ceremonies passed, he rode with them across the fields ;— 'where Mr. Winwood (the Member for Windsor's) hawks met 'them ;' and the Lord General, with the other Gentlemen, 'went 'a little out of the way a-hawking.' They came that night to Aylesbury ; where they had much discourse ; especially my Lord Chief Justice St. John, the dark Shipmoney Lawyer, now Chief Justice, as they supped together. To me Bulstrode, and to each of the others, he gave a horse and two Scotch prisoners : the horse I kept for carrying me ; the two Scots, unlucky gentlemen of that country, I handsomely sent home again without any ransom whatever.[1] And so on Friday we arrive in Town, in very great solemnity and triumph : Speaker and Parliament, Lord President and Council of State, Sheriffs, Mayors, and an innumerable multitude, of quality and not of quality, eagerly attending us ; once more splitting the welkin with their human shoutings, and volleys of great shot and small : in the midst of which my Lord General 'carried himself with great affability ; and in all 'his discourses about the business of Worcester, would seldom 'mention anything of himself,' mentioned others only ; 'and gave, 'as was due, all the glory of the action unto God.'[2]—Hugh Peters, however, being of loose-spoken, somewhat sibylline turn of mind, discerns a certain inward exultation and irrepressible irradiation in my Lord General, and whispers to himself, "This man will be King of England yet." Which, unless Kings are entirely superfluous in England, I should think very possible, O Peters ! To wooden Ludlow Mr. Peters confessed so much, long afterwards ; and the wooden head drew its inferences therefrom.[3]

This, then, is the last of my Lord General's Battles and Victories, technically so called. Of course his Life, to the very end of it, continues, as from the beginning it had always been, a *battle*,

[1] Whitlocke, p. 484 ; see also 2d edit. p. 509. [Ludlow declared that "the General after this action, which he called the crowning victory, took upon him a more stately behaviour and chose new friends," and that, "instead of acknowledging the services of those who came from all parts to assist against the common enemy, though he knew they had deserved as much honour as himself and the standing army, he frowned upon them, and the very next day after the fight dismissed and sent them home, well knowing that a useful and experienced militia was more likely to obstruct than to second him in his ambitious designs" (vol. i. p. 282, ed. Firth). This does not at all agree with what Cromwell wrote in the letter above. As to the sending of the militia home again, the militia would be only too anxious to go. They had been gathered together for a special purpose, and their work being done it would be both for their "ease and satisfaction" to be allowed to disperse. Hugh Peter's story is told twice by Ludlow (vol. i. p. 344, and vol. ii. p. 9, ed. Firth).]

[2] Whitlocke, p. 485.

[3] Ludlow.

and a dangerous and strenuous one, with due modicum of victory assigned now and then; but it will be with other than the steel weapons henceforth. He here sheaths his war-sword; with that, it is not his Order from the Great Captain that he fight any more.[1]

The distracted Scheme of the Scotch Governors to accomplish their Covenant by this Charles-Stuart method has here ended. By and by they shall have their Charles Stuart back, as a general Nell-Gwynn Defender of the Faith to us all;—and shall see how they will like him! But as Covenanted King he is off upon his travels, and will never return more. Worcester Battle has cut the heart of that affair in two: and Monk, an assiduous Lieutenant to the Lord General in his Scotch affairs, is busy suppressing the details.

On Monday the 1st of September, two days before the Battle of Worcester, Lieutenant-General Monk had stormed Dundee, the last stronghold of Scotland; where much wealth, as in a place of safety, had been laid up. Governor Lumsden would not yield on summons: Lieutenant-General Monk stormed him; the Town took fire in the business; there was once more a grim scene, of flame and blood, and rage and despair, transacted in this Earth: and taciturn General Monk, his choler all up, was become surly as the Russian bear; nothing but negatory growls to be got out of him: nay, to one clerical dignitary of the place he not only gave his "No!" but audibly threatened a slap with the fist to back it,—'ordered him, Not to speak one word, or he would scobe 'his mouth for him!'[2]

[1] ["This was the climax of his glory. Nine years had gone since conscience, duty, his country, the cause of civil freedom, the cause of sacred truth and of the divine purpose had all, as he believed, summoned him to arms. With miraculous constancy victory had crowned his standards. Unlike Condé or Turenne or almost any general that has ever lived, he had in all these years of incessant warfare never suffered a defeat. The rustic captain of horse was lord general of the army that he had brought to be the best disciplined force in Europe. It was now to be seen whether the same genius and the same fortune would mark his handling of civil affairs and the ship of state plunging among the breakers. It was certain that he would be as active and indefatigable in peace as he had proved himself in war; that energy would never fail, even if depth of counsel often failed; that strenuous watchfulness would never relax even though calculations went again and again amiss; that it would still be true of him to the end that 'he was a strong man, and in the deep perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all others.' . . . Whether he had the other gifts of a wise ruler in a desperate pass, only time could show." Morley's *Cromwell*, p. 332.]

[2] Balfour, iv. 316.

Ten days before, some Shadow of a new Committee of Estates attempting to sit at Alyth on the border of Angus, with intent to concert some measures for the relief of this same Dundee, had been, by a swift Colonel of Monk's, laid hold of; and the members were now all shipped to the Tower. It was a snuffing-out of the Government-light in Scotland. Except some triumph come from Worcester to rekindle it:—and, alas, no triumph came from Worcester, as we see; nothing but ruin and defeat from Worcester! The Government-light of Scotland remains snuffed out.—Active Colonel Alured, a swift devout man, somewhat given to Anabaptist notions, of whom we shall hear again, was he that did this feat at Alyth; a kind of feather in his cap. Among the Captured in that poor Committee or Shadow of Committee was poor old General Leven, time-honoured Lesley, who went to the Tower with the others; his last appearance in Public History. He got out again, on intercession from Queen Christina of Sweden; retired to his native fields of Fife; and slept soon and still sleeps in Balgony Kirk under his stone of honour,—the excellent 'crooked little Feldtmarshal' that he was. Excellent, though unfortunate. He bearded the grim Wallenstein at Stralsund once, and rolled him back from the bulwarks there, after long tough wrestle;—and in fact did a thing or two in his time. Farewell to him.[1]

But with the light of Government snuffed out in Scotland, and no rekindling of it from the Worcester side, resistance in Scotland has ended. Lambert, next summer, marched through the Highlands, pacificating them.[2] There rose afterwards rebellion in the Highlands, rebellion of Glencairn, of Middleton, with much mosstroopery and horsestealing; but Monk, who had now again the command there, by energy and vigilance, by patience, punctuality, and slow methodic strength, put it down, and kept it down. A taciturn man; speaks little; thinks more or less;—does whatever is doable here and elsewhere.

Scotland therefore, like Ireland, has fallen to Cromwell to be administered. He had to do it under great difficulties; the Governing Classes, especially the Clergy or Teaching Class, continuing for most part obstinately indisposed to him, so baleful

[1] Scotch Peerages; Förster's *Wallenstein als Feldherr* (Potsdam, 1834), p. 124. Granger (*Biographic History of England*) has some nonsense about Leven,—in his usual neat style. [See *Life of Alexander Leslie, Earl of Leven*, by C. S. Terry.]

[2] Whitlocke, p. 514.

to their formulas had he been. With Monk for an assiduous Lieutenant in secular matters, he kept the country in peace;—it appears on all sides, he did otherwise what was possible for him. He sent new Judges to Scotland; 'a pack of kinless loons,' who minded no claim but that of fair play. He favoured, as was natural, the *Remonstrant* Ker-and-Strahan Party in the Church;—favoured, above all things, the Christian-Gospel Party, who had some good message in them for the soul of man. Within wide limits he tolerated the *Resolutioner* Party; and beyond these limits would not tolerate them;—would not suffer their General Assembly to sit; marched the Assembly out bodily to Bruntisfield Links, and sent it home again, when it tried such a thing.[1] He united Scotland to England by act of Parliament; tried in all ways to unite it by still deeper methods. He kept peace and order in the country; was a little heavy with taxes:—on the whole, did what he could; and proved, as there is good evidence, a highly beneficial though unwelcome phenomenon there.

Alas, may we not say, In circuitous ways he proved the Doer of what this poor Scotch Nation really wished and willed, could it have known so much at sight of him! The true Governor of this poor Scotch Nation; accomplishing their Covenant *without* the Charles Stuart, since *with* the Charles Stuart it was a flat impossibility. But they knew him not; and with their stiff-necked ways obstructed him as they could. How seldom can a Nation, can even an individual man, understand what at heart his own real will is: such masses of superficial bewilderment, of respectable hearsay, of fantasy and pedantry, and old and new cobwebbery, overlie our poor will; much hiding *it* from us, for most part! So that if we can once get eye on *it*, and walk resolutely towards fulfilment of it, the battle is as good as gained!—

For example, who, of all Scotch or other men, is he that verily understands the 'real ends of the Covenant,' and discriminates them well from the superficial forms thereof; and with pious valour does them,—and continually struggles to see them done? I should say, this Cromwell, whom we call Sectary and Blasphemer! The Scotch Clergy, persisting in their own most hidebound formula of a Covenanted Charles Stuart, bear clear

[1] Whitlocke, 25th July 1653; *Life of Robert Blair* (Edinburgh, 1754), pp. 118, 19; Blencowe's *Sidney Papers*, pp. 153-5.

testimony, that at no time did Christ's Gospel so flourish in Scotland as now under Cromwell the Usurper. 'These bitter 'waters,' say they, 'were sweetened by the Lord's remarkably 'blessing the labours of His faithful servants. A great door and 'an effectual was opened to many.'[1] Not otherwise in matters civil. 'Scotland,' thus testifies a competent eye-witness, 'was 'kept in great order. Some Castles in the Highlands had 'Garrisons put into them, which were so careful of their dis-'cipline, and so exact to their rules,' the wild Highlanders were wonderfully tamed thereby. Cromwell built three Citadels, Leith, Ayr and Inverness, besides many little Forts, over Scotland. Seven or Eight thousand men, well paid, and paying well; of the strictest habits, military, spiritual and moral: these it was everywhere a kind of Practical Sermon to take note of! 'There was good justice done; and vice was suppressed and 'punished. So that we always reckon those Eight years of 'Usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity,'[2]—though we needed to be twice beaten, and to have our foolish Governors flung into the Tower, before we would accept the same. We, and mankind generally, are an extremely wise set of creatures.

[1] *Life of Robert Blair*, p. 120; Livingston's *Life of Himself* (Glasgow, 1754), pp. 54, 5, &c. &c.

[2] Bishop Burnet's *History of his own Time*, book i. [i., 109, ed. Airy].

PART VII

THE LITTLE PARLIAMENT

1651-1653

LETTERS CLXXXIV.—CLXXXVIII

THE LITTLE PARLIAMENT

Between Worcester Battle on the 3d of September 1651, and the Dismissal of the Long Parliament on the 20th of April 1653, are Nineteen very important months in the History of Oliver, which, in all our Books and Historical rubbish-records, lie as nearly as possible dark and vacant for us. Poor Dryasdust has emitted, and still emits, volumes of confused noise on the subject; but in the way of information or illumination, of light in regard to any fact, physiognomic feature, event or fraction of an event, as good as nothing whatever. Indeed, onwards from this point where Oliver's own Letters begin to fail us, the whole History of Oliver, and of England under him, becomes very dim;—swimming most indistinct in the huge Tomes of *Thurloe* and the like, as in shoreless lakes of ditchwater and bilgewater; a stagnancy, a torpor, and confused horror to the human soul! No historical genius, not even a Rushworth's, now presides over the matter: nothing but bilgewater *Correspondences;* vague jottings of a dull fat Bulstrode; vague printed babblements of this and the other Carrion Heath or Flunkey Pamphleteer of the Blessed-Restoration Period, writing from ignorant rumour and for ignorant rumour, from the winds and to the winds. After long reading in very many Books, of very unspeakable quality, earning for yourself only incredibility, inconceivability, and darkness visible, you begin to

perceive that in the Speeches of Oliver himself once well read, such as they are, some shadowy outlines, authentic prefigurements of what the real History of the Time may have been, do first, in the huge inane night, begin to loom forth for you,—credible, conceivable in some measure, there for the first time. My reader's patience is henceforth to be still more severely tried: there is unluckily no help for it, as matters stand.

Great lakes of watery *Correspondence* relating to the History of this Period, as we intimate, survive in print; and new are occasionally issued upon mankind:[1] but the essence of them has never yet in the smallest been elaborated by any man;—will require a succession and assiduous series of many men to elaborate it. To pluck up the great History of Oliver from it, like drowned Honour by the locks; and show it to much-wondering and, in the end, right-thankful England! The richest and noblest thing England hitherto has. The basis England will have to start from again, if England is ever to struggle Godward again, instead of struggling Devilward, and Mammonward merely. Serene element of Cant has been tried now for two Centuries; and fails. Serene element, general completed life-atmosphere, of Cant religious, Cant moral, Cant political, Cant universal, where England vainly hoped to live in a serene soft-spoken manner,—England now finds herself on the point of choking there; large masses of her People no longer able to get even potatoes in that serene element. England will have to come out of that; England, too terribly awakened at last, is everywhere preparing to come out of that. England, her Amazon-eyes once more flashing strange Heaven's-light, like Phœbus Apollo's fatal to the Pythian mud-serpents, will lift her hand, I think, and her heart, and swear "By the Eternal, I will not die in that! I had once men who knew better than that!"——

But with regard to the History of Oliver, as we were saying, for those Nineteen months there is almost no light to be communicated at present. Of Oliver's own uttering, I have found only Five Letters, short, insignificant, connected with no phasis of Public Transactions:[2] there are Two Dialogues recorded by Whitlocke, of dubious authenticity; certain small splinters of Occurrences not pointing very decisively anywhither, sprinkling like dust of stars

[1] Thurloe's *State-Papers*, Milton's, Clarendon's, Ormond's, Sidney's, &c. &c. are old and very watery. [It is, of course, quite unnecessary to controvert statements such as this.] New and still waterier are Vaughan's *Protectorate*, and others not even worth naming here.

[2] [Several other short letters have turned up for this period (see Supplement, Nos. 69-76), but none of any importance.]

the dark vacancy: these, and Dryasdust's vociferous commentaries new and old;—and of discovered or discoverable, nothing more. Oliver's own *Speech*, which the reader is by and by to hear, casts backwards some straggling gleams; well accordant, as is usual, with whatever else we know; and worthy to be well believed and meditated, by Historical readers, among others. Out of these poor elements the candid imagination must endeavour to shape some not inconceivable scheme and genesis of this very indubitable Fact, the Dismissal of the Long Parliament, as best it may. Perhaps if Dryasdust were once well gagged, and his vociferous commentaries all well forgotten, such a feat might not be very impossible for mankind!—

Concerning this Residue, Fag-end, or 'Rump' as it had now got nicknamed, of the Long Parliament, into whose hands the Government of England had been put, we have hitherto, ever since the King's Death-Warrant, said almost nothing: and in fact there was not much to be said. 'Statesmen of the Commonwealth' so-called: there wanted not among them men of real mark; brave men, of much talent, of true resolution, and nobleness of aim: but though their title was chief in this Commonwealth, all men may see their real function in it has been subaltern all along. Not in St. Stephen's and its votings and debatings, but in the battle-field, in Oliver Cromwell's fightings, has the destiny of this Commonwealth decided itself. One unsuccessful Battle, at Preston or at any time since, had probably wrecked it;—one stray bullet hitting the life of a certain man had soon ended this Commonwealth. Parliament, Council of State, they sat like diligent Committees of Ways and Means, in a very wise and provident manner: but the soul of the Commonwealth was at Dunbar, at Worcester, at Tredah: Destiny, there questioned, "Life or Death for this Commonwealth?" has answered, "Life yet for a time!"—That is a fact which the candid imagination will have to keep steadily in view.

And now if we practically ask ourselves, What is to become of this small junto of men, somewhat above a Hundred in all,[1] hardly above Half-a-hundred the active part of them, who now sit in the chair of authority? the shaping-out of any answer will give rise to considerations. These men have been raised thither by miraculous interpositions of Providence; they may be

[1] One notices division-numbers as high as 121, and occasionally lower than even 40. Godwin (iii. 121), 'by careful scrutiny of the *Journals*,' has found that the utmost number of all that had still the right to come 'could not be less than 150.'

said to sit there only by a continuance of the like. They cannot sit there forever. They are not Kings by birth, these men; nor in any of them have I discovered qualities as of a very indisputable King by attainment. Of dull Bulstrode, with his lumbering law-pedantries, and stagnant official self-satisfactions, I do not speak; nor of dusky tough St. John, whose abstruse fanaticisms, crabbed logics, and dark ambitions, issue all, as was very natural, in 'decided avarice' at last:—not of these. Harry Marten is a tight little fellow, though of somewhat loose life: his witty words pierce yet, as light-arrows, through the thick oblivious torpor of the generations; testifying to us very clearly, Here was a right hard-headed, stout-hearted little man, full of sharp fire and cheerful light; sworn foe of Cant in all its figures, an indomitable little Roman Pagan if no better: but Harry is not quite one's King either; it would have been difficult to be altogether loyal to Harry! Doubtful too, I think, whether without great effort you could have worshipped even the Younger Vane. A man of endless virtues, says Dryasdust, who is much taken with him, and of endless intellect;—but you must not very specially ask, How or Where? Vane was the Friend of Milton: that is almost the only answer that can now be given. A man, one rather finds, of light fibre, this Sir Harry Vane. Grant all manner of purity and elevation; subtle high discourse; much intellectual and practical dexterity: there is an amiable, devoutly zealous, very pretty man;—but not a royal man; alas, no! On the whole rather a thin man. Whom it is even important to keep strictly subaltern. Whose tendency towards the Abstract, or Temporary-Theoretic, is irresistible; whose hold of the Concrete, in which lies always the Perennial, is by no means that of a giant, or born Practical King;—whose 'astonishing subtlety of intellect' conducts him not to new clearness, but to ever new abstruseness, wheel within wheel, depth under depth; marvellous temporary empire of the air,—wholly vanished now, and without meaning to any mortal.[1] My erudite friend, the astonishing intellect that occupies itself in splitting hairs, and not in twisting some kind of cordage and effectual draught-tackle to take the road with, is not to me the most astonishing of intellects! And if, as is probable, it get into narrow fanaticisms; become irrecognisant of the Perennial because not dressed in the fashionable Temporary; become self-secluded, atrabiliar, and

[1] [This by no means does justice to Vane's vigorous and successful administration of the affairs of the Navy.]

perhaps shrill-voiced and spasmodic,—what can you do but get away from it, with a prayer, "The Lord deliver me from thee!" I cannot do with *thee*. I want twisted cordage, steady pulling, and a peaceable bass tone of voice: not split hairs, hysterical spasmodics, and treble! Thou amiable, subtle, elevated individual, the Lord deliver me from thee!

These men cannot continue Kings forever; nor in fact did they in the least design such a thing; only they find a terrible difficulty in getting abdicated. Difficulty very conceivable to us. Some weeks after Pride's Purge, which may be called the constituting of this remnant of members into a Parliament and Authority, there had been presented to it, by Fairfax and the Army, what we should now call a Bentham-Sieyes Constitution, what was then called an 'Agreement of the People,'[1] which might well be imperative on honourable members sitting there; whereby it was stipulated for one thing, That this present Parliament should dissolve itself, and give place to another 'equal Representative of the People,'—in some three months hence; on the 30th of April, namely. The last day of April 1649: this Parliament was then to have its work finished, and go its ways, giving place to another. Such was our hope.

They did accordingly pass a vote to that effect; fully intending to fulfil the same: but, alas, it was found impossible. How summon a new Parliament, while the Commonwealth is still fighting for its existence? All we can do is to resolve ourselves into Grand Committee, and consider about it. After much consideration, all we can decide is, That we shall go weekly into Grand Committee, and consider farther. Duly every Wednesday we consider, for the space of eleven months and odd; find, more and more, that it is a thing of some considerableness! In brief, when my Lord General returns to us from Worcester, on the 16th of September 1651, no advance whatever towards a dissolution of ourselves has yet been made. The Wednesday Grand Committees had become a thing like the meeting of Roman augurs, difficult to go through with complete gravity; and so, after the eleventh month, have silently fallen into desuetude. We sit here very immovable. We are scornfully called the Rump of a Parliament by certain people; but we have an invincible Oliver to fight for us: we can afford to wait here, and consider to all lengths; and by one name we shall smell as sweet as by another.

[1] *Commons Journals*, 20th January 1648-9: some six weeks after the Purge; ten days before the King's Death.

I have only to add at present, that on the morrow of my Lord General's reappearance in Parliament, this sleeping question was resuscitated;[1] new activity infused into it; some show of progress made; nay, at the end of three months, after much labour and struggle, it was got decided, by a neck-and-neck division,[2] That the present *is* a fit time for fixing a limit beyond which this Parliament shall not sit. Fix a limit therefore; give us the *non-plus-ultra* of you. Next Parliament-day we do fix a limit, Three years hence, 3d November 1654; three years of rope still left us: a somewhat wide limit; which, under conceivable contingencies, may perhaps be tightened a little. My honourable friends, you ought really to get on with despatch of this business; and know of a surety that not being, any of you, Kings by birth, nor very indubitably by attainment, you will actually have to go, and even in case of extremity to be shoved and sent!

LETTER CLXXXIV[3]

At this point the law of dates requires that we introduce Letter Hundred and-eighty-fourth; though it is as a mere mathematical point, marking its own whereabouts in Oliver's History; and imparts little or nothing that is new to us.

Reverend John Cotton is a man still held in some remembrance among our New-England friends. He had been minister of Boston in Lincolnshire; carried the name across the Ocean with him; fixed it upon a new small Home he had found there,—which has become a large one since; the big busy Capital of Massachusetts, *Boston*, so called. *John Cotton his Mark*, very curiously stamped on the face of this Planet; likely to continue for some time![4]——For the rest, a painful Preacher, oracular of

[1] *Commons Journals*, 17th September 1651.

[2] 49 to 47; *Commons Journals*, 14th November 1651: 'Lord General and Lord Chief Justice,' Cromwell and St. John, are Tellers for the Yea.

[3] [Before this letter comes one in the Supplement—No. 69—concerning the reduction of the Isle of Man.]

[4] [In one of the *King's Pamphlets* (E. 598) is a treatise *Of the holiness of Church Members*, addressed by Cotton to his old congregation in Lincolnshire, in 1650, prefaced by a letter recalling his twenty years' work amongst them, and gratefully acknowledging the love which had caused them to support him in his ministry and had led many of them, "in that hour of darkness," when the High Commission Court had stretched out its arm against him, to follow him into the "howling wilderness." His old flock had evidently written urging him to return to them, but this he says he cannot do, both his work and his infirmities forbidding it.]

high Gospels to New England; who in his day was well seen to be connected with the Supreme Powers of this Universe, the word of him being as a live-coal to the hearts of many. He died some years afterwards;—was thought, especially on his deathbed, to have manifested gifts even of Prophecy,[1]—a thing not inconceivable to the human mind that well considers Prophecy and John Cotton.

We should say farther, that the Parliament, that Oliver among and before them, had taken solemn anxious thought concerning Propagating of the Gospel in New England; and, among other measures, passed an Act to that end;[2] not unworthy of attention, were our hurry less. In fact, there are traceable various small threads of relation, interesting reciprocities and mutualities, connecting the poor young Infant, New England, with its old Puritan Mother and her affairs, in those years. Which ought to be disentangled, to be made conspicuous and beautiful, by the Infant herself now that she has grown big; the busy old Mother having had to shove them, with so much else of the like, hastily out of her way for the present!—However, it is not in reference to this of Propagating the Gospel in New England; it is in congratulation on the late high Actings, and glorious Appearances of Providence in Old England, that Cotton has been addressing Oliver: introduced to him, as appears, by some small mediate or direct acquaintanceship, old or new;—founding too on their general relationship as Soldier of the Gospel and Priest of the Gospel, high brother and humble one; appointed, both of them, to fight for it to the death, each with such weapons as were given him. The Letter of Cotton, with due details, is to be seen in Hutchinson's *Collection*.[3] The date is 'Boston in New England, 28th of Fifth' (*Fifth Month*, or *July*), '1651:' the substance, full of piety and loyalty, like that of hundreds of others, must not concern us here,—except these few interesting words, upon certain of our poor old Dunbar friends: 'The Scots whom God delivered 'into your hands at Dunbar,' says Cotton, 'and whereof sundry 'were sent hither,—we have been desirous, as we could, to make 'their yoke easy. Such as were sick of the scurvy, or other 'diseases, have not wanted physic and chirurgery. They have 'not been sold for Slaves, to *perpetual* servitude; but for six, or 'seven, or eight years, as we do our own. And he that bought

[1] Thurloe, i. 565;—in 1653. [2] Scobell (27th July 1649), ii. 66.
[3] *Papers relative to the History of Massachusetts* (Boston, 1769), p. 233.

'the most of them, I hear, buildeth Houses for them, for every 'Four a House; and layeth some acres of ground thereto, which 'he giveth them as their own, requiring them three days in 'the week to work for him by turns, and four days for themselves; 'and promiseth, as soon as they can repay him the money he laid 'out for them, he will set them at liberty.' Which really is a mild arrangement, much preferable to Durham Cathedral and the raw cabbages at Morpeth; and may turn to good for the poor fellows, if they can behave themselves!—

For my esteemed Friend Mr. Cotton, Pastor to the Church at Boston in New England: These

'London,' 2d October 1651.

Worthy Sir, and my Christian Friend,

I received yours a few days sithence. It was welcome to me because signed by you, whom I love and honour in the Lord: but more 'so' to see some of the same grounds of our actings stirring in you that have in us, to quiet us to our work, and support us therein; which hath had 'the' greatest difficulty in our engagement in Scotland; by reason we have had to do with some who were (I verily think) godly, but, through weakness and the subtlety of Satan, 'were' involved in interest against the Lord and His people.

With what tenderness we have proceeded with such, and that in sincerity, our papers (which I suppose you have seen) will in part manifest; and I give you some comfortable assurance of 'the same.' The Lord hath marvellously appeared even against them.[1] And now again when all the power was devolved into the Scottish King and the malignant Party, they invading England, the Lord rained upon them such snares as the enclosed[2] will show. Only the narrative in short is this, that of their whole army, when the narrative was framed, not five men 'were' returned.

[1] From Preston downward.

[2] Doubtless the *Official Narrative of Worcester Battle;* published about a week ago, as Preamble to the Act appointing a Day of Thanksgiving; 26th September 1651; reprinted in *Parliamentary History*, xx. 59-65.

Surely, Sir, the Lord is greatly to be feared, as to be praised! We need your prayers in this as much as ever. How shall we behave ourselves after such mercies? What is the Lord a-doing? What prophecies are now fulfilling?[1] Who is a God like ours? To know His will, to do His will, are both of Him.

I took this liberty from business, to salute you thus in a word. Truly I am ready to serve you and the rest of our brethren and the Churches with you. I am a poor weak creature, and not worthy the name of a worm; yet accepted to serve the Lord and His people. Indeed, my dear friend, between you and me, you know not me, my weaknesses, my inordinate passions, my unskilfulness and everyway unfitness to my work. Yet, yet the Lord, who will have mercy on whom He will, does as you see. Pray for me. Salute all Christian friends though unknown.

I rest,

Your affectionate friend to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

About this time, for there is no date to it but an evidently vague and erroneous one, was held the famous Conference of Grandees, called by request of Cromwell; of which Bulstrode has given record. Conference held 'one day' at Speaker Lenthall's house in Chancery Lane, to decide among the leading Grandees of the Parliament and Army, How this Nation *is* to be settled,—the Long Parliament having now resolved on actually dismissing itself by and by. The question is really complex: one would gladly know what the leading Grandees did think of it; even what they found good to say upon it! Unhappily our learned Bulstrode's report of this Conference is very dim, very languid: nay Bulstrode, as we have found elsewhere, has a kind of dramaturgic turn in him, indeed an occasional poetic friskiness; most unexpected, as if the hippopotamus should show a tendency to dance;—which painfully deducts from one's confidence in Bulstrode's entire accuracy on such occasions! Here and there the multitudinous Paper Masses of learned Bulstrode do seem to

[1] See Psalm Hundred-and-tenth.

* Harris, p. 518; Birch's *Original*,—copied in *Additional MS.*, no. 4156, § 2.

smack a little of the date when he redacted them,—posterior to the Ever-blessed Restoration, not prior to it. We shall, nevertheless, excerpt this dramaturgic Report of Conference: the reader will be willing to examine, with his own eyes, even as in a glass darkly, any feature of that time; and he can remember always that a learned Bulstrode's fat terrene mind, imaging a heroic Cromwell and his affairs, is a very dark glass indeed!

The Speakers in this Conference,—Desborow, Oliver's Brother-in-law; Whalley, Oliver's Cousin; fanatical Harrison, tough St. John, my learned Lord Keeper or Commissioner Whitlocke himself,—are mostly known to us. Learned Widdrington, the mellifluous orator, once Lord Commissioner too, and like to be again, though at present 'excused from it owing to scruples,' will by and by become better known to us. A mellifluous, unhealthy, seemingly somewhat scrupulous and timorous man.[1] He is of the race of that Widdrington whom we still lament in doleful dumps,—but does not fight upon the stumps like him. There were 'many other Gentlemen' who merely listened.

'Upon the defeat at Worcester,' says Bulstrode vaguely,[2] 'Cromwell desired a Meeting with divers Members of Parliament, 'and some chief Officers of the Army, at the Speaker's house. 'And a great many being there, he proposed to them, That now 'the old King being dead, and his Son being defeated, he held it 'necessary to come to a Settlement of the Nation. And in order 'thereunto, had requested this Meeting; that they together 'might consider and advise, What was fit to be done, and to be 'presented to the Parliament.

'Speaker. My Lord, this Company were very ready to attend 'your Excellence, and the business you are pleased to propound 'to us is very necessary to be considered. God hath given 'marvellous success to our Forces under your command; and 'if we do not improve these mercies to some Settlement, such 'as may be to God's honour, and the good of this Commonwealth, 'we shall be very much blameworthy.

'Harrison. I think that which my Lord General hath pro-

[1] Wood, *in voce*.

[2] Whitlocke, p. 491; the date, 10th December 1651, is that of the Paper merely, and as applied to the Conference itself cannot be correct. [Whitlocke distinctly puts this meeting under date of Dec. 10, and it is difficult to see what he can mean, except that it actually took place on that day. The words, "upon the defeat at Worcester," would simply mean in consequence of it. Dr. Gardiner thinks that only the leading *lawyers* in Parliament were invited to confer with the officers. At any rate no other members are mentioned as speaking.]

'pounded, is, To advise as to a Settlement both of our Civil and 'Spiritual Liberties; and so that the mercies which the Lord 'hath given-in to us may not be cast away. How this may be 'done is the great question.

'WHITLOCKE. It is a great question indeed, and not suddenly 'to be resolved! Yet it were pity that a meeting of so many 'able and worthy persons as I see here, should be fruitless.—I 'should humbly offer, in the first place, Whether it be not re-'quisite to be understood in what way this Settlement is desired? 'Whether of an absolute Republic, or with any mixture of 'Monarchy.

'CROMWELL. My Lord Commissioner Whitlocke hath put us 'upon the right point: and indeed it is my meaning, that we 'should consider, Whether a Republic, or a mixed Monarchical 'Government will be best to be settled? And if anything 'Monarchical, then, In whom that power shall be placed?

'SIR THOMAS WIDDRINGTON. I think a mixed Monarchical 'Government will be most suitable to the Laws and People of 'this Nation. And if any Monarchical, I suppose we shall hold 'it most just to place that power in one of the Sons of the late 'King.

'COLONEL FLEETWOOD. I think that the question, Whether an 'absolute Republic, or a mixed Monarchy, be best to be settled 'in this Nation, will not be very easy to be determined!

'LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE ST. JOHN. It will be found, that the 'Government of this Nation, without something of Monarchical 'power, will be very difficult to be so settled as not to shake the 'foundation of our Laws, and the Liberties of the People.

'SPEAKER. It will breed a strange confusion to settle a 'Government of this Nation without something of Monarchy.

'COLONEL DESBOROW. I beseech you, my Lord, why may not 'this, as well as other Nations, be governed in the way of a 'Republic?

'WHITLOCKE. The Laws of England are so interwoven with 'the power and practice of Monarchy, that to settle a Govern-'ment without something of Monarchy in it, would make so 'great an alteration in the Proceedings of our Law, that you '"will" have scarce time[1] to rectify "it," nor can we well foresee 'the inconveniences which will arise thereby.

'COLONEL WHALLEY. I do not well understand matters of

[1] Between this and November 1654.

'Law: but it seems to me the best way, Not to have anything 'of Monarchical power in the Settlement of our Government. 'And if we should resolve upon any, whom have we to pitch 'upon? The King's Eldest Son hath been in arms against us, 'and his Second Son[1] likewise is our enemy.

'Sir Thomas Widdrington. But the late King's Third Son, 'the Duke of Gloucester, is still among us; and too young to 'have been in arms against us, or infected with the principles of 'our enemies.

'Whitlocke. There may be a day given for the King's Eldest 'Son,[2] or for the Duke of York his Brother, to come in to the 'Parliament. And upon such terms as shall be thought fit, and 'agreeable both to our Civil and Spiritual liberties, a Settlement 'may be made with them.

'Cromwell. That will be a business of more than ordinary 'difficulty! But really I think, if it may be done with safety, 'and preservation of our Rights, both as Englishmen and as 'Christians, That a Settlement with somewhat of Monarchical 'power in it would be very effectual.'

Much other discourse there was, says my learned friend;—but amounting to little. The Lawyers all for a mixed Government, with something of Monarchy in it; tending to call in one of the King's Sons,—I especially tending that way; secretly loyal in the worst of times. The Soldiers again were all for a Republic; thinking they had had enough of the King and his Sons. My Lord General always checked that secret-loyalty of mine, and put off the discussion of the King's Son; yet did not declare himself for a Republic either;—was indeed, as my terrene fat mind came at length to image him, merely 'fishing for men's opinions,' and for provender to himself and his appetites, as I in the like case should have been doing!—The Conference broke up, with what of 'fish' in this kind my Lord General had taken, and no other result arrived at.

Many Conferences held by my Lord General have broken up so. Four years ago, he ended one in King Street by playfully 'flinging a cushion' at a certain solid head of our acquaintance,

[1] James; who has fled to the Continent some time ago, 'in women's clothes, with one Colonel Bamfield, and is getting fast into Papistry and other confusions.

[2] Charles Stuart: 'a day' for him, upon whose *head* there was, not many weeks ago, a Reward of 1000*l.*? Did you actually *say* this, my learned friend? Or merely strive to think, and redact, at an after-period, that you had said it,—that you had thought it, meant to say it, which was virtually all the same, in a case of difficulty!

and running down stairs.[1] Here too it became ultimately clear to the solid head that he had been 'fishing.' Alas, a Lord General has many Conferences to hold; and in terrene minds, ligneous, oleaginous, and other, images himself in a very strange manner!——The candid imagination, busy to shape out some conceivable Oliver in these Nineteen months, will accept thankfully the following small indubitabilities, or glimpses of definite events.

December 8th, 1651. In the beginning of December (Whitlocke dates it 8th December) came heavy tidings over from Ireland, dark and heavy in the house of Oliver especially: that Deputy Ireton, worn out with sleepless Irish services, had caught an inflammatory fever, and suddenly died. Fell sick on the 16th of November 1651; died, at Limerick, on the 26th.[2] The reader remembers Bridget Ireton, the young wife at Cornbury:[3] she is now Widow Ireton; a sorrowful bereaved woman. One brave heart and subtle-working brain has ended: to the regret of all the brave. A man able with his pen and his sword; 'very stiff in his ways.'

Dryasdust, who much loves the brave Ireton in a rather blind way, intimates that Ireton's 'stern virtue' would probably have held Cromwell in awe; that had Ireton lived, there had probably been no sacrilege against the Constitution on Oliver's part. A probability of almost no weight, my erudite friend. The 'stern virtue' of Ireton was not sterner on occasion than that of Oliver; the probabilities of Ireton's disapproving what Oliver did, in the case alluded to, are very small, resting on solid Ludlow mainly; and as to those of Ireton's holding Cromwell 'in awe,' in this or in any matter he had himself decided to do, I think we may safely reckon them at zero, my erudite friend!

Lambert, now in Scotland, was appointed Deputy in Ireton's room; and meant to go; but did not. Some say the Widow Ireton, irritated that the beautiful and showy Lady Lambert should *already* 'take precedence of her in St. James's Park,' frustrated the scheme: what we find certain is, That Lambert did not go, that Fleetwood went; and farther, that the Widow

[1] Ludlow, i. 240.
[2] Wood, iii. 300; Whitlocke, p. 491.—Letter (Oliver to his Sister) in Appendix No. 23.
[3] Letter XLI. 246; and *antea*, p. 118.

Ireton in due time became Wife of the Widower Fleetwood:[1] the rest hangs vague in the head of zealous Mrs. Hutchinson, solid Ludlow, and empty Rumour.[2] Ludlow, already on the spot, does the Irish duties in the interim. Ireton has solemn Public Funeral in England; copious moneys settled on his Widow and Family; all honours paid to him, for his own sake and his Father-in-law's.

March 25th, 1652. Above two years ago, when this Rump Parliament was in the flush of youthful vigour, it decided on reforming the Laws of England, and appointed a working Committee for that object, our learned friend Bulstrode one of them. Which working Committee finding the job heavy, gradually languished; and after some Acts for having Law-proceedings transacted in the English tongue, and for other improvements of the like magnitude, died into comfortable sleep. On my Lord General's return from Worcester, it had been poked up again; and, now rubbing its eyes, set to work in good earnest; got a subsidiary Committee appointed, of Twenty-one persons not members of this House at all, To say and suggest what improvements were really wanted: such improvements they the working Committee would then, with all the readiness in life, effectuate and introduce in the shape of specific Acts. Accordingly, on March 25th, first day of the new year 1652, learned Bulstrode, in the name of this working Committee, reports that the subsidiary Committee has suggested a variety of things: among others, some improvement in our method of Transferring Property,—of enabling poor John Doe, who finds at present a terrible difficulty in doing it, to inform Richard Roe, "I John Doe do, in very fact, sell to thee Richard Roe, such and "such a Property,—according to the usual human meaning of the "word *sell*; and it is hereby, let me again assure thee, indisput-"ably SOLD to thee Richard, by me John:" which, my learned friend thinks, might really be an improvement. To which end he will introduce an Act: nay there shall farther be an Act for the 'Registry of Deeds in each County,'—if it please Heaven. 'Neglect to register your Sale of Land in this promised County-'Register within a given time,' enacts the learned Bulstrode, 'such 'Sale should be void. Be exact in registering it, the Land shall 'not be subject to any incumbrance.' Incumbrance: yes, but

[1] [Fleetwood's first wife was buried on November 24, two days before Ireton died. Mrs. Ireton married Fleetwood on June 8 of the following year, as is proved by a newsletter of June 12, found by Mr. Firth amongst the *Clarke MSS.*]

[2] Hutchinson's *Memoirs* (London, 1806), p. 195; Ludlow, pp. 414, 449, 450, &c.

what is 'incumbrance?' asks all the working Committee, with wide eyes, when they come actually to sit upon this Bill of Registry, and to hatch it into some kind of perfection: What is 'incumbrance?' No mortal can tell. They sit debating it, painfully sifting it, 'for three months;'[1] three months by Booker's Almanac, and the Zodiac Horologe: March violets have become June roses; and still they debate what 'incumbrance' is;—and indeed, I think, could never fix it at all; and are perhaps debating it, if so doomed, in some twilight foggy section of Dante's Nether World, to all Eternity, at this hour!—Are not these a set of men likely to reform English Law? Likely these to strip the accumulated owl-droppings and foul guano-mountains from your rock-island, and lay the reality bare,—in the course of Eternities! The wish waxes livelier in Colonel Pride that he could see a certain addition made to the Scots Colours hung in Westminster Hall yonder.

I add only, for the sake of Chronology, that on the fourth day after this appearance of Bulstrode as a Law-reformer, occurred the famous *Black Monday;* fearfullest eclipse of the Sun ever seen by mankind. Came on about nine in the morning; darker and darker: ploughmen unyoked their teems, stars came out, birds sorrowfully chirping took to roost, men in amazement to prayers: a day of much obscurity; *Black Monday,* or *Mirk Monday,* 29th March 1652.[2] Much noised of by Lilly, Booker, and the buzzard Astrologer tribe. Betokening somewhat? Belike that Bulstrode and this Parliament will, in the way of Law-reform and otherwise, make a Practical Gospel, or real Reign of God, in this England?—

July 9th, 1652. A great external fact which, no doubt, has its effect on all internal movements, is the War with the Dutch. The Dutch, ever since our Death-Warrant to Charles First, have looked askance at this New Commonwealth, which wished to stand well with them; and have accumulated offence on offence against it. Ambassador Dorislaus was assassinated in their country; Charles Second was entertained there; evasive slow answers were given to tough St. John, who went over as new Ambassador: to which St. John responding with great directness, in a proud, brief and very emphatic manner, took his leave, and came home again. Came home again; and passed the celebrated Navigation Act,[3]

[1] Ludlow, i. 430; *Parliamentary History,* xx. 84; *Commons Journals,* vii. 67, 110, &c.

[2] Balfour, iv. 349; Law's *Memorials,* p. 6.

[3] Introduced, 5th August 1651; passed, 9th October 1651: given in Scobell, ii. 176.

forbidding that any goods should be imported into England except either in English ships or in ships of the country where the goods were produced. Thereby terribly maiming the 'Carrying Trade of the Dutch;' and indeed, as the issue proved, depressing the Dutch Maritime Interest not a little, and proportionally elevating that of England. Embassies in consequence, from their irritated High Mightinesses; sea-fightings in consequence; and much negotiating, apologising, and bickering mounting ever higher;—which at length, at the date above given, issues in declared War. Dutch War: cannonadings and fierce sea-fights in the narrow seas; land-soldiers drafted to fight on shipboard; and land-officers, Blake, Dean, Monk, who became very famous sea-officers; Blake a thrice-famous one;—poor Dean lost his life in this business. They doggedly beat the Dutch, and again beat them: their best Van Tromps and De Ruyters could not stand these terrible Puritan Sailors and Gunners. The Dutch gradually grew tame. The public mind, occupied with sea-fights and sea-victories, finds again that the New Representative must be patiently waited for; that this is not a time for turning out the old Representative, which has so many affairs on its hands.

But the Dutch War brings another consequence in the train of it: renewed severity against Delinquents. The necessities of cash for this War are great: indeed the grand business of Parliament at present seems to be that of Finance,—finding of sinews for such a War. Any remnants of Royal lands, of Dean-and-Chapter lands,—sell them by rigorous auction; the very lead of the Cathedrals one is tempted to sell; nay almost the Cathedrals themselves,[1] if any one would buy them. The necessities of the Finance Department are extreme. Money, money: our Blakes and Monks, in deadly wrestle with the Dutch, must have money!

Estates of Delinquents, one of the readiest resources from of old, cannot, in these circumstances, be forgotten. Search out Delinquents: in every County make stringent inquest after them! Many, in past years, have made light settlements with lax Committee-men; neighbours, not without pity for them. Many of minor sort have been overlooked altogether. Bring them up, every Delinquent of them; up hither to the Rhadamanthus-bar of Goldsmiths' Hall and Haberdashers' Hall; sift them, search them; riddle the last due sixpence out of them. The Commons Journals of these months have formidable ell-long Lists of Delin-

[1] *Parliamentary History*, xx. 90.

quents; List after List; who shall, on rigorous terms, be ordered to compound.[1] Poor unknown Royalist Squires, from various quarters of England; whose names and surnames excite now no notion in us except that of No. 1 and No. 2: my Lord General has seen them 'crowding by thirties and forties in a morning'[2] about these Haberdasher-Grocer Halls of Doom, with haggard expression of countenance; soliciting, from what austere official person they can get a word of, if not mercy, yet at least swift judgment. In a way which affected my Lord General's feelings. We have now the third year of Peace in our borders: is this what you call Settlement of the Nation?

LETTER CLXXXV[3]

THE following Letter 'to my honoured Friend Mr. Hungerford the Elder,' which at any rate by order of time introduces itself here, has probably some reference to these Committee businesses: —at all events, there hangs by it a little tale.

[1] [There was no fresh sequestration of delinquents at this time, but only a new Act of Sale relating to the lands of delinquents already sequestrated, who had either refused to compound or neglected to pay their fines. The first Act of Sale was in July, 1651, when the estates of seventy-three of these men—estates "forfeited to the Commonwealth for treason"—were ordered to be sold, and were placed in the hands of seven trustees, to dispose of to the best advantage. A second act was now passed, August 4, 1652, ordering that twenty-nine more of these forfeited estates should be made over to the same trustees and sold for the use of the Navy. The bill for this was under discussion as early as April, and therefore was not brought in in consequence of the Dutch War, but no doubt the need for money expedited proceedings. "Our Council is much divided about Holland." Carew Raleigh wrote to Lord Conway on June 26, "and nothing yet determined, but we provide for war in manning our ships and caring for money, in order to which the Lord Craven's estates and Mr. Cooke's are voted to be sold." The original list included twenty-eight names, but two of them were found to have been inserted in the first act, reducing the number to twenty-six. Four more were added next day, so that the actual number of estates to be sold was thirty. The "ell-long lists" relate to the third Act of Sale, in November of this same year, but so far from being ordered to compound, as a rule these old offenders at first were not allowed to do so. Their names were sent up by the County Committees, and their lands were given over to the Treason Trustees for sale. The market, however, was not active, buyers being shy of a purchase which the possible event of a Restoration might snatch from them, and after a while the owners of the confiscated lands were allowed to compound for them, but at a very high rate.]

[2] Speech, *postea*.

[3] [Between the last letter and this one come three short notes; Supplement, Nos. 70, 71.]

Some six miles from Bath, in the direction towards Salisbury, are to be seen, 'on the northeast slope of a rocky height called Farley Hill,' the ruins of an old Castle, once well known by the name of *Farley Montfort*, or *Farley Hungerford:* Mansion once of the honourable Family of Hungerfords, while there was such a Family. The Hungerfords are extinct above a century ago; and their Mansion stands there as a Ruin, knowing little of them any more. But it chanced, long since, before the Ruin became quite roofless, some Land-Steward or Agent of a new Family, tapping and poking among the melancholy lumber there,—found 'an old loose Chest' shoved loosely 'under the old Chapel-altar;' and bethought him of opening the same. Masses of damp dust; unclean accumulation of beetle-and-spider exuviæ, to the conceivable amount: under these certain bundles of rubbish-papers, extinct lease-records, marriage-contracts, all extinct now,—among which, however, were Two Letters bearing Oliver Cromwell's signature. These Two the Land-Steward carefully copied, thanks to him;—and here, out of *Collinson's History of Somersetshire*, the first of them now is. Very dark to the Land-Steward, to Collinson, and to us. For the Hungerfords are extinct; their Name and Family, like their old Mansion, a mouldering ruin,—almost our chief light in regard to it, the Two little bits of Paper, rescued from the old Chest under the Chapel-altar, in that romantic manner!—

There were three Hungerfords in Parliament; all for Wiltshire constituencies. Sir Edward, 'Knight of the Bath,' Puritan original Member for Chippenham; Lord of this Mansion of Farley, as we find:[1] then Henry, Esq., 'recruiter' for Bedwin since 1646; probably a cadet of the House, perhaps heir to it: both these are now 'secluded Members;' purged away by Pride; nay it seems Sir Edward was already dead, about the time of Pride's Purge. The third, Anthony Hungerford, original Member for Malmesbury, declared for the King in 1642; was of course disabled, cast into the Tower when caught;—made his composition, by repentance and due fine, 'fine of 2,532*l.*,' in 1646,[2] when the First Civil War ended; and has lived ever since a quiet repentant man. He is of 'Blackbourton in Oxfordshire,' this Anthony; but I judge by his Parliamentary connexion and other circumstances, likewise a

[1] Collinson (iii. 357 *n.*) gives his Epitaph copied from the old Chapel; but is very dark and even self-contradictory in what he says farther.

[2] *Commons Journals*, iv. 565 (5th June 1646); *ib.* iii. 526, &c. [And *Calendar of Committee for Compounding*, p. 867.]

cadet of the House of Farley. Of him by and by, when we arrive at the next Letter.

For the present, with regard to Sir Edward, lord of the Farley Mansion, we have to report, by tremulous but authentic lights, that he stood true for the Parliament; had controversies, almost duels, in behalf of it; among other services, lent it 500*l.* Furthermore, that he is now dead, 'died in 1648;' and that his Widow cannot yet get payment of that 500*l.*; that she is yet only struggling to get a Committee to sit upon it.[1] One might guess, but nobody can know, that this Note was addressed to Henry Hungerford, in reference to that business of Sir Edward's Widow. Or possibly it may be Anthony Hungerford, the repentant Royalist, that is now the 'Elder Hungerford;' a man with whom the Lord General is not without relations? Unimportant to us, either way. A hasty Note, on some 'business' now unknown,[2] about which an unknown 'gentleman' has been making inquiry and negotiation; for the answer to which an unknown 'servant' of some 'Mr. Hungerford the Elder' is waiting in the hall of Oliver's House,—the Cockpit, I believe, at this date:—in such faintly luminous state, revealing little save its own existence, must this small Document be left.

For my honoured Friend Mr. Hungerford 'the Elder,' at his House: These

'London,' 30th July 1652.

SIR,

I am very sorry why occasions will not permit me to return[3] to you as I would. I have not yet fully spoken with the gentleman I sent to wait upon you; when I shall do it, I shall be enabled to be more particular. Being unwilling to detain your servant any longer, with my service to your lady and family, I take leave, and rest,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

[1] Committee got, 18th February 1652-3, 'the Lord General' Cromwell in it (*Commons Journals*, vii. 260): Danger of Duel (*ib.* ii. 928, 981; iii. 185, January—June 1643). See *ib.* iv. 161, v. 618, &c.

[2] [See note, p. 256 below.]

[3] reply.

* Collinson's *History of Somersetshire* (Bath, 1791), iii. 357 (Note). [*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lx. p. 1186. Original in the collection of Sir R. Tangye.]—See Appendix, No. 25.

It is a sad reflection with my Lord General, in this Hungerford and other businesses, that the mere justice of any matter will so little avail a man in Parliament: you can make no way till you have got up some party on the subject there![1] In fact, red-tape has, to a lamentable extent, tied up the souls of men in this Parliament of the Commonwealth of England. They are becoming hacks of office; a savour of Godliness still on their lips, but seemingly not much deeper with some of them. I begin to have a suspicion *they* are no Parliament! If the Commonwealth of England had not still her Army Parliament, rigorous devout Council of Officers, men in right life-and-death earnest, who have spent their blood in this Cause, who in case of need can assemble and act again,—what would become of the Commonwealth of England? Earnest persons, from this quarter and that, make petition to the Lord General and Officers, That they would be pleased to take the matter in hand, and see right done. To which the Lord General and Officers answer always: Wait, be patient; the Parliament itself will yet do it.

What the 'state of the Gospel in Wales' is, in Wales or elsewhere, I cannot with any accuracy ascertain; but see well that this Parliament has shown no zeal that way; has shackled rather, and tied-up with its sorrowful red-tape the movements of men that had any zeal.[2] Lamentable enough. The light of the Everlasting Truth was kindled; and you do not fan the sacred flame, you consider *it* a thing which may be left to itself! Unhappy: and for what did we fight then, and wrestle with our souls and our bodies as in strong agony; besieging Heaven with our prayers, and Earth and its Strengths, from Naseby on to Worcester, with our pikes and cannon? Was it to put an Official Junto of some Threescore Persons into the high saddle in England; and say, Ride ye? They would need to be Threescore beautifuller men! Our blood shed like water, our brethren's bones whitening a hundred fields; Tredah Storm, Dunbar death-agony, and God's voice from the battle whirlwind: did they mean no more but you!—My Lord General urges us always to be patient: Patience, the Parliament itself will yet do it. That is what we shall see!—

On the whole, it must be seriously owned by every reader, this present Fag-end of a Parliament of England has failed altogether to realise the high dream of those old Puritan hearts. 'Incum-

[1] Speech, *postea*.

[2] *Ibid.*

brance,' it appears, cannot in the abstract be defined: but if you would know in the concrete what it is, look there! The thing we fought for, and gained as if by miracle, it is ours this long while, and yet not ours; within grasp of us, it lies there unattainable, enchanted under Parliamentary formulas. Enemies are swept away; extinguished as in the brightness of the Lord: and no Divine Kingdom, and no clear incipiency of such, has yet in any measure come!—These are sorrowful reflections.

For, alas, such high dream is difficult to realise! Not the Stuart Dynasty alone that opposes it; all the Dynasties of the Devil, the whole perversions of this poor Earth, without us and within us, oppose it.—Yea, answers with a sigh the heart of my Lord General: Yea, it is difficult, and thrice difficult;—and yet woe to us, if we do not with our whole soul try it, make some clear beginning of it; if we sit defining 'incumbrances,' instead of bending every muscle to the wheel that is encumbered! Who art thou that standest still; that having put-to thy hand, turnest back? In these years of miracle in England, were there not great things, as if by divine voices, audibly promised? 'The Lord said unto my Lord!'—And is it all to end here? In Juntos of Threescore; in Grocers-Hall Committees,[1] in red-tape, and official shakings of the head?—

My Lord General, are there no voices, dumb voices from the depths of poor England's heart, that address themselves to you, even you? My Lord General hears voices; and would fain distinguish and discriminate them. Which, in all these, is the God's voice? That were the one to follow. My Lord General, I think, has many meditations, of a very mixed, and some of a very abstruse nature, in these months.

August 13th, 1652. This day came a 'Petition from the Officers of my Lord General's Army,' which a little alarmed us. Petition craving for some real reform of the Law; some real attempt towards setting up a Gospel Ministry in England; real and general ousting of scandalous, incompetent and plainly diabolic persons from all offices of Church and State; real beginning, in short, of a Reign of Gospel Truth in this England;—

[1] [It is not very evident what Carlyle conceived the Grocers' Hall Committee to be. As a matter of fact, it was a very useful and unobtrusive committee composed of "Adventurers for Ireland" (partly members of Parliament, partly citizens of London), and its work was to levy assessments and furnish arms and provisions for the army in Ireland. Another Irish Committee also sat sometimes at Grocers' Hall, but the Committee for Compounding never went there.]

and for one thing, a swift progress in that most slow-going Bill for a New Representative; an actual ending of this present Fag-end of a Parliament, which has now sat very long! So, in most respectful language, prays this Petition[1] of the Officers. Petition prefaced, they say, with earnest prayer to God: that was the preface or prologue they gave it;—what kind of epilogue they might be prepared to give it, one does not learn: but the men carry swords at their sides; and we have known them!—'Many 'thought this kind of Petition dangerous; and counselled my 'Lord General to put a stop to the like: but he seemed to make 'light of it,' says Bulstrode. In fact, my Lord General does not disapprove of it: my Lord General, after much abstruse meditation, has decided on putting himself at the head of it. He, and a serious minority in Parliament, and in England at large, think with themselves, once more, If it were not for this Army Parliament, what would become of us?—Speaker Lenthall 'thanked' these Officers, with a smile which I think must have been of the grimmest, like that produced in certain animals by the act of eating thistles.

September 14th, 1652. The somnolent slow-going Bill for a New Representative, which has slept much, and now and then pretended to move a little, for long years past, is resuscitated by this Petition; comes out, rubbing its eyes, disposed for decided activity;—and in fact sleeps no more; cannot think of sleep any more, the noise round it waxing ever louder. Settle how your Representative shall be; for be it now actually must!

This Bill, which has slept and waked so long, does not sleep again: but, How to settle the conditions of the New Representative?—there is a question! My Lord General will have good security against 'the Presbyterial Party' that they come not into power again; good security against the red-tape Party, that they sit not for three months defining an incumbrance again. How shall we settle the New Representative;—on the whole, what or how shall we do? For the old stagnancy is verily broken up: these petitioning Army Officers, with all the earnest armed and unarmed men of England in the rear of them, have

[1] Whitlocke, p. 516. [The original form of the last clause was a demand for an immediate dissolution. Cromwell did not sign, probably, Dr. Gardiner thinks, disapproving of this. By his mediation it was altered to a request that "for public satisfaction of the good people of this land, speedy consideration may be had of such qualification for future and successive parliaments as" might secure "the election only of such as are pious and faithful in the interests of the Commonwealth. *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, ii. 168.]

verily torn us from our moorings; and we do go adrift,—with questionable havens, on starboard and larboard, very difficult of entrance; with Mahlstroms and Niagaras very patent right ahead! We are become to mankind a Rump Parliament; sit here we cannot much longer; and we know not what to do!

'During the month of October, some ten or twelve conferences took place,'—private conferences between the Army Officers and the Leaders of the Parliament: wherein nothing could be agreed upon.[1] Difficult to settle the New Representative; impossible for this Old Misrepresentative or Rump to continue! What shall or can be done? Summon, without popular intervention, by earnest selection on your and our part, a Body of godly wise Men, the Best and Wisest we can find in England; to them entrust the whole question; and do you abdicate, and depart straightway, say the Officers. Forty good Men, or a Hundred-and-forty; choose them well,—they will define an incumbrance in less than three months, we may hope, and tell us what to do! Such is the notion of the Army Officers, and my Lord General; a kind of Puritan 'Convention of the Notables,' so the French would call it; to which the Parliament Party see insuperable objections. What other remedy, then? The Parliament Party mournfully insinuate that there is no remedy, except,—except continuance of the present Rump![2]

November 7th, 1652. 'About this time,' prior or posterior to it, while such conferences and abstruse considerations are in progress, my Lord General, walking once in St. James's Park, beckons the learned Bulstrode, who is also there; strolls gradually aside with him, and begins one of the most important Dialogues. Whereof learned Bulstrode has preserved some record; which is unfortunately much dimmed by just suspicion of dramaturgy on the part of Bulstrode; and shall not be excerpted by us here. It tends conspicuously to show, *first*, how Cromwell already entertained most alarming notions of 'making oneself a King,' and even wore them pinned on his sleeve, for the inspection of the learned; and *secondly*, how Bulstrode, a secret-royalist in the worst of times, advised him by no means to think of that, but to call in Charles

[1] ["I believe," said Cromwell afterwards, "we had at least ten or twelve meetings [with the members], most humbly begging and beseeching of them that by their own means they would bring forth those good things which had been promised and expected; that so it might appear they did not do them by any suggestion from the army, but from their own ingenuity; so tender were we to preserve them in the reputation of the people." See Speech I., p. 279 below.]

[2] Speech, *postea*.

Stuart,—who had an immense popularity among the Powerful in England just then![1] 'My Lord General did not in words express 'any anger, but only by looks and carriage; and turned aside 'from me to other company,'—as this Editor, in quest of certainty and insight, and not of doubt and fat drowsy pedantry, will now also do!

LETTER CLXXXVI[2]

HERE, from the old Chest of Farley Castle, is the other Hungerford Letter; and a dim glance into the domesticities again. *Anthony* Hungerford, as we saw, was the Royalist Hungerford, of Blackbourton in Oxfordshire; once Member for Malmesbury; who has been living these six or seven years past in a repentant wholesomely secluded state. 'Cousin Dunch' is young Mrs. Dunch of Pusey, once Ann Mayor of Hursley; she lives within visiting distance of Blackbourton, when at Pusey; does not forget old neighbours while in Town,—and occasionally hears gloomy observations from them. "Your Lord General is become a great man now!"—From the Answer to which we gather at least one thing: That the 'offer of a very great Proposition' as to Son Richard's marriage, which we once obscurely heard of,[3] was, to all appearance, made by this Anthony Hungerford,—perhaps in behalf of his kinsman Sir Edward, who, as he had no Son,[4] might have a Daughter that would be a very great Proposition to a young man. Unluckily 'there was not that assurance of Godliness' that seemed to warrant it: however, the nobleness of the Overture is never to be forgotten.[5]

[1] [Of this narrative of Bulstrode, Dr. Gardiner says: "Without relying upon the accuracy of every word, I accept the report as substantially correct, and probably founded on notes taken at the time. To invent it would require dramatic powers which Whitelocke never showed any signs of possessing. Even the passage about the recall of Charles Stuart, which has been most suspected, contains touches such as: 'this prince being now . . . reduced to a very low condition,' and, 'he and all about him cannot but be very inclinable to any terms,' which would hardly have been inserted after the Restoration, when we should rather expect some flourish about loyalty. There is, in fact, not a single phrase in any way flattering to Charles. Moreover, the time to which the conversation is assigned is most appropriate, being that when the conferences which began in October showed no sign of producing a satisfactory result." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, ii. 175.]

[2] [Before this letter, see three notes in behalf respectively of Governor Searle of Barbados; of Lord Vaux, and of one John Cave, Supplement, Nos. 72-74.]

[3] *Antea*, vol. i. p. 293. [4] Epitaph in Collinson's *Somersetshire*.

[5] [Perhaps the overture is for Henry. *Cf.* letter CLXXXV. and Appendix 26.]

For my honoured Friend Anthony Hungerford, Esquire: These

Cockpit, 10th December 1652.

Sir,

I understand, by my Cousin Dunch, of so much trouble of yours, and so much unhandsomeness (at least seeming so) on my part, as doth not a little afflict me, until I give you this account of my innocency.

She was pleased to tell my wife of your often resorts to my house to visit me, and of your disappointments. Truly, Sir, had I but once known of your being there, and had concealed myself, it had been an action so below a gentleman or an honest man, so full of ingratitude for your civilities I have received from you, as would have rendered me unworthy of human society. Believe me, Sir, I am much ashamed that the least colour of the appearance of such a thing should have happened; and 'I' could not take satisfaction but by this plain-dealing for my justification, which I ingenuously offer you. And although Providence did not dispose other matters to our mutual satisfaction, yet your nobleness in that overture obligeth me, and I hope ever shall whilst I live, to study upon all occasions to approve myself your family's and your

Most affectionate and humble servant,

Oliver Cromwell.

My Wife and I desire our service be presented to your Lady and family.*

LETTER CLXXXVII

Seemingly belonging to the same neighbourhood is the following altogether domestic Letter to Fleetwood; which still survives in Autograph; but has no date whatever, and no indication that

* Oliver Cromwell's *Memoirs of the Protector* (3d edition, London, 1822), ii. 488; see Collinson's *History of Somersetshire*, iii. 357 (Note).

will enable us to fix its place with perfect exactness. Fleetwood's Commission for Ireland is dated 10th July 1652;[1] the precise date of his marriage with Bridget Ireton,[2] of his departure for Ireland, or of any ulterior proceedings of his, is not recoverable, in those months. Of Henry Cromwell, too, we know only that he sat in the *Little Parliament;* and, indisputably therefore, was home from Ireland before summer next. From the total silence as to Public Affairs, in this Letter, it may be inferred that nothing decisive had yet been done or resolved upon;—that through this strange old Autograph, as through a dim Horn-Gate (not of Dreams but of Realities), we are looking into the interior of the Cromwell Lodging, and the Cromwell heart, in the Winter of 1652.

For the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland: These

'Cockpit,——1652.'

DEAR CHARLES,

I thank you for your loving letter. The same hopes and desires, upon your planting into my family, were much the same in me that you express in yours to me. However, the dispensation of the Lord is, to have it otherwise for the present; and therein I desire to acquiesce; not being out of hope but that it may lie in His good pleasure, in His time, to give us the mutual comfort of our relation, the want whereof He is able abundantly to supply by His own presence; which indeed makes up all defects, and is the comfort of all our comforts and enjoyments.

Salute your dear wife from me. Bid her beware of a bondage spirit.[3] Fear is the natural issue of such a spirit; the antidote is, Love. The voice of fear is (If I had done this; if I had avoided that, how well it had been with me!)—I know this hath been her vain reasoning: 'poor Biddy!'

Love argueth on this wise: What a Christ have I; what a

[1] Thurloe, i. 212.

[2] [Marriage, June 8. See note on p. 246 above. He went to Ireland in September.]

[3] A Secretary has written hitherto; the Lord General now begins, himself, with a new pen.

Father in and through Him! What a name hath my Father: Merciful, gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth; forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin. What a nature hath my Father: He is Love;—free in it, unchangeable, infinite. What a Covenant between Him and Christ, for all the seed, for every one: wherein He undertakes all, and the poor soul nothing. The new Covenant is grace, to or upon the soul; to which it, 'the soul,' is passive and receptive: I do away their sins; I'll write my law, &c.; I'll put it in their hearts: they shall never depart from me, &c.[1]

This commends the love of God: it's Christ dying for men without strength, for men whilst sinners, whilst enemies. And shall we seek for the root of our comforts within us, what God hath done, what He is to us in Christ, is the root of our comfort: in this is stability; in us is weakness. Acts of obedience are not perfect, and therefore yield not perfect peace.[2] Faith, as an act, yields it not; but 'only' as it carries us into Him, who is our perfect rest and peace; in whom we are accounted of, and received by, the Father, even as Christ Himself. This is our high calling. Rest we here, and here only.[3]

Commend me to Harry Cromwell: I pray for him, that he may thrive, and improve in the knowledge and love of Christ. Commend me to all the officers. My prayers indeed are daily for them. Wish them to beware of bitterness of spirit, and of all things uncomely for the gospel. The Lord give you abundance of wisdom, and faith and patience. Take heed also of your natural inclination to compliance.

Pray for me. I commit you to the Lord; and rest,

Your loving father,

Oliver Cromwell.[4]

[1] Has been crowding, for the last line or two, very close upon the bottom of the page; finds now that it will not do; and takes to the margin.

[2] [Carlyle printed this "grace."]

[3] Even so, my noble one! The noble soul will, one day, again come to understand these old words of yours.

[4] Has exhausted the long broad margin; inverts now, and writes atop.

The Boy and Bettie are very well.[1] Show what kindness you well may to Colonel Clayton, to my nephew Gregory, to Claypole's Brother.*

And so the miraculous Horn-Gate, not of Dreams but of Realities and old dim Domesticities, closes again, into totally opaque; —and we return to matters public.

December 1652—*March* 1653. The Dutch War prospers and has prospered, Blake and Monk beating the Dutch in tough seafights;[2] Delinquents, monthly Assessments, and the lead of Cathedrals furnishing the sinews: the Dutch are about sending Ambassadors to treat of Peace. With home affairs, again, it goes not so well. Through winter, through spring, that Bill for a New Representative goes along in its slow gestation; reappearing Wednesday after Wednesday; painfully struggling to take a shape that shall fit both parties, Parliament Grandees and Army Grandees both at once. A thing difficult; a thing impossible! Parliament Grandees, now become a contemptible Rump, wish they could grow into a Reputable Full Parliament again, and have the Government and the Governing Persons go on as they are now doing; this naturally is their wish. Naturally too the Army Party's wish is the reverse of this: that a Full free Parliament, with safety to the Godly Interests, and due subordination of the Presbyterian and other factions, should assemble; but also that the present Governing Persons, with their red-tape habits unable to define an incumbrance in three months, should for most part be out of it. Impossible to shape a Bill that will fit both of these Parties: Tom Thumb and

[1][Probably the little Iretons, but possibly the children of Fleetwood by his first wife. Both Ireton and Fleetwood had a daughter Elizabeth. There is an allusion to little Betty Ireton in a letter from St. John, written in January, 1649-50. "Tell my cousin Ireton," he writes, "that his wife breeds Betty up in the Popish religion, to worship images, and that she now worships, teaches her to frown." He perhaps means a doll, a "baby" as it would then be called; or possibly, her father's portrait. In the same letter, St. John speaks of Vane by the nickname which Cromwell often gave him, "Brother Herne." Nickolls' *Original Letters*, etc., p. 48 —where, however, it is misplaced a year.]

[2][A young relative (probably of Mrs. Cromwell's) in February, 1653, got Cromwell to write to Admiral Penn for permission to serve under him. See Supplement, No. 76.]

* *Add. MS.* No. 4165, f. 1. On the inner or blank leaf of this curious old Sheet are neatly pasted two square tiny bits of Paper; on one of them, 'T. Fairfax' in autograph; on the other these words: 'God blesse the now Lord Protector;' and crosswise, 'Marquis Worcester writt it;'—concerning which Marquis, once 'Lord Herbert,' see *antea*, p. 191.

the Irish Giant, you cannot, by the art of Parliamentary tailoring, clip out a coat that will fit them both! We can fancy 'conferences,' considerations deep and almost awful; my Lord General looking forward to possibilities that fill even him with fear.[1] Puritan Notables they will not have; these present Governing men are clear against that: not Puritan Notables;—and if they themselves, by this new Bill or otherwise, insist on staying there, what is to become of them?

Dryasdust laments that this invaluable Bill, now in process of gestation, is altogether lost to Posterity; no copy even of itself, much less any record of the conferences, debates, or contemporaneous considerations on it, attainable even in fractions by mankind. Much is lost, my erudite friend;—and we must console ourselves! The substantial essence of the Bill came out afterwards into full practice, in Oliver's own Parliaments. The present form of the Bill, I do clearly perceive, had one clause, That all the Members of this present Rump should continue to sit without re-election; and still better, another, That they should be a general Election Committee, and have power to say to every new Member, "Thou art dangerous, thou shalt not enter; go!" This clearly in the Bill: and not less clearly that the Lord General and Army Party would in no wise have a Bill with this in it,—or indeed have any Bill that was to be the old story over again under a new name. So much, on good evidence, is very clear to me;—the rest, which is all obliterated, becomes not inconceivable. Cost what it may cost, this Rump Parliament, which has by its conduct abundantly 'defined what an incumbrance is,' shall go about its business. Terrible Voices, supernal and other, have said it, awfully enough, in the hearts of some men! Neither under its own shabby figure, nor under another more plausible, shall *it* guide the Divine Mercies and Miraculous Affairs of this Nation any farther.

The last of all the conferences was held at my Lord General's house in Whitehall, on Tuesday evening, 19th of April 1653. Above twenty leading Members of Parliament present, and many Officers. Conference of which we shall have some passing glimpse, from a sure hand, by and by.[2] Conference which came

[1] [Dr. Gardiner is inclined to assign to about February Cromwell's words as given by Ludlow. "He was pushed on," he is reported to have said, "by two parties to do that, the consideration of the issue whereof made his hair to stand on end." Ludlow's *Memoirs*, ed. Firth, i. 346.]

[2] Speech, *postea;* see also Whitlocke, p. 529. [At this conference Cromwell proposed as a compromise that Parliament itself should appoint a limited body of

to nothing, as all the others had done. Your Bill, with these clauses and visible tendencies in it, cannot pass, says the one party: Your Scheme of Puritan Notables seems full of danger, says the other. What remedy? "No remedy except,—except that you leave us to sit as we are, for a while yet!" suggest the Official persons.—"In no wise!" answer the Officers, with a vehemence of look and tone, which my Lord General, seemingly anxious to do it, cannot repress.[1] You must not, and cannot sit

men, fearing God and of approved integrity, as a temporary expedient for carrying on the government, until the people, understanding their true interests, were fit and ready to have Parliamentary government restored. A news-letter in the *Clarke Papers* says: "The General and officers met this day in Council [with the Parliament leaders] and partly concluded of dissolving this government and also of constituting another (by consent of parliament if possible) till another representative shall be chosen. Tomorrow they meet again upon it."]

[1] [In the *English Historical Review* for 1893 (p. 526) Mr. Firth printed some news-letters from the *Clarke MSS.* and the *Clarendon Papers*, showing that so far from the origin of the revolution of 1653 being due to Cromwell, he steadily opposed the demands of the officers up to the very eve of the expulsion of the Parliament, when he either found the tide of opposition too strong for him to resist, or, as he himself consistently declared, was stung into action by the Parliament's breach of the compromise agreed upon with the officers.

On March 18, one of these news-letters reports: "The preaching people . . . are now very violent against this Parliament, and [this day sennight] the Council of Officers at St. James had resolved to turn them out, and to have shut up the house doors, had not the General and Col. Desborough interceded, who asked them, if they destroyed that Parliament, what they should call themselves, a state they could not be; they answered that they would call a new Parliament; then, says the General, the Parliament is not the supreme power, but that is the supreme power that calls it, and, besides, the House is now endeavouring a treaty with Holland (which is the only way that we have left for the destroying of the combinations of our enemies both at home and beyond sea), and if we destroy them, neither Holland nor any other Prince or State will enter into a treaty with us."

April 1. "Our soldiers resolve to have speedily a new Representative, and the Parliament resolve the contrary; the General sticks close to the House [*i.e.*, upholds it, for another news-letter, under date of April 9, says that he has not been either to Council or Parliament for three weeks or a month], which causeth him to be daily railed on by the preaching party, who say they must have both a new Parliament and General before the work be done, and that these are not the people that are appointed for perfecting of that great work of God which they have begun."

April 8. "We hear no talk now of our new Representative, the heat of the soldiers being somewhat abated by the General's sticking close to the House, and sending some of the maddest of them [the troops] into Scotland."

Dr. Gardiner states that on April 15 Cromwell reappeared in the House, "to plead earnestly for the substitution of a general election in place of a mere scheme for the filling up of vacancies. It is high time, replied one of the leaders—possibly Vane or Marten—to his demand for a new Parliament, to choose a new General. Angry words were interchanged, and order was only restored by the intervention of the House. . . . Cromwell, taking his critics at their word, offered his resignation. No officer was found bold enough to accept the succession, and Cromwell remained at the head of the force which he alone could wield." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, ii. 201.]

longer, say the Officers;—and their look says even, Shall not! Bulstrode went home to Chelsea, very late, with the tears in his big dull eyes, at thought of the courses men were getting into. Bulstrode and Widdrington were the most eager for sitting; Chief-Justice St. John, strange thing in a Constitutional gentleman, declared that there could be no sitting for us any longer. We parted, able to settle on nothing, except the engagement to meet here again tomorrow morning, and to leave the Bill asleep till something were settled on. 'A leading person,' Sir Harry Vane or another, undertook that nothing should be done in it till then.

Wednesday, 20th April 1653. My Lord General accordingly is in his reception-room this morning, 'in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings;' he, with many Officers: but few Members have yet come, though punctual Bulstrode and certain others are there. Some waiting there is; some impatience that the Members would come. The Members do not come: instead of Members, comes a notice that they are busy getting on with their Bill in the House, hurrying it double-quick through all the stages. Possible? New message that it will be Law in a little while, if no interposition take place! Bulstrode hastens off to the House: my Lord General, at first incredulous, does now also hasten off,—nay orders that a Company of Musketeers of his own regiment attend him. Hastens off, with a very high expression of countenance, I think;—saying or feeling: Who would have believed it of them? "It is not honest; yea, it is contrary to common honesty!" —My Lord General, the big hour is come!

Young Colonel Sidney, the celebrated Algernon, sat in the House this morning; a House of some Fifty-three.[1] Algernon has left distinct note of the affair; less distinct we have from Bulstrode, who was also there, who seems in some points to be even wilfully wrong. Solid Ludlow was far off in Ireland, but gathered many details in after years; and faithfully wrote them down, in the unappeasable indignation of his heart. Combining these three originals, we have, after various perusals and collations and considerations, obtained the following authentic, moderately conceivable account:[2]

'The Parliament sitting as usual, and being in debate upon the

[1] That is Cromwell's number; Ludlow, far distant, and not credible on this occasion, says 'Eighty or a Hundred.'

[2] Blencowe's *Sidney Papers* (London 1825), pp. 139-41; Whitlocke, p. 529; Ludlow, ii. 456;—the last two are reprinted in *Parliamentary History*, xx. 128.

'Bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have 'been passed that day, the Lord General Cromwell came into the 'House, clad in plain black clothes and gray worsted stockings, 'and sat down, as he used to do, in an ordinary place.' For some time he listens to this interesting debate on the Bill; beckoning once to Harrison, who came over to him, and answered dubitatingly. Whereupon the Lord General sat still, for about a quarter of an hour longer. But now the question being to be put, That this Bill do now pass, he beckons again to Harrison, says, "'This 'is the time; I must do it!'"—and so 'rose up, put off his hat, 'and spake. At the first, and for a good while, he spake to the 'commendation of the Parliament for their pains and care of the 'public good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of 'their injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults,' —rising higher and higher, into a very aggravated style indeed. An honourable Member, Sir Peter Wentworth by name, not known to my readers, and by me better known than trusted, rises to order, as we phrase it; says, "It is a strange language this; unusual within the walls of Parliament this! And from a trusted servant too; and one whom we have so highly honoured; and one"—"'Come, come!'" exclaims my Lord General in a very high key, "we have had enough of this,"—and in fact my Lord General now blazing all up into clear conflagration, exclaims, "'I will put an end to your prating,'" and steps forth into the floor of the House, and 'clapping on his hat,' and occasionally 'stamping the floor with his feet,' begins a discourse which no man can report! He says—Heavens! he is heard saying: "'It is not fit that you should sit here any longer!' You have sat too long here for any good you have been doing lately. 'You shall now give place to better men!—Call them in!'" adds he briefly, to Harrison, in word of command: and 'some twenty or thirty' grim musketeers enter, with bullets in their snaphances; grimly prompt for orders; and stand in some attitude of Carry-arms there. Veteran men: men of might and men of war, their faces are as the faces of lions, and their feet are swift as the roes upon the mountains;—not beautiful to honourable gentlemen at this moment!

"You call yourselves a Parliament," continues my Lord General in clear blaze of conflagration: "'You are no Parliament; I say you are no Parliament! Some of you are drunkards,'" and his eye flashes on poor Mr. Chaloner, an official man of some value, addicted to the bottle; "'some of you are——'" and he

glares into Harry Marten, and the poor Sir Peter who rose to order, lewd livers both; "living in open contempt of God's Commandments. Following your own greedy appetites, and the Devil's Commandments. 'Corrupt unjust persons,'" and here I think he glanced 'at Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke, one of the 'Commissioners of the Great Seal, giving him and others very 'sharp language, though he named them not:' "'Corrupt unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the Gospel:' how can you be a Parliament for God's People? Depart, I say; and let us have done with you. In the name of God,—go!"

The House is of course all on its feet,—uncertain almost whether not on its head: such a scene as was never seen before in any House of Commons. History reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred Mace itself, said, "'What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!'"—and gave it to a musketeer. And now,—"Fetch him down!" says he to Harrison, flashing on the Speaker. Speaker Lenthall, more an ancient Roman than anything else, declares, He will not come till forced. "Sir," said Harrison, "I will lend you a hand;" on which Speaker Lenthall came down, and gloomily vanished. They all vanished; flooding gloomily, clamorously out, to their ulterior businesses, and respective places of abode: the Long Parliament is dissolved! "'It's you that have forced me to 'this,'" exclaims my Lord General: "'I have sought the Lord 'night and day, that He would rather slay me than put me upon 'the doing of this work.'" 'At their going out, some say the 'Lord General said to young Sir Harry Vane, calling him by his 'name, That *he* might have prevented this; but that he was a 'juggler, and had not common honesty.' "'O Sir Harry Vane,' thou with thy subtle casuistries and abstruse hair-splittings, thou art other than a good one, I think! 'The Lord deliver me from 'thee, Sir Harry Vane!'" 'All being gone out, the door of the 'House was locked, and the Key with the Mace, as I heard, was 'carried away by Colonel Otley;'—and it is all over, and the unspeakable Catastrophe has come, and remains.[1]

[1] [In one of the news-letters amongst the *Clarke MSS.* is an account of this expulsion of the Parliament in which, Mr. Firth remarks, "there is an obvious attempt to soften and tone down the violence and illegality of the General's proceedings. Cromwell's denunciatory speech is merely alluded to as 'something said by the General;' the Speaker is described as 'modestly pulled' out of the chair, and Parliament as 'dissolved with as little noise as can be imagined.'" See *Clarke Papers*, vol. iii. pp. vii., 1, 2.]

Such was the destructive wrath of my Lord General Cromwell against the Nominal Rump Parliament of England. Wrath which innumerable mortals since have accounted extremely diabolic; which some now begin to account partly divine. Divine or diabolic, it is an indisputable fact; left for the commentaries of men. The Rump Parliament has gone its ways;—and truly, except it be in their own, I know not in what eyes are tears at their departure. They went very softly, softly as a Dream, say all witnesses. "We did not hear a dog bark at their going!" asserts my Lord General elsewhere.

It is said, my Lord General did not, on his entrance into the House, contemplate quite as a certainty this strong measure; but it came upon him like an irresistible impulse, or inspiration, as he heard their Parliamentary eloquence proceed. "Perceiving the spirit of God so strong upon me, I would no longer consult flesh and blood."[1] He has done it, at all events; and is responsible for the results it may have. A responsibility which he, as well as most of us, knows to be awful: but he fancies it was in answer to the English Nation, and to the Maker of the English Nation and of him; and he will do the best he may with it.[2]

LETTER CLXXXVIII

We have to add here an Official Letter, of small significance in itself, but curious for its date, the Saturday after this great Transaction, and for the other indications it gives. Except the

[1] Godwin, iii. 456 (who cites Echard; not much of an authority in such matters).

[2] [In the afternoon Cromwell dismissed the Council, at the same time telling them that Parliament was dissolved. "Sir," replied Bradshaw, "we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours all England will hear of it; but you are mistaken to think that the Parliament is dissolved, for no power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore take you notice of that." Of this, Mr. Firth says, "Bradshaw was right. The ideal of constitutional government which the Long Parliament represented would prove stronger in the end than Cromwell's red-coats. That Parliament had all the faults with which Cromwell charged it, but for Englishmen it meant inherited rights, 'freedom broadening slowly down,' and all that survived of the supremacy of law. With its expulsion, the army flung away the one shred of legality with which it had hitherto covered its actions. . . . Henceforth, Cromwell's life was a vain attempt to clothe that [the military] force in constitutional forms, and to make it seem something else, so that it might become something else." Firth's *Cromwell*, p. 324.]

Lord General, 'Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces raised and to be raised,' there is for the moment no Authority very clearly on foot in England;—though Judges, and all manner of Authorities whatsoever do, after some little preliminary parleying, consent to go on as before.

The Draining of the Fens had been resumed under better auspices when the War ended;[1] and a new Company of Adventurers, among whom Oliver himself is one, are vigorously proceeding with a New Bedford Level,—the same that yet continues. A 'Petition' of theirs, addressed 'To the Lord General,' in these hasty hours, sets forth that upon the '20th of this instant April' (exactly while Oliver was turning out the Parliament), 'about a Hundred-and-fifty persons,' from the Towns of Swaffham and Botsham,—which Towns had petitioned about certain rights of theirs, and got clear promise of redress in fit time,—did 'tumultuously assemble,' to seek redress for themselves; did 'by force expel your Petitioners' workmen from their diking and working in the said Fens;'[2] did tumble-in again 'the dikes by them made;' and in fine did peremptorily signify that if they or any other came again to dike in these Fens, it would be worse for them. 'The evil effects of which'—are very apparent indeed. Whereupon this Official Letter, or Warrant; written doubtless in the press of much other business.

'To Mr. Packer, Major of the General's own Regiment'

'Whitehall,' 23d April 1653.

MR. PACKER,

I hear some unruly persons have lately committed great outrages in Cambridgeshire, about Swaffham and Botsham, in throwing down the works making by the adventurers, and menacing those they employ thereabout. Wherefore I desire you to send one of my troops, with a captain, who may by all means persuade the people to quiet, by letting them know, They must not riotously do anything, for that must not be suffered: but if there be any wrong done by the adventurers,—upon

[1] Act for that object (Scobell, ii. 33), 29th May 1649.

[2] [This reads almost like a parody on Cromwell's proceedings at Westminster.]

complaint, such course shall be taken as appertains to justice, and right will be done. I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The *Declaration of the Lord General and his Council of Officers,*[1] which came out on the Friday following the grand Catastrophe, does not seem to be of Oliver's composition: it is a Narrative of calm pious tone, of considerable length; promises, as a second Declaration still more explicitly does,[2] a Real Assembly of the Puritan Notables;—and on the whole can be imagined by the reader; nay we shall hear the entire substance of it from Oliver's own mouth, before long. These Declarations and other details we omit.[3] Conceive that all manner of Authorities, with or without some little preambling, agree to go on as heretofore; that adherences arrive from Land-Generals and Sea-Generals by return of post; that the old Council of State having vanished with its Mother, a new Interim Council of State, with 'Oliver Cromwell Captain General' at the head of it, answers equally well; in a word, that all people are looking eagerly forward to those same 'Known Persons, Men fearing God, and of approved Integrity,' who are now to be got together from all quarters of England, to say what *shall* be done with this Commonwealth,—whom there is now no Fag-end of a corrupt Parliament to prevent just men from choosing with their best ability. Conceive all this; and read the following

* From the Records of the Fen Office, in Serjeants' Inn, London; communicated, with other Papers relating thereto, by Samuel Wells, Esq. [Carlyle read this name Parker, and addressed the letter: '*To Mr. Parker, Agent for the Company of Adventurers for Draining the Great Level of the Fens*'; but the inverted commas show that this address was supplied by himself, and it is impossible to believe that Cromwell would authorise a civilian to give orders to his troops. The letter is manifestly written to an officer (presumably the Major) of his own regiment, and as the Major at that time was Packer, there is no doubt that it was addressed to him.]

[1] 22d April, *Cromwelliana*, p. 120. [2] 30th April, *Ibid.*, p. 122.

[3] [On May 20, certain aldermen, etc., brought a petition for the reinstatement of the old Parliament, and Cromwell made a speech, for a brief summary of which see Supplement, No. 78. See also letter to Commissioners in Wales, No. 77.]

SUMMONS

To ——— ———

Foras much as, upon the dissolution of the late Parliament, it became necessary, that the peace, safety and good government of this Commonwealth should be provided for: And in order thereunto, divers persons fearing God, and of approved fidelity and honesty, are, by myself with the advice of my Council of Officers, nominated; to whom the great charge and trust of so weighty affairs is to be committed: And having good assurance of your love to, and courage for, God and the interest of His Cause, and of the good of the people of this commonwealth:

I, Oliver Cromwell, Captain General and Commander-in-Chief of all the Armies and Forces raised and to be raised within this Commonwealth, do hereby summon and require You,—— ——, (being one of the Persons nominated) personally to be and appear at the Council-Chamber, commonly known or called by the name of the Council-Chamber in Whitehall, within the City of Westminster, upon the fourth day of July next ensuing the date hereof; Then and there to take upon you the said trust; unto which you are hereby called, and appointed to serve as a member for the county of ——. And hereof you are not to fail.

Given under my hand and seal the 6th day of June 1653.

Oliver Cromwell.*

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 125). [The original summons to Gervase Piggott, M.P. for the County of Nottingham, signed and sealed, is in the *Lansdowne MSS.* 1236 f. 107. Underwritten is a note by Piggott, "I rather chose to be made a sacrifice than to yield obedience to these commands. Ger. Pigott," and a second note by Peck the antiquary, "I was told by the Gent. who gave me this original (and who is a person of credit and worth) that these words written by Ger. Pigott were all a flourish, written after the Restoration; the said G. P. complying before as much as anybody. F. Peck." The summons to Jacob Caley, Esq., County Suffolk, is in Sir R. Tangye's Collection.]

SPEECH FIRST

A HUNDRED-AND-FORTY of these Summonses were issued; and of all the Parties so summoned, 'only two' did not attend.[1] Disconsolate Bulstrode says, 'Many of this Assembly being persons of 'fortune and knowledge, it was much wondered-at by some that 'they would, at this Summons, and from such hands, take upon 'them the Supreme Authority of this Nation: considering how 'little right Cromwell and his Officers had to give it, or those 'Gentlemen to take it.'[2] My disconsolate friend, it is a sign that Puritan England in general accepts this action of Cromwell and his Officers, and thanks them for it, in such a case of extremity; saying as audibly as the means permitted: Yea, we did wish it so! Rather mournful to the disconsolate official mind!—Lord Clarendon again, writing with much latitude, has characterised this Convention as containing in it, 'divers Gentlemen who had estates, and such a proportion of credit' in the world as might give some colour to the business; but consisting on the whole of a very miserable beggarly sort of persons, acquainted with nothing but the art of praying; 'artificers of the meanest trades,' if they even had any trade:—all which the reader shall, if he please, add to the general *guano*-mountains, and pass on not regarding.

The undeniable fact is, these men were, as Whitlocke intimates, a quite reputable Assembly; got together by anxious 'consultation of the godly Clergy' and chief Puritan lights in their respective Counties; not without much earnest revision, and solemn consideration in all kinds, on the part of men adequate enough for such a work, and desirous enough to do it well. The List of the Assembly exists;[3] not yet entirely gone dark for mankind. A fair proportion of them still recognisable to mankind. Actual Peers one or two: founders of Peerage Families, two or three, which still exist among us,—Colonel Edward Montague, Colonel Charles Howard, Anthony Ashley Cooper. And better than King's Peers, certain Peers of Nature; whom if not the King and his pasteboard Norroys have had the luck to make Peers of, the living heart of

[1] [Dr. Gardiner says, "I believe the usual statement that two, and only two, members absented themselves, to be founded on a mistake. Two on the list first made up by the officers were not on the final list. I take these to have been Fairfax and another." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, ii. 235 *note*.]

[2] Whitlocke, p. 534.

[3] *Somers Tracts*, i. 216.

England has since raised to the Peerage, and means to keep there, —Colonel Robert Blake the Sea-King, for one. 'Known persons,' I do think; 'of approved integrity, men fearing God;' and perhaps not entirely destitute of sense any one of them! Truly it seems rather a distinguished Parliament,—even though Mr. Praisegod Barbone, 'the Leather-merchant in Fleet-street,' be, as all mortals must admit, a member of it. The fault, I hope, is forgivable? Praisegod, though he deals in leather, and has a name which can be misspelt, one discerns to be the son of pious parents; to be himself a man of piety, of understanding and weight,—and even of considerable private capital, my witty flunkey friends! We will leave Praisegod to do the best he can, I think.—And old Francis Rouse is there from Devonshire; once member for Truro; Provost of Eton College; whom by and by they make Speaker;—whose Psalms the Northern Kirks still sing. Richard Mayor of Hursley is there, and even idle Dick Norton; Alexander Jaffray of Aberdeen, Laird Swinton of the College of Justice in Edinburgh; Alderman Ireton, brother of the late Lord Deputy, colleague of Praisegod in London. In fact, a real Assembly of the Notables in Puritan England; a Parliament, *Parliamentum,* or real *Speaking-Apparatus* for the now dominant Interest in England, as exact as could well be got,—much more exact, I suppose, than any ballot-box, free hustings or ale-barrel election usually yields.

Such is the Assembly called the Little Parliament, and wittily *Barebones's Parliament;* which meets on the 4th of July. Their witty name survives; but their history is gone all dark; and no man, for the present, has in his head or in his heart the faintest intimation of what they did, or what they aimed to do. They are very dark to us; and will never be illuminated much! Here is one glance of them face to face; here in this Speech of Oliver's, —if we can read it, and listen along with them to it. There is this one glance; and for six generations, we may say, in the English mind there has not been another.

Listening from a distance of two Centuries, across the Death-chasms, and howling kingdoms of Decay, it is not easy to catch everything! But let us faithfully do the best we can. Having once packed Dryasdust, and his unedifying cries of "Nonsense! Mere hypocrisy! Ambitious dupery!" &c. &c. about his business; closed him safe under hatches, and got silence established,—we shall perhaps hear a word or two; have a real glimpse or two of things long vanished; and *see* for moments this fabulous Barebones's Parliament itself, standing dim in the heart of the extinct

Centuries, as a recognisable fact, once flesh and blood, now air and memory; not untragical to us!

Read this first, from the old Newspapers; and then the Speech itself, which a laborious Editor has, with all industry, copied and corrected from Two Contemporaneous Reports by different hands, and various editions of these. Note, however: The *Italic* sentences in brackets, most part of which, and yet perhaps not enough of which I have suppressed, are evidently by an altogether modern hand!

'*July 4th*, 1653. This being the day appointed by the Letters 'of Summons from his Excellency the Lord General, for the 'meeting of the Persons called to the Supreme Authority, there 'came about a Hundred-and-twenty of them to the Council 'Chamber in Whitehall. After each person had given-in a Ticket 'of his Name, they all entered the room, and sat down in chairs 'appointed for them, round about the table. Then his Excellency 'the Lord General, standing by the window opposite to the middle 'of the table, and as many of the Officers of the Army as the 'room could well contain, some on his right hand and others on 'his left, and about him,—made the following Speech to the 'Assembly:'[1]

GENTLEMEN,

I suppose the summons that hath been instrumental to bring you hither gives you well to understand the occasion[2] of your being here. Howbeit, I have something 'farther' to impart to you, which is an Instrument drawn up by the consent and advice of the principal officers of the army;

[1] [For this speech we have, first the copy found amongst Milton's official papers, and printed in the *Letters and Papers of State*, edited by John Nickolls (referred to in the following pages, for the sake of brevity, as *Milton*), which Carlyle takes as the basis of his text (see note on p. 303 below); secondly, the version in the *Old Parliamentary History*, stated to be taken from "the original edition printed by W. Dugard and H. Hills"; and, thirdly, a pamphlet printed in 1654, and stated to be "a true copy, published for information and to avoid mistakes," E. 813, 13, of which many copies are extant. The text in the *Parliamentary History* is much more accurately printed, and there are probably some slight emendations by the editor (which we generally find, although to a small extent and judiciously done, in those volumes); but allowing for these, it appears likely that the 1654 pamphlet is "the original edition" from which it is printed, and this view is strengthened by the fact that they both stop at the same point. Therefore, although both texts have been collated, it has not been needful, as a rule, to distinguish them in the notes. For the treatment of the speeches in the present edition, see "Editor's Note," vol. i.]

[2] ["cause," *pamphlet*.]

which is a little (as we conceive) more significant than the letter of summons.[1] We have that here to tender you; and somewhat likewise to say farther for our own exoneration;[2] which we hope may be somewhat farther to your satisfaction. 'And' therefore seeing you sit here somewhat uneasily by reason of the scantness of the room, and heat of the weather, I shall contract myself with respect thereunto.

We[3] have not thought it amiss a little to remind you of[4] the series of Providences wherein the Lord hath appeared, dispensing wonderful things to these nations from the beginning of our troubles to this very day.

If I should look much backward, we might remind you of[5] the state of affairs as they were before the Short, and that was the last, Parliament,—in what posture the things[6] of this nation 'then' stood: but they do so well, I presume, occur to all your memories and knowledge, that I shall not need to look so far backward. Nor yet to the beginning of those hostile occasions that were between the King that was, and the then Parliament.[7] And indeed should I begin much later,[8] those things that would fall very necessarily[9] before you, would rather be fit[10] for a History than for a verbal discourse at this present.

But thus far we may look back. You very well know, after divers turnings of affairs, it pleased God, much about the midst of this war, to winnow (if I may so say) the forces of this nation;[11] and to put them into the hands of other men of other principles than those that did engage at the first. By what ways and means that was brought about, would ask more time than is allotted me to mind you of 'it.' Indeed there are stories that do recite those transactions, and give you narratives of matters

[1] ["that other summons," *pamphlet.*]
[2] 'exoneration' does not here mean 'excuse' or 'shifting-away of blame,' but mere laying down of office with due form.
[3] ["I," *pamphlet.*]
[4] ["to mind to you," *Milton.*]
[5] ["remember," *pamphlet.*]
[6] ["affairs," *Milton.*]
[7] The Long Parliament.
[8] ["this labour," *pamphlet.*]
[9] ["very maturely" (probably misprint for "very naturally"), *Milton.*]
[10] [Omitted in *Milton.*]
[11] Self-denying Ordinance; beginning of 1645: see vol. i. p. 182 *et seq.*

of fact: but those things wherein the life and power of them lay; those strange windings and turnings of Providence; those very great appearances of God, in crossing and thwarting the purposes of men, that He might raise up a poor and contemptible company of men,[1] neither versed in military affairs, nor having much natural propensity to them, even through the owning of a principle of godliness and of religion; which so soon as it came to be owned, and the state of affairs put upon the foot of that account,[2] how God blessed them, furthering all undertakings, yet using the most improbable and the most contemptible and despicable means[3] (for that we shall ever own): you very well know.

What the several successes and issues have been, is not fit to mention at this time neither;—though I confess I thought to have enlarged myself upon that subject; forasmuch as considering the works of God, and the operations of His hands, is a principal part of our duty; and a great encouragement to the strengthening of our hands and of our faith, for that which is behind[4] those marvellous dispensations which have been given us. Among other ends that's a principal end, which ought to be minded by us.[5]

'Certainly' in this revolution of affairs, as the issue of those successes that God was pleased to give to this army,[6] and 'to' the authority that then stood, there were very great things brought about;—besides those dints that came upon the nations[7] and places where the war itself was, very great things in civil matters too. 'As first,' the bringing of offenders to justice,—and the greatest of them. Bringing[8] of the State of this

[1] Fairfax's Army. [2] upon that footing.

[3] ["blessed them, even all undertakings by his using of the most improbable," etc., *Milton;* "blessed them and all undertakings by the raising of that most improbable, despicable, contemptible means," *pamphlet.*]

[4] still to come.

[5] ["and then having given us those marvellous dispensations amongst other ends, for that was a most principal end, as to us," *pamphlet.*]

[6] ["this nation," *ibid.*] [7] England, Ireland, Scotland.

[8] ["besides those [things] that were upon the nation in those places where the war was carried on, even in the civil affairs, to bring offenders to justice (the greatest) to the bringing," *Milton;* "besides those dints that were upon these nations and

Government to the name (at least) of a Commonwealth. Searching and sifting of all persons and places. The King removed, and brought to justice; and many great ones with him. The House of Peers laid aside. The House of Commons itself, the representative of the people of England, sifted, winnowed, and brought to a handful; as you very well remember.

And truly God would not rest there:—for by the way, although it's fit for us to ascribe[1] our failings and miscarriages to ourselves, yet the gloriousness of the work may well be attributed to God Himself, and may be called His strange work. You remember well that at the change of the government there was not an end of our troubles,[2] [*No!*]—although in that year were such high things transacted as indeed made it to be the most memorable year (I mean the year 1648) that ever this nation saw. So many insurrections,[3] invasions, secret designs, open and public attempts, 'all' quashed in so short a time, and this by the very signal appearance of God Himself; which, I hope, we shall never forget!—You know also, as I said before, that, as the 'first' effect of that memorable year of 1648 was to lay a foundation, by bringing offenders to punishment, so it brought us likewise to the change of Government:[4]—although it were worth the time 'perhaps, if one had time,' to speak of the carriages of some in 'places of' trust, in most eminent 'places of' trust, which were such as would have frustrated us of the hopes of all our undertakings (had not God miraculously appeared),[5] I mean by the closure of the treaty that was endeavoured with the King;[6] whereby they would have put into his hands all that we had engaged for, and 'all' our security should have only been

places where they were carried on, even in the civil affairs, to the bringing offenders to justice, even the greatest, to the bringing," *pamphlet.*]

[1] 'intitle' *in orig.* [2] ["your troubles," *Milton.*]

[3] Kent, St. Neot's, Colchester, Welsh Poyer at Pembroke, Scotch Hamilton at Preston, &c. &c.

[4] ["the foundations of bringing offenders to punishment, so it was of the change of government," *both texts.*]

[5] [prevented, *pamphlet.*]

[6] Treaty of the Isle of Wight, again and again endeavoured.

in a little paper![1] That thing going off, you very well know how it kept this nation still in broils at sea and land.[2] And yet what God wrought in Ireland and Scotland you likewise know; until He had finished all the troubles, upon the matter,[3] by His marvellous salvation wrought at Worcester.

I confess to you, 'that' I am very much troubled in my own spirit that the necessity of affairs requires I should be so short in those things: because, as I told you, this is the *leanest* part of the transactions, this mere historical narrative of them;[4] there being in every particular; in the King's first going from the Parliament, in the pulling-down of the Bishops, the House of Peers, in every step towards that change of the government,[5] 'I say' there is not any 'one' of these 'things,' thus removed and reformed, but there is an 'evident' print of Providence set upon it, so that he who runs may read it. I am sorry I have not opportunity to be more particular[6] in these things, which I principally designed, this day; thereby to stir up your hearts and mine to gratitude and confidence.

I shall now begin a little to remember to you the passages that have been transacted since Worcester. From whence, coming with the rest of my fellow officers and soldiers, we expected, and had some reasonable confidence that our expectations should not be frustrated,[7] that, having such an history to look back unto, such a

[1] ["whereby we should have put into his hands all that cause and interest we had opposed, and had nothing to have secured us but a little piece of paper," *pamphlet.*]

[2] ["But things going on, how it pleased the Lord to keep this nation in exercise both at sea and land," *ibid.*]

[3] Means 'so to speak;' a common phrase of those times; a perpetual one with Clarendon, for instance.

[4] ["the lowest historical narration," *Milton;* "to wit, an historical narration," *pamphlet.*]

[5] ["in every particular, whether in taking off the King, the House of Peers, the pulling down of the Bishops, changing the government," *Milton;* "There being in every dispensation (whether the King's going from the Parliament, the pulling down the Bishops, purging the House at that time by their going away to assist the King, or change of Government); whatever it was, not any of these things but hath a remarkable point of providence set upon it," *ibid.*]

[6] ["I am heartily sorry that in point of time I cannot be particular," *ibid.*]

[7] ["that the Authority that then was, having such a history to look back unto, such a God that appeared for them so eminently, so visibly, that even our enemies

God, so eminently visible, even our enemies confessing that God Himself was certainly engaged against them, else they should never have been disappointed in *every* engagement,—and that may be used by the way, that if we had but miscarried in the least,[1] all our former mercies were in danger to be lost:—I say, having some confidence (coming up then), 'that' the mercies God had shown, and the expectations which were upon our hearts, and 'upon' the hearts of all good men, would have prompted those who were in authority to have done those good things which might, by honest men, have been judged fit for such a God, and worthy of such mercies; and indeed 'been' a discharge of duty from those[2] for whom all these mercies had been shown, for the true interest of this nation.[3] [*Yès!*]—If I should now labour to be particular in enumerating how businesses have[4] been transacted from that time to the dissolution of the late Parliament, indeed I should be upon a theme which would be troublesome to myself. For I think I may say for myself and my fellow officers, that we have rather desired and studied healing and looking-forward[5] than to rake into sores and to look backward,—to give things forth[6] in those colours that would not be very pleasing to any good eye to look upon. Only this we shall say for our own vindication, as pointing out the ground for that unavoidable necessity, nay even that duty[7] that was incumbent upon us, to make this last great change—I think it will not be amiss to offer a word or two to that. [*Hear, hear!*] As I said

many times confessed that God was engaged against them, or they should never have been brought so low, nor disappointed in every undertaking. For that may be said (by the way) had we miscarried but once, where had we been? I say we did think, and had some reasonable confidence that coming up then," *pamphlet.*]

[1] lost one battle of these many. [2] ["to those," *pamphlet.*]

[3] ["that is the interest of the three nations; the true interest of the three nations," *ibid.*]

[4] ["some businesses that have," *ibid.*]

[5] ["and prospiciency," *Milton.* These two words omitted in *pamphlet.*]

[6] ["to render things," *both texts.*]

[7] ["our own vindication, laying the foundation for that unavoidable necessity, nay even a duty," *Milton;* "our own exoneration, and as thereby laying some foundation for the making evident the necessity and duty," *pamphlet.*]

before, we are loath to rake into businesses, were there not a necessity so to do.

Indeed we may say[1] that, ever since the coming-up of myself and those gentlemen who have been engaged in the military part, it hath been full[2] in our hearts and thoughts, to desire and use all the fair and lawful means we could to have had the nation reap the fruit of all the blood and treasure that had been spent in this cause: and we have had many desires, and thirstings in our spirits, to find out ways and means wherein we might be anywise instrumental to help it forward. We were very tender, for a long time, so much as to petition.[3] For some of the officers being members; and others having very good acquaintance with, and some relations to, divers members of Parliament,—we did, from time to time, solicit them; thinking if there should be nobody else to prompt them, nor call upon them, these solicitations would have been listened to, out of ingenuity[4] and integrity in them that had opportunity to have answered our expectations.

Truly when we saw nothing would be done, we did, as we thought according to our duty, a little, to remind them by a petition; which I suppose you have seen: it was delivered, as I remember, in August last.[5] What effect that had, is likewise very well known. The truth is, we had no return at all for our satisfaction,—a few words given us; the things presented to them 'by us,' or the most of them, we were told, were under consideration: and those that were not 'presented by us' had very little or no consideration at all. Finding the people dissatisfied in every corner of the nation, and 'all men' laying at our doors the non-performance of these things, which had been promised, and were of duty to be performed,—truly we did then think ourselves

[1] ["without commending ourselves," added in *pamphlet*.]
[2] ["we came fully bent," *ibid.*]
[3] ["Till August last, or thereabouts, we never offered to petition," added, *ibid.*]
[4] ingenuousness.
[5] *Antea*, p. 253; *Commons Journals*, vii. 164 (13th August 1652) ["which we delivered either in July or August last," *pamphlet*].

concerned, if we would (as becomes honest men) keep up[1] the reputation of honest men in the world. And therefore we, divers times, endeavoured to obtain meetings with divers members of Parliament;—and we did not begin those till about October last. And in these meetings we did, with all faithfulness and sincerity, beseech them that they would be mindful of their duty to God and men, in the discharge of the trust reposed in them.[2] I believe (as there are many gentlemen here know) we had at least ten or twelve meetings; most humbly begging and beseeching of them, that by their own means they would bring forth those good things that had been promised and expected; that so it might appear they did not do them by any suggestion from the army, but from their own ingenuity: so tender were we to preserve them in the reputation of the people.[3] Having had very many of those meetings, and declaring plainly that the issue would be the displeasure and judgment of God, the dissatisfaction of the people, the putting of 'all' things into a confusion, yet how little we prevailed, we very well know, and we believe it's not unknown to you.

At last, when indeed we saw that things would not be laid to heart, we had a very serious consideration among ourselves what other ways to have recourse unto [*Yea, that is the question!*]; and when we grew to more closer considerations, then they 'the Parliament men' began to take the Act for a Representative[4] to heart, and seemed exceeding willing to put it on. And had it been done with integrity, there could nothing have happened more welcome to our judgments than that. But plainly the intention was, not to give the people right of choice (it would have been but a seeming right); the 'semblance of' giving them a choice was only to recruit the House,[5] the better to perpetuate

[1] ["we endeavoured, as became honest men, to keep up," *pamphlet.*]
[2] ["and of the discharge of their trust to God and man," *ibid.*]
[3] ["reputation and opinion of the people to the uttermost," *ibid.*]
[4] For a New Parliament and Method of Election.
[5] ["the which, had it been done with that integrity, with that caution, that would have saved this cause and the interest we have been so long engaged in, there could nothing have happened, to our judgment, more welcome than that would

themselves; and truly, having been, divers of us, spoken unto to give way hereunto, to which we made perpetual aversions, indeed abominating the thoughts of it,—we declared our judgments against it, and our dissatisfaction 'with it.' And yet they that would not hear of a representative before, when it lay three years before them, without proceeding in one line, or making any considerable progress in it,—I say, those that would not hear of this Bill before, when they saw us falling into more close considerations,[1] then instead of protracting the Bill, did make as much preposterous haste 'with it' on the other hand, and run into that 'opposite' extremity.

Finding that this spirit was not according to God; and that the whole weight of this cause,—which must needs be very dear unto us who had so often adventured our lives for it, and we believe it was so to you,—did hang upon this business 'now in hand;' and when we saw plainly that there was not so much as any[2] consideration to assert it,—'this cause,'—or provide security for *it,* but 'only' to cross the troublesome people of the army,[3] who by this time were high enough in their displeasures: truly, I say, when we saw 'all' this, having power in our hands, 'we could not resolve' to let such monstrous proceedings to go on, and so to throw away all our liberties into the hands of those against whom we had fought [*Presbyterian-Royalists; at Preston and elsewhere,—"fought against," yea and beaten to ruin, your Excellency might add!*]; we came, first, to this conclusion among ourselves,[4] That if we

have been. But finding plainly that the intendment of it was not to give the people that right of choice [although it had been but a seeming right, *inserted in* 1654 *pamphlet, but very carelessly printed*]; but the seeming to give the people that choice was intended and designed only to recruit the House," *Parl. Hist.*]

[1] ["but yet they would not hear of a new representative till it had lain three years before them, without proceeding with one line considerably in it; nay, they could not endure to hear of it. Then, when we came to our close considerations," *Parl. Hist.*]

[2] ["was not so much consideration," *pamphlet.*]

[3] ["to cross those that they reckoned the most troublesome people they had to deal with, which was the army," *ibid.*]

[4] ["I say, when we that had the power in our hands, saw that to let the business go to such an issue as this was to throw back the cause into the hands of them we first fought with, we came to this first conclusion amongst ourselves," *Parl. Hist.* This is clearer than the *Milton* version and needs no additional words to make sense.]

had been *fought* out of our liberties and rights, necessity would have taught us patience; but that to deliver them 'sluggishly' up would render us the basest people in the world, and worthy to be accounted haters of God and of His people. When it pleased God to lay this close to our hearts; and indeed to show us[1] that the interest of His people was grown cheap, 'that *it* was' not at all laid to heart, but that if things came[2] to real competition, the cause, even among themselves, would also[3] in everything go to the ground: indeed this did add more considerations to us, that there was a duty incumbent upon us, 'even upon us.' And, —I speak here, in the presence of some that was at the closure of our consultations,[4] 'and' as before the Lord,—the thinking of an act of violence was to us worse than any engagement[5] that ever we were in, or that could be, to the utmost hazard of our lives [*Hear him!*]: so willing were we, even very tender and desirous if possible 'that' these men might quit their places with honour.

I am the longer upon this;[6] because it hath been in our own hearts and consciences, justifying us, and hath never been yet thoroughly imparted to any;[7] and we had rather begin with you than have done it before;—and do think indeed that this Transaction is more proper for a verbal communication than to have put it into writing. I doubt, he whose pen is most gentle in England, in recording that[8] would, whether he would or no, have been tempted to dip it deep in anger and wrath. [*Stifled cries from Dryasdust.*]—But affairs being at this posture, that we saw plainly, even[9] in some critical cases,[10] that the cause of the people of God was a despised thing;—truly we did believe then that the hands of other men 'than these' must be the

[1] ["to find," *Milton;* "that we found," *pamphlet.*]
[2] ["if we came," *Milton* and *ibid.*]
[3] ["almost," *ibid.*]
[4] ["the close consultations," *ibid.*]
[5] [Carlyle altered to "battle."]
[6] ["And truly this I am the longer upon," *pamphlet.*]
[7] ["in our hearts and consciences our justification, and hath never yet been imparted thoroughly to the nation," *ibid.*]
[8] ["in England to have carried on that," *Milton;* in the *pamphlet* the sentence is abridged.]
[9] ["plainly and evidently," *pamphlet.*]
[10] 'things' *in orig.*

hands to be used for the work. And we thought then, it was very high time to look about us, and to be sensible of *our* duty. [*Oliver's voice somewhat rising; Major-General Harrison and the others looking rather animated!*]

If, I say, I should take up your time to tell you what instances [1] we have to satisfy our judgments and consciences that these are not vain imaginations, nor things fictitious,[2] but that fell within the compass of our own certain knowledge, it would bring me, I say, to the things I would avoid, to rake into these things too much.[3] Only this. If anybody were in competition for any place of real and signal trust,[4] 'if any really public interest was at stake in that Parliament,' how hard and difficult a thing it was to get anything to be carried without making parties,[5]—without practices [6] indeed unworthy of a Parliament! And when things must be carried so in a supreme authority, indeed I think it is not as it ought to be, to say no worse [7] [*Nor do I*]!—But when we came to other trials, as in that case of Wales, 'of establishing a preaching ministry in Wales,' which, I must confess for my own part, I set myself upon,—if I should relate [8] what discountenance that business of the poor people of God there had, (who had men [9] watching over them like so many wolves, ready to catch the lamb as soon as it was brought out into the world); how signally that business was trodden under foot 'in Parliament,' to the discountenancing of the honest people,[10] and

[1] ["innocence," *Milton.*]
[2] ["that were petitioned for," *pamphlet* (instead of "things fictitious").]
[3] [The last seven words omitted in *Milton.*]
[4] ["justice," *Milton.*]
[5] ["parties and friends, etc., things indeed unworthy," *Milton.*]
[6] 'things' *in orig.*
[7] ["things were carried so in the supreme authority, I think it was not as it ought to be, to say no worse," *Milton.* Carlyle here follows the *pamphlet* (in *Parl. History*), except the last four words, added from *Milton.*]
[8] ["inform" in *pamphlet.* In *Milton* the passage runs: "which, I confess, for my part, I set my rest upon it, when there was a discountenancing that business of the people of God there, where they watched over them as wolves over so many lambs, ready to catch the lambs as soon as they are," etc.]
[9] Clergymen so-called.
[10] ["how they trod them under foot, to the discontent of all the good people of the nation," *Milton;* "how signally they threw that business under foot, to the discountenancing of the honest people," *pamphlet.*]

the countenancing of the malignant party, of this Commonwealth—! I need but say it was so. For many of you know, and by sad experience have felt it to be so. 'And' some 'body' I hope will, at leisure, better impart to you the state of this business 'of Wales;' which really, to myself and officers, was as plain a trial of their spirits, 'the Parliament's spirits,' as anything, —it being known to many of us that God did kindle a seed there [*Such is the metaphor*] indeed hardly to be paralleled since the primitive time.—

[I would these had been all the instances 'we had!' but][1] finding which way the spirits of men went, and finding that good was never intended to the people of God,—I mean, when I say the people of God, I mean the *large* comprehension of them, under the several forms of godliness in this nation; when we saw, I say, that all tenderness was forgotten to the good people (though it was by *their* hands and their means, by the blessing of God, that *those* sat where they did),[2]—we thought this very bad[3] requital! I will not say, they were come to an utter inability of working reformation,[4]—although [I could say that in 'regard to' one thing][1] the reformation[5] of the law, so much groaned under in the posture it now is in. [*Hear, hear!*] It was a thing we had many good words spoken for; but we know that many months together were not enough to pass [over][1] one word, called "incumbrances" [*Three calendar months! A grim smile on some faces*],—I say, finding that this was the spirit and complexion of men,[6]—although these were faults that no man should lift up his hand against the superior magistrate for; 'not' [simply for these faults and failings][1],—yet when we saw 'that'

[1] [Omitted in *Milton.*]

[2] ["and affairs (not to speak it boastingly) had been instrumentally brought to that issue they were brought to, by the hands of those poor creatures" added in *pamphlet.* The tract has "affrays," a misprint for "affairs," but it is correctly printed in *Parl. History.*]

[3] ["evil," *pamphlet.*]

[4] ["I will not say that they were at the [uttermost, *pamphlet*] pitch of Reformation," *both texts.*]

[5] ["regulation," *pamphlet.*]

[6] ["them," *ibid.*]

this 'New Representative of theirs' was 'meant' to perpetuate themselves and such men's spirits; and that we had it from their own mouths, that they could not endure to hear of the dissolution of this Parliament: we thought this[1] an high breach of trust. If they had been a Parliament never violence was upon,[2] sitting as free and clear as any in former ages, it was thought, this, to be a breach[3] of trust, 'such' as a greater could not be.

[And we did not go by guess in this.][4] And that we might not be in doubt in this matter; having had that conference among ourselves which I have given you an account of, we did desire once more,—and indeed it was the night before the dissolution; it had been desired two or three nights before: we did desire that we might speak with some of the principal persons of the House, that we might with ingenuity open our hearts to them; to the end that we might be [either][4] convinced of the certainty of their intentions,[5] or else that they would be pleased to hear our [offer or][4] expedients to prevent these inconveniences.[6] And indeed we could not attain our desires[7] until the night before the dissolution. There is a touch of this in our declaration.[8] As I said before, at that time we had often desired it, and at that time we obtained it: where about twenty of them were [who were members][4], not of the least 'in' consideration for 'their' interest and ability; with whom we desired to discourse upon these things; and had it. And it pleased these gentlemen, who are here, the officers of the army, to desire me to offer their sense to them, which I did, and it was shortly carried thus: We told them "the reason of our desire [to wait upon them][4]

[1] ["we saw their intendment was to perpetuate themselves and men of this spirit, for some had it from their own mouths, from their own designs, who could not endure to hear of being dissolved; this was," *pamphlet.*]

[2] Had no Pride's Purge, Apprentice-riot, or the like, ever come upon them ["never violated," *pamphlet*].

[3] ["as clear as ever any sat in England, yet if they would go about to perpetuate themselves, we did think this to be so high a breach," *pamphlet.*]

[4] [Omitted in *Milton.*]

[5] ["convinced of the ground of their principles and intentions to the good of the nation, or if we could not be convinced," *pamphlet.*]

[6] ["this mischief," *ibid.*]

[7] ["could not prevail for two or three days," *ibid.*]

[8] Of April 22d; referred to, not given, at p. 268.

"'now' was, that we might know from them, what security lay in "the way of their proceeding, so hastened,[1] for their [new][2] repre- "sentative; wherein they had made a few qualifications, such as "they were: and how the whole business should, 'in actual "practice,' be executed: of which we had 'as yet' no account "of; and having [which we desired them to give us][2] our interest, "our lives, estates and families therein concerned; and, we "thought likewise the honest people had interest in us: 'How "all this was to be?' That 'so,' if it did appear they meant to "appear in such honest and just ways as might be security to the "honest interest, we might therein acquiesce: or else that they "would hear what we had to offer." Indeed, when this desire was made,[3] the answer was, "that nothing would do good for this nation but the continuance of this Parliament!" We wondered we should have such a return. We said little to that: but, seeing they would not give us satisfaction that their ways were honourable[4] and safe we desired them to give us leave to make our objections. We then told them, that the way they were going in would be impracticable; 'that' we could not tell how to send out an Act with such qualifications 'as' to be a rule for electing and 'for being' elected, until we first knew who the persons were that should be admitted to elect, and then,[5] 'above

[1] ["hastily," *pamphlet.*] [2] [Omitted in *Milton.*]

[3] ["we thought we had an interest in our lives, estates and families, as well as the worst [*probably should be* "honest"] people of the nation, and that we migh be bold to ask satisfaction in that and if they did proceed in honest ways, as might be safe to the nation we might acquiesce therein. When we pressed them to give satisfaction in this," *pamphlet.*]

[4] ["honest," *ibid.*]

[5] ["and not know who shall elect," *Milton.* The *Parl. Hist.* here has "and not to know who should execute this; desired to know whether the next Parliament were not like to consist of all Presbyterians? Whether those qualifications would hinder them or neuters. And though it be our desire to value and esteem persons of that judgment; only, they having as we know deserted this cause and interest upon the king's account, and on that closure between them and the neighbour nation, we do think we must confess we had as good have delivered up our cause into the hands of any as into the hands of interested and biassed men; for it is one thing to live friendly and brotherly, to bear with and love a person of another judgment in religion; another thing to have any so far set into the saddle upon that account as that it should be in them to have all the rest of their brethren at mercy." In the last words Carlyle follows this version; *Milton* having "so far set in the saddle as to command all the rest of his brethren up against him."]

all,' whether any 'of the' qualifications reached 'so far as to include' the Presbyterian party.[1] And we were bold to tell them, that none of that judgment who had deserted this cause and interest[2] should have any power therein. We did think we should profess it, 'that' we had as good deliver up our cause into the hands of any as into the hands of such as had deserted us, or 'who' were as neuters! For it's one thing to love a brother, to bear with and love a person of another judgment in matters of religion; and another thing to have anybody so far set in the saddle 'on that account,' as to have all the rest of their brethren at mercy.

Truly, gentlemen, having this discourse concerning the impracticableness of the thing, the bringing-in of neuters, and such as had deserted this cause, whom we very well knew; likewise[3] objecting from the danger of it in the drawing of the concourse of people in 'the' several counties (every person that was within the qualification or without); [by] which 'it' did fall obvious to us that the power would be put into the hands of men that had very little affection to this cause: the answer again was made, and that by very eminent persons, "that nothing would save the nation but the continuance of this Parliament." This being so, we humbly proposed,—when neither our counsels, 'our' objections to their 'way of' proceedings, nor their answers to justify them, did give us satisfaction; nor did we think they ever intended to give 'us' any, as 'indeed' some of them have since declared 'to be the fact,'—when, I say, we saw this, we proposed to them *our* expedient; which was indeed this: that the government of the nation being in that condition it was, and things being under so much ill sense abroad, and likely to end in confusion[4] 'if we so pro-

[1] 'Presbytery' *in orig.*

[2] None of your Royalists, Hamilton-Invasion Presbyterians.

[3] ["objecting to the danger of it, in drawing the concourse of all people to arraign every individual person, which indeed did fall obviously in (and the issue would certainly have been the putting it into the hands of men that had little affection to this cause); it was confessed by some that these objections did lie, but answer was made by a very eminent person at the same time as before," *pamphlet.*]

[4] ["bring destruction," *Milton.*]

ceeded,'—we desired they would devolve the power and trust over to some well-affected men, such as had an interest in the nation, and 'were' known to be of good affection to the commonwealth. Which, we told them, was no new thing when this land was under the like hurlyburlies [and distractions; and it was confessed by them it had been no new thing].[1] And we had been labouring to get precedents 'out of history' to convince them of it. [And we told them that][1] these things we offered out of the deep sense we had of [the good of the nation and][1] the cause of Christ; and being answered so as I told you, that nothing would save this nation but the continuance of that Parliament. 'The continuance:' though they would not 'be brought to' say the *perpetuating* of it, at that time; yet finding their endeavours did directly tend that way; [for][1] they gave us this answer, "that the thing we "offered was of a very high nature and of tender consideration,[2] "for how should money be raised?"—and made some other objections. We told them 'how;' and 'that' we 'here' offered an expedient five times better than that 'of theirs,' which no reason was given of, nor 'we thought' could be 'given' [*Why should the fag-end of this poor old Parliament, now fallen impotent except to raise money for itself, continue? No reason is given, nor we think can be, that will convince mankind*];—and desired them that they would lay things seriously to heart! They told us, they would take time for the consideration of these things till tomorrow; that they would sleep upon them [and consult with some friends; 'some friends,' though, as I said, there was about twenty of them there'], and not above fifty-three in the House.[3] And at parting, two or three of the chief of them, one of the chief [*O Sir Harry Vane!*], and two or three more, did tell us, that they would endeavour to suspend farther proceedings about the bill for a new representative until they had a further conference

[1] [Omitted in *Milton.*]
[2] ["of a tender and very weighty consideration," *pamphlet.*]
[3] ["there was scarce any day that there sat above 50, 52 or 53," *and the preceding words in brackets omitted, ibid.*]

together 'with us.' And upon this we had great satisfaction; and had hope, if our expedient would receive a loving debate, that the next day we should have some such issue 'thereof' as would have given satisfaction to all,[1] 'And herewith' they went away, 'it' being late at night.

The next morning, we considering how to order that which we had farther to offer to them in the evening, word was brought us that the House was proceeding with all speed[2] upon the New Representative! We could not believe it, that such persons would be so unworthy; staying till a second and third messenger came, and informed us that the House was 'really' upon that business, and had brought it near to the issue,—and with that height[3] as was never before exercised; leaving out all things relating to the due exercise of the qualifications (which had appeared all along 'in it till now'); and, as we had heard, [since resolved][4] to pass it only in paper, without engrossing it, for the quicker despatch of it.[5] Thus, as we apprehended, would have been thrown away the liberties of the nation into the hands of those who had never fought for it. And upon this we thought it our duty not to suffer it. [*No!*] And upon this the House was dissolved [even when the Speaker was going to put the last question. [*Let* HIM *travel, at any rate!*]

I have too much troubled you with this],[6] but we have made this relation, that you might know that that which hath been done in the dissolution of the Parliament was as necessary to be done as the preservation of this cause. And that necessity which led us to do that, hath brought us to this 'present' issue, of exercising an extraordinary way and course to draw together yourselves 'here;' upon this account, that you are men who know

[1] 'hoping by conference to have satisfaction to all' *in orig.* [*i.e.*, in *Milton*, but as in the text in *pamphlet.*]

[2] ["with all the eagerness they could," *ibid.*]

[3] violence, height of temper. [The *pamphlet* has "haste," which from the context would appear to be correct.]

[4] [Omitted in *Milton.*]

[5] ["for the more haste in their proceedings," *Milton;* "to make it a paper bill, not to engross it, that they might make the quicker despatch of it," *pamphlet.*]

[6] [Omitted in *ibid.*]

the Lord, and have made observations of His marvellous dispensations; and may be trusted [as far as men may be trusted][1] with this cause.

It remains now for me to acquaint you 'a little' farther with that which relates to your taking upon you this 'great' business. 'But indeed' that is contained[2] in this paper[3] 'here' in my hand, which will be offered presently to you to read.[4] 'But' having done that that we have done [*Dissolving of the Parliament; which cannot be repented of, and need not be boasted of!*] upon this ground of necessity which we have 'now' declared, which was not[5] a feigned necessity but real [and true],[6]—'it did behove us,' [to the end that the government might not be at a loss;][7] to the end that we might manifest to the world the singleness of our hearts and our integrity who did these things, not to grasp at the power ourselves, 'or' to keep it in military hands, no not for a day; but, as far as God enabled us with strength and ability, to put it into the hands of those 'proper persons' that might be called from the several parts of the nation. This necessity, I say, and I hope we may say for ourselves, this integrity of labouring[8] to divest the sword of the power and Authority in the civil administration,[9]—hath been that that hath moved us to put you to this trouble[10] 'of coming hither:' and having done this, truly we think we cannot, with the discharge of our own consciences,

[1] [Omitted in *pamphlet.*]
[2] ["for I shall not acquaint you farther . . . that being contained," *ibid.*]
[3] An Indenture or Instrument of Government, some account of which can be found, if any one is curious about it, in *Parliamentary History*, xx. 175.
[4] Considerable discrepancies in the Two Reports throughout this paragraph; indicating some embarrassment and intricacy in the Speaker. Which with our best industry we endeavour to reconcile; to elicit from them what the real utterance, or thought and attempted utterance, of the Speaker may have been. The two Reporters being faithful according to their ability, and the Speaker faithful according to his, all discrepancies ought to dissolve themselves in clearer insight and conviction; as we hope they do. [The discrepancies are given in the notes below; but they are by no means so many as in some other parts of the speech.]
[5] ["necessity, which we know was not," *pamphlet.*]
[6] [Omitted in *Milton.*]
[7] [The words in brackets were omitted by Carlyle, but are in *both texts.*]
[8] [Carlyle altered to "concluding," but as above in *both texts.*]
[9] ["divest the sword of the power and Authority of the Civil Magistrate," *Milton.*]
[10] ["hath moved us to conclude of this course," *pamphlet.*]

but offer somewhat to you, as I said before, 'on the devolving of the burden on your shoulders.'[1] It hath been the practice of others who have, voluntarily and out of a sense of duty, divested themselves [of power],[2] and devolved the government into the hands of others; I say, it hath been the practice of those that have done so; it hath been practised, and is very consonant [to reason][2] together with the authority to lay a charge 'how to employ it'[3] (in such a way as I hope we do), and to press to the duty 'of employing it well:' 'concerning' which we have a word or two to offer you.

Truly God hath called you to this work by, I think, as wonderful providences as ever passed upon the sons of men in so short a time. And truly I think, taking the argument of necessity, for the government must not *fall;* taking the appearance of the hand of God[4] in this thing,—I am sure you would have been loath it should have been resigned into the hands of wicked men and enemies! I am sure, God would not have it so. It's come, therefore, to you by the way of necessity; by the way of the wise Providence of God,—though through weak hands. And therefore, I think, coming through our hands, though such as we are, it may not be ill taken if we do offer somewhat (as I said before) as to the discharge of the trust which is 'now' incumbent upon you. [*Certainly not!*] And although I seem to speak of that which may have the face and interpretation of a charge, it's a very humble one: and if he that means to be a servant to you, who hath now called you[5] to the exercise of the supreme authority, discharge that which he conceives to be a duty to you,[6] we hope you will take it in good part.

And truly I shall not hold you long in it; because I hope it's

[1] 'for our own exoneration' *in orig.* [2] [Omitted in *pamphlet.*]

[3] He seems embarrassed lest he be thought to have some authority over this new Little Parliament, and to treat them as if he were their King. The dissolving of the old Parliament has also its embarrassment, though not so prominent here; and both together make an intricate paragraph. Our Two Reports, from this point, virtually coincide again.

[4] ["Will of God," *pamphlet.*] [5] ["to you who are called," *ibid.*]

[6] ["in his own and his fellows' names" added, *ibid.*]

written in your hearts to approve yourselves to God. Only this Scripture I shall remember to you, which hath been much upon my spirit: in *Hosea*, xi. 12, "Judah yet ruleth with God, and is "faithful with the Saints." It's said before, that "Ephraim "compassed God about with lies, and the house of Israel with "deceit." How God hath been compassed about by fastings and thanksgivings,[1] and other exercises and transactions, I think we have all cause to lament. Truly you are called by God, 'as Judah was,' to rule with Him, and for Him. And you are called to be faithful with the Saints who have been somewhat instrumental to your call. 'Again,' *Second Samuel*, xxi. 3, "He that ruleth "over men," the Scripture saith, "must be just, ruling in the "fear of God." [*Groans from Dryasdust. Patience, my friend! Really, does not all this seem an incredibility;—a palpable hypocrisy, since it is not the mouth of an imbecile that speaks it? My estimable, timberheaded, leadenhearted friend, can there be any doubt of it!*]

And truly it's better for [us] to *pray* for you than to *counsel* you in that matter, that you may exercise the judgment of mercy and truth! It's better, I say, to pray for you than counsel you; to ask wisdom from Heaven for you; which I am confident many thousands of saints do this day, and have done, and will do, through the permission of God and His assistance. I say it's better to pray than advise: yet truly I think of another Scripture, which is very useful, though it seems to be for a common application to every man as a Christian,—wherein he is counselled to ask wisdom;[2] and he is told what that wisdom is that's from

[1] There was a Monthly Fast, the Last Wednesday of every Month, held duly for about Seven Years; till, after the King's Death, we abolished it. Immense preaching and howling, all over the country, there has been on these stated Wednesdays; sincere and insincere. Not to speak of due Thanksgivings for victories and felicities innumerable; all ending in this infelicitous condition! His Excellency thinks we ought to restrain such habits; not to imitate Ephraim, or the Long Parliament, in such. The rest of this Discourse is properly a Sermon of his; and one conceived in a different style.

[2] 'But the Wisdom that is from Above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle and 'easy to be entreated; full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without 'hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make 'peace' (*James*, iii. 17, 18).

above.[1] It's "pure, peaceable, gentle and easy to be entreated, full "of mercy and good fruits;" it's "without partiality and without "hypocrisy." Truly my thoughts run much upon this place, that to the execution of judgment (the judgment of truth, for that's the judgment) you must have wisdom from above; and that's pure. That will teach you to exercise the judgment of truth; it's without partiality. Purity, impartiality, sincerity: these are the effects of wisdom, and these will help you to execute the judgment of truth. And then if God give you hearts to be easy to be entreated, to be peaceably spirited, to be full of good fruits, bearing good fruits to the nation, to men as men, to the people of God, to all in their several stations,—*this* will teach you to execute the judgment of mercy and truth. [*Yes, if thou understand it; still yes,—and nothing else will!*] And I have little more to say to this. I shall rather bend my prayers for you in that behalf, as I said; and many others will.

Truly the judgment of truth, it will teach you to be as just towards an unbeliever as towards a believer; and it's our duty to do so. I confess I have said sometimes, foolishly it may be,[2] I had rather miscarry to[3] a believer than an unbeliever.[4] This may seem a paradox:—but let's take heed of doing that which is evil to either! 'Oh' if God fill your hearts[5] with such a spirit as Moses had, and as Paul had,—which was not a spirit for believers only, but for the whole people! Moses, he could die for them; wish himself blotted out of God's book:[6] Paul could wish himself "accursed for his countrymen after the flesh"[7] [*Let us never forget that, in Moses and Paul.—Are not these amazing sentiments, on their part, my estimable, timberheaded, leadenhearted*

[1] [Both texts run thus, although in *Milton* the word "wisdom" is omitted. Carlyle altered it to "he is told what that is. That's from above," and so had to insert "we are told" to make sense.]

[2] ["I confess I have said sometimes, as I thought foolishly," *Milton*; "I confess I have often said it foolishly," *pamphlet.*]

[3] ["before an unbeliever," *Milton.* If this is correct, Cromwell's meaning would be—"I would rather be seen doing wrong by a believer," etc.]

[4] Do wrong to a good than to a bad man; a remarkable sentiment.

[5] ["our hearts," *pamphlet.*]

[6] Exodus, xxxii. 32.

[7] Romans, ix. 3.

friend?] : so full of affection were their spirits unto all. And truly this would help you to execute the judgment of truth, and of mercy also.

A second thing is, To desire you would be faithful with the Saints; to be touched with them.[1] And I hope, whatever others may think, it may be a matter to us all of rejoicing to have our hearts touched (to speak with reverence) as Christ, being full of the spirit, was "touched with our infirmities," that He might be merciful. So should we be; we should be pitiful. Truly, this calls us to be very much touched with the infirmities of the Saints; that we may have a respect unto 'all,' and be pitiful and tender towards all, though of different judgments.[2] And if I did seem to speak something that reflected on those of the Presbyterial judgment,—truly I think if we have[3] not an interest of love for them 'too,' we shall[4] hardly answer this of being faithful[5] to the Saints.

In my pilgrimage, and in some exercises I have had abroad, I did read that Scripture often, forty-first of *Isaiah,* 19; where God gave me, and some of my fellows, encouragement 'as to' what He would do there and elsewhere; which He 'hath' performed for us. He said, He would plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah-tree, and the myrtle and the oil-tree; and He would set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine-tree, and the box-tree together. For what end will the Lord do all this? That they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this and the Holy One of Israel hath created it;—that it is He 'who' hath wrought all the salvations and deliverances we have received. For what end! To see, and know, and understand together, that He hath done

[1] [The last five words omitted in *pamphlet.*]

[2] ["I think this Assembly thus called is very much troubled with the common infirmity of the saints, and I hope that will teach you to pity others, that so saints of one sort may not be our interest, that we may have respect unto all, though of different judgments," *ibid.*]

[3] ["you have," *ibid.*]

[4] 'will' *in orig.* ["you will" in *Parl. Hist.*].

[5] ["this of faithfulness," in *both texts.*]

and wrought all this for the good of the whole flock. [*Even so. For 'Saints' read 'Good Men;' and it is true to the end of the world.*] Therefore, I beseech you,—but I think I need not,—have a care of the whole flock! Love the sheep, love the lambs; love all, tender all, cherish and countenance all, in all things that are good. And if the poorest Christian, the most mistaken Christian, shall desire to live peaceably and quietly under you,—I say, if any shall desire but to lead a life in godliness and honesty, let him be protected.

I think I need not advise, much less press you, to endeavour the Promoting of the Gospel;[1] to encourage the Ministry;[2] such a Ministry and such Ministers as be faithful in the Land; upon whom the true character is. Men that have received the Spirit, which Christians will be able to discover,[3] and do 'the will of;' men that have received gifts[4] from Him that is ascended up on high, that hath led captivity captive, to *give* gifts to men,[5] 'even' for the 'same' work of the Ministry! And truly the Apostle, speaking in another place, in the twelfth of the *Romans*, when he has summed up all the mercies of God, and the goodness of God; and discoursed, 'in the former chapters,' of the foundations of the Gospel, and of those things that are the subject of those first eleven chapters,—he beseecheth them to present their bodies a living sacrifice. [*Note that!*] He beseecheth them that they would not esteem highly of themselves, but be humble and sober-minded, and not stretch themselves beyond their line; 'and' that they would also have a care of those that had received gifts to those uses there mentioned. I speak not,—I thank God it is far from my heart,—for a Ministry deriving itself from the Papacy, and pretending to that which is so much insisted on, "succession." ["*Hear, hear!*" *from the Puseyites.*] The true

[1] ["concerning the propagation of the Gospel," *pamphlet.*]
[2] Preaching Clergy.
[3] ["able to discern and do," *Milton;* "received the spirit for such a use which Christians will be well able to discover and do," *pamphlet.*]
[4] ["for the work before mentioned" added, *ibid.*]
[5] Ephesians, iv. 8.

succession is through the Spirit—[*I should say so!*]—given in its measure. The Spirit is given for that use, 'to make proper speakers-forth of God's eternal truth;' and that's right succession. But I need not discourse of these things to you; who, I am persuaded, are taught of God, much more and in a greater measure than myself, concerning these things.

Indeed I have but one word more to say to you; though in that perhaps I shall show my weakness: it's by way of encouragement to go on in this work. 'And' give me leave to begin thus. I confess I never looked to see such a day as this,—it may be nor you neither,—when Jesus Christ should be so owned as He is, at this day, and in this work.[1] Jesus Christ is owned this day by your call;[2] and you own Him, by your willingness to appear for Him.[3] And you manifest this, as far as poor creatures can do, to be a day of the power of Christ. I know you well remember that Scripture, in Psalm cx. 3, He makes His people willing in the day of His power.[4] God manifests it to be the day of the power of Christ; having, through so much blood, and so much trial as hath been upon this nation [made this to be one of the great issues thereof]. He makes this one of the greatest mercies next to His own Son to have His people called to the supreme authority. [*A thing, I confess, worth striving for; and the one thing worth striving for!*] God hath owned his Son; and He hath owned you, and made you to own Him. I confess I never looked to have seen such a day;[5]

[1] ["world," *pamphlet.*] [2] ["by you all," *ibid.*]

[3] ["in appearing here," *ibid.*]

[4] Psalm cx. 3, a favourite Psalm of Oliver's,—as we know already, and solid Ludlow knows. [The "Authorised Version" of James I., from which Cromwell appears always to quote, has, "thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power," and it is so given in *Parl. History.* The Prayer-book (Miles Coverdale) wording is quite different, nor does Cromwell ever except once seem to quote from this version.]

[5] ["to have a people called to the supreme authority upon such an avowed account; God hath owned his Son by this, and you by your willingness do own Jesus Christ; and therefore for my part I did never look to see such a sight," *pamphlet.* Carlyle here follows *Milton*, but the words in square brackets are inserted from *Parl. History*, and are probably redundant, as the word "issues" there would appear to be that rendered "mercies" in *Milton.*]

I did not. Perhaps you are not known to one another's face; 'indeed' I am confident you are strangers, coming from all parts of the nation as you do: but we shall tell you that indeed we have not allowed ourselves in the choice of one person in whom we had not this good hope, that there was 'in him' love; that there was faith in Jesus Christ, and love towards His people and saints. [*What a Parliament; unexampled before and since in this world!*]

Thus God hath owned you in the eyes of the world; and thus, by coming hither, you own Him: and, as it is in *Isaiah,* xliii. 21, —it's an high expression; and look to your own hearts whether, now or hereafter, God shall apply it to *you:* "This people," saith God, "I have formed for Myself, that they may show forth my praise." I say, it's a memorable passage;[1] and, I hope, not unfitly applied: the Lord apply it to each of your hearts! I shall not descant upon the words; they are plain: indeed you are as like the forming of God as ever people were. If a man should tender a Book to you 'to swear you upon,' I dare appeal to all your consciences, neither directly nor indirectly did you seek for your coming hither.[2] You have been passive in coming hither; being *called,*—and 'indeed' that's an active work,— 'though not on your part!' This people have *I formed:* consider the circumstances by which you are called hither;[3] through what strivings [*At Marston Moor, at Naseby, Dunbar and elsewhere*], through what blood you are come hither,—where neither you nor I, nor no man living, three months ago, had a thought to have seen such a company taking upon them, or rather being called to take, the supreme authority of this nation! Therefore, own your call![4] Indeed, I think it may be truly said that never was there a supreme authority consisting of so numerous a body

[1] ["place" in *both texts,* but means as above.]
[2] ["If any man should ask you one by one, and should tender a book to you, you would dare to swear that neither directly, nor indirectly did you seek to come thither," *pamphlet.*]
[3] ["through what difficulties" added in *ibid.*]
[4] ["Therefore, knowing your calling," *Milton.*]

as you are, above one-hundred-and-forty, I believe;[1] 'never such a body' who were ever in the supreme authority 'before,' under such a notion 'as this' in such a way of owning God, and being owned by Him. And therefore I may say also, never 'such' a people so formed, for such a purpose, 'were' so called 'before.' [*These are lucent considerations; lucent, nay radiant!*]

If it were 'a' time to compare your standing with 'that of' those that have been called by the suffrages of the people—[*He does not say what the result would be*]—which who can tell how soon God may fit the people for such a thing, and none can desire it more than I! Would all the Lord's people; as it was said, would all the Lord's people were prophets. [*Fit to sit in Parliament and make Laws: alas, hitherto but few of them can "prophesy!"*] I would all were fit to be called. It ought to be the longing of our hearts to see men brought to own[2] the interest of Jesus Christ. And give me leave to say that, if I know anything in the world, what is there [more] like to win the people to the interest of Jesus Christ, to the love of godliness (nay what stronger duty lies upon you, being thus called), but an humble and godly conversation? So that they may see 'that' you love them; 'that' you lay out yourselves, time and spirits, for them! Is not this the likeliest way to bring them to their liberties? [*To make them free by being servants of God; free, and fit to elect for Parliament!*] And do not you, by this, put it upon God to find out times and seasons for you; 'fit seasons' by putting forth His Spirit? At least by convincing them that, as men fearing God have fought them out of their thraldom and bondage under the regal power, so men fearing God do now rule them in the fear of God, and take care to administer good unto them.—But this is some digression.[3] I say, own your call; for indeed,

[1] [This follows the *pamphlet*. The numbers are omitted in *Milton*.]

[2] ["And who would desire anything more in the world but that it might be so. I would all the Lord's people were prophets, I would they were fit to be called and fit to call; and it is the longing of our hearts to see them once own," *pamphlet*.]

[3] [This is from the *pamphlet*. *Milton* has: "at least to convince them as being men fought out of bondage, and brought to be ruled by men in favour and love."]

it is marvellous, and it is of God! and it hath been unprojected, unthought of by you and us.[1] And indeed it hath been the way God hath dealt with us all along, to keep things from our eyes, 'so' that we have seen nothing, in all His dispensations, long beforehand:[2] which is also a witness, in some measure, to our integrity. [*"Integrity!" from Dryasdust.—Husht, my friend, it is incredible! A flat impossibility, how can it be believed? To the human Owl, living in his perennial London Fog, in his Twilight of all imaginable corrupt Exhalations, and with his poor head, too, overspun to such extent with red-tape, parliamentary eloquence, force of public opinion and such like, how shall the Azure Firmaments and Everlasting Stars become credible? They are and remain incredible. From his shut sense all light-rays are victoriously repelled; no light shall get admittance there. In no Heaven's-light will he for his part ever believe;—till at last, as is the necessity withal, it come to him as lightning! Then he will believe it.*]—I say, you are called with an high calling. And why should we be afraid to say or think, that *this* may be the door to usher-in the things that God has promised; which have been prophesied of; which He has set the hearts of His people to wait for and expect?[3] We know who they are that shall war with the Lamb, against his enemies: they shall be a people called, and chosen and faithful. And God hath, in a military way,—we may speak it without flattering our selves, and I believe you know it,—He hath appeared with them, 'with that same "people,"' and for them; and now in these civil powers and authorities 'does not He appear?' These are not ill prognostications of that good we wait for.[4] Indeed I do think somewhat is at the door: we are at the threshold; and therefore it becomes us to lift up our heads, and encourage ourselves in the Lord. And we have some of us thought, That it is our duties to

[1] ["own your call, for it is of God. It's not long since either you or we came to know of it," *Milton.*]

[2] ["what we have acted, we have seen nothing before us," *pamphlet.*]

[3] Hundred-and-tenth Psalm, and other Scriptures, are known to Ludlow and us!

[4] [Carlyle altered to "the God," but both texts have "good," and it fits better into the argument.]

endeavour this way; not vainly[1] to *look* at that prophecy in Daniel, "and the kingdom shall not be delivered to another people," 'and passively wait.' Truly God hath brought this to your hands; by the owning of your call; blessing the military power. The Lord hath directed their [*our*][2] hearts to be instrumental to call you; and to set it upon our hearts to deliver over the power to another people. [*Therefore "we" are not the persons prophesied of?*]—But I may appear to be beyond my line 'here;' these things are dark. But, as I desire my thoughts[3] to be exercised in these things, so I hope are yours.[4]

Truly, seeing things are thus, that you are at the edge of the promises and prophecies—[*Does not say what results*]—At least, if there were neither promise nor prophecy, yet you are carrying on the best things,[5] you are endeavouring after the best things; and, as I have said elsewhere,[6] if I were to choose any servant, the meanest officer for the Army or the Commonwealth, I would choose a godly man that hath principles, especially where a trust is to be committed, because I know where to *have* a man that hath principles. I believe if any man of you should choose a servant, you would do so. And I would all our magistrates were so chosen:—this may be done; there may be good effects of this! 'Surely' it's our duty to choose men that fear[7] the Lord, and will praise the Lord: such hath the Lord "formed for Himself;" and He expects no praises from *other* 'than such.' [*O Secretary of the Home Department, my right honourable friend!*]

[1] [Carlyle altered to "merely," but both texts have as above.]
[2] ["their" (*i.e.*, the hearts of the army) is probably correct.]
[3] 'senses' in *orig.*
[4] ["and this hath been set upon our hearts and upon all the faithful of the land; it may be that it is not our duty to deliver it over to any other people, and that Scripture may be fulfilling now to us; but I may be beyond my line. But I thank God I have my hopes exercised in these things and so I am persuaded are yours," *pamphlet.* This is probably the more correct version of the two.]
[5] ["covet the best things," *pamphlet.* The argument appears to be: "you are on the verge of the fulfilment of the promises, etc., but even if these did not exist, you would still be endeavouring after the best things."]
[6] In some Speech now lost:—probably in many Speeches; certainly in all manner of Practice and Action. ["as I had formerly opportunity to say," *Milton.*]
[7] ["know," *Milton.*]

This being so, truly it puts me in mind of another Scripture, that famous Psalm, sixty-eighth Psalm;[1] which indeed is a glorious prophecy, I am persuaded, of the Gospel churches,—it may be, of the Jews also. There it prophesies that He will bring His people again from the depths of the sea, as once He led "Israel through the Red Sea." And it may be, as some think, God will bring the Jews home to their station from the isles of the sea, and answer their expectations as from the depths of the sea. But, 'at all events,' sure I am, when the Lord shall set up the glory of the Gospel Church, it shall be a gathering 'of' people as out of deep waters, out of the multitude of waters: such are His people, drawn out of the multitudes of the nations and people of this world.—And truly that Psalm is very glorious in many other parts of it: when He gave the word,[2] great was the company of them that published it. Kings of armies did flee apace, and she[3] that tarried at home divided the spoil [*Consider Charles Stuart, First and Second; and what we see this day!*]; and "Although ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye "be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers "with yellow gold." [*Hah!*] And indeed the triumph of that Psalm is exceeding high and great; and God is accomplishing it.

[1] We remember it ever since Dunbar morning; let us read a passage or two of it again: His Excellency and the Little Parliament will perhaps wait a moment; and it may do us good!

'Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered: let them also that hate Him flee 'before Him. As smoke is driven away, so drive them away; as wax melteth 'before the fire, so let the wicked perish before the presence of God.' The unhappy!

'But let the righteous be glad: let them rejoice before God, yea let them rejoice 'exceedingly. Sing unto God, sing praises to His name. A father of the fatherless, 'and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation.—

'O God, when Thou wentest forth before Thy People,——the Earth shook, the 'Heavens also dropped. Kings of Armies did flee apace; and she that tarried 'at home divided the spoil.' Ye poor and brave, be ye of courage! 'Though ye 'have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove, covered with 'silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.

'The Hill of God is as the Hill of Bashan; an high Hill as the Hill of Bashan.' Inexpugnable, that! 'Why leap ye, ye high Hills? This is the Hill of God which 'God desireth to dwell in: yea the Lord will dwell in it forever. The chariots of 'God are twenty-thousand, even thousands of Angels: the Lord is among them, 'as in Sinai in the holy place.'

[2] ["when He gathers them," *Milton.*] [3] ["they," *ibid.*]

And for the close of it,—that closeth with my heart, and I am persuaded with yours also, "The Lord shakes the hills and mountains, and they reel."[1] And God hath a hill too; "an high "hill as the hill of Bashan: and the chariots of God are twenty-"thousand, even thousands of Angels," and God will dwell upon this Hill forever!—[PROCUL PROFANI! *The man is without a soul that looks into this Great Soul of a man, radiant with the splendours of very Heaven, and sees nothing there but the shadow of his own mean darkness. Ape of the Dead Sea, peering asquint into the Holy of Holies, let us have done with* THY *commentaries! Thou canst not fathom it.*]

I am sorry I have troubled you, in such a place of heat as this is so long. All I have to say, in my own name, and that of my fellow officers who have joined with me in this work, is: that we shall commend you to the grace of God, to the guidance of His Spirit: 'that' having thus far served you, or rather our Lord Jesus Christ 'in regard to you,' we shall be[2] ready in our stations, according as the Providence of God shall lead us, to be subservient to the 'farther' work of God, and to that authority which we shall reckon God hath set over us. And though we have no formal thing to present you with, to which the hands, or visible expressions,[3] of the officers and soldiers of the three nations of England, Scotland and Ireland are set; yet we may say for them, and we may say also with confidence for our brethren at sea,—with whom neither in Scotland, Ireland, nor at sea, hath there been any artifice used to persuade their consents[4] to this work,—yet we can say that their consents [and affections][5] have flowed in to us from all parts, beyond our expectations: and [we are confident][5] we may say with all confidence, that as we have had their approbation and full consent

[1] ["and makes them leap," *Milton.*]
[2] ["or rather our Lord Jesus Christ in it, we are, as we hope, and shall be," *pamphlet.*]
[3] ["the hands and the outward visible expressions of the hearts of the officers of the three nations are set," *ibid.*]
[4] ["approbations," *ibid.*] [5] [Omitted in *Milton.*]

[unsought indeed][1] to the other work, so [that][1] you have their hearts and affections unto this.[2] And not only theirs, but we have very many papers from the Churches of Christ throughout the nation; wonderfully both approving what hath been done in removing 'of' obstacles, and approving what we have done in this very thing. And having said this, we shall trouble you no more. But if you will be pleased that this Instrument[3] may be read to you, which I have signed by the advice of the[4] Council of Officers,—we shall then leave you to your own thoughts and the guidance of God; to dispose of yourselves for a farther meeting,[5] as you shall see cause.[6]

I have only this to say further. That the affairs of this nation laying on our hands to be taken care of; and 'we' knowing that both the affairs at sea, the armies in Ireland and Scotland, and the providing of things for the preventing of inconveniences, and the answering of all emergencies, did require that there should be no interruption, but that care ought to be taken for these things; and foreseeing likewise that before you could digest yourselves into such a method [as you may think best],[7] both for place, time and other circumstances, in the way you shall purpose to proceed in, would ask some time,—which the Commonwealth would not bear in respect of the managing of things: I have, within a week 'past,' set up a Council of State, to whom the managing of affairs is committed. Who, I may say, very voluntarily and freely, before they see how the issue of things would be, 'have' engaged themselves in [the] business; eight or nine of them being members of the House that late was.—I say I did exercise that power that, I thought, was devolved upon me

[1] [Omitted in *Milton.*]

[2] 'other work' delicately means *dissolving the old Parliament;* 'this' is *assembling of you,* 'this very thing.'

[3] The Instrument is to be found among the Old Pamphlets; but being of a much lower strain, mere constitutionalities, &c., in phrase and purport alike leaden, we do not read it.

[4] ["my Council," *Milton.*]

[5] ["to order and dispose of yourselves for further meetings," *pamphlet.*]

[6] Report in *Parliamentary History,* and the common Pamphlets, ends here.

[7] [Omitted by Carlyle.]

at that time; to the end that affairs might not have any interval 'or interruption.' And now when you are met, it will ask some time for the settling of your affairs and your way. And, 'on the other hand,' a day cannot be lost, 'or left vacant,' but they must be [1] in continual council till such time as you shall take farther order. So that the whole matter of their considerations are also at your disposal, as you shall see cause. And therefore I thought it my duty to acquaint you with thus much, that you may not be distracted in your way: that things have been thus ordered; that your affairs will 'not stop, but' go on, 'in the meanwhile,'—till you see cause to alter this Council; they having no authority, nor longer to sit, than until you shall take farther order.*

The reader has now struggled through this First Speech of my Lord General's; not without astonishment to find that he has some understanding of it. The Editor has had his difficulties: but the Editor too is astonished to consider how such a Speech should have lain so long before the English Nation, asking, "Is there no meaning whatever in me, then?"—with negatory response from almost all persons. Incompetent Reporters;—still more the obscene droppings of an extensive Owl-population, the accumulated *guano* of Human Stupor in the course of ages, do render Speeches unintelligible! It ought to be added, that my Lord General always spoke extempore; ready to speak, if his mind were full of meaning; very careless about the words he put it into. And never, except in one instance, which we shall by and by come upon, does he seem to have taken any charge as to what Report might be published of it. One of his Parliaments

[1] ["but to be," *Milton.*]

* *Milton State-Papers*, pp. 106-114: and *Parliamentary History*, xx. 153-175; which latter is identical with *Harleian Miscellany* (London, 1810), vi. 331-344. Our Report, in some cramp passages, which could not always be indicated without confusion, is a *tertium quid* between these two. Generally throughout we adhere to *Milton's*, which is the more concise, intelligible and everyway better Report. [The *Parliamentary History* goes on to say (quoting the old tract from which the speech is taken): "that when the Lord General Cromwell had ended this very grave, Christian and seasonable speech, his Excellency produced an instrument under his own hand and seal, whereby he did, with the advice of his officers, devolve and intrust the supreme authority and government of this Commonwealth unto the persons then met."]

once asks him for a correct Report of a certain Speech, spoken some days before: he declares, "He cannot remembe four lines of it."[1] It appears also that his meaning, much as Dryasdust may wonder, was generally very well understood by his audience: —it was not till next generation, when the owl-droppings already lay thick, and Human Stupor had decidedly set in, that the cry of Unintelligibility was much heard of. Tones and looks do much; —yes, and the *having* a meaning in you is also a great help! Indeed, I fancy he must have been an opaque man to whom these utterances of such a man, all in a blaze with such a conviction of heart, had remained altogether dark.

The printed state of this Speech, and still more of some others, will impose hard duties on an Editor; which kind readers must take their share of. In the present case, it is surprising how little change has been needed, beyond the mere punctuation, and correct division into sentences. Not the slightest change of meaning has, of course, anywhere seemed, or shall anywhere seem, permissible; nor indeed the twentieth part of that kind of liberty which a skilful Newspaper Reporter takes with every speech he commits to print in our day.

A certain Critic, whom I sometimes cite from, but seldom without some reluctance, winds up his multifarious Commentaries on the present Speech in the following extraordinary way:

'Intelligent readers,' says he, 'have found intelligibility in this 'Speech of Oliver's: but to one who has had to read it as a pain-'ful Editor, reading every fibre of it with magnifying-glasses, has 'to do,—it becomes all glowing with intelligibility, with cred-'ibility; with the splendour of genuine Veracity and heroic 'Depth and Manfulness;—and seems in fact, as Oliver's Speeches 'generally do, to an altogether singular degree, the express image 'of the soul it came from!—Is not this the end of all speaking, 'and wagging of the tongue in every conceivable sort, except the 'false and accursed sorts? Shall we call Oliver a *bad* Speaker, 'then; shall we not, in a very fundamental sense, call him a good 'Speaker?—

'Art of Speech? Art of Speech? The Art of Speech, I take 'it, will first of all be the art of having something genuine to 'speak! Into what strange regions has it carried us, that same 'sublime "Art," taken up otherwise! One of the saddest bewil-'derments, when I look at all the bearings of it, nay properly the

[1] Burton's *Diary*. *Postea*, Speech XVII.

'fountain of all the sad bewilderments, under which poor mortals 'painfully somnambulate in these generations. "I have made an 'excellent Speech about it, written an excellent Book about it,"— 'and there an end. How much better, hadst thou done a mode- 'rately good deed about it, and not had anything to speak at 'all! He who is about *doing* some mute veracity has a right to be 'heard speaking, and consulting of the doing of it; and properly 'no other has. The light of a man shining all as a paltry phos- 'phorescence on the surface of him, leaving the interior dark, 'chaotic, sordid, dead-alive,—was once regarded as a most mournful 'phenomenon!

'False Speech is probably capable of being the falsest and 'most accursed of all things. False Speech; so false that it has 'not even the veracity to know that it is false,—as the poor com- 'monplace *liar* still does! I have heard Speakers who gave rise 'to thoughts in me *they* were little dreaming of suggesting! Is 'man then no longer an "Incarnate Word," as Novalis calls him, '—sent into this world to utter out of him, and by all means to 'make audible and visible what of *God's*-Message he has; sent 'hither and made alive even for that, and for no other definable 'object? Is there no sacredness, then, any longer, in the miracu- 'lous tongue of man? Is his head become a wretched cracked 'pitcher, on which you jingle to frighten crows, and make bees 'hive? He fills me with terror, this two-legged Rhetorical Phan- 'tasm! I could long for an Oliver without Rhetoric at all. I 'could long for a Mahomet, whose persuasive-eloquence, with wild- 'flashing heart and scimitar, is: "Wretched mortal, give up that; 'or by the Eternal, thy Maker and mine, I will kill thee! Thou 'blasphemous scandalous Misbirth of Nature, is not even that the 'kindest thing I can do for thee, if thou repent not and alter, in 'the name of Allah?"'—[1]

[1] ["Even such sonorous oracles as these do not altogether escape the guilt of rhetoric. As if, after all, there might not be just as much of sham, phantasm, emptiness and lies, in action as in rhetoric. . . . It is not a question between action and rhetoric, but the far profounder question alike in word and in deed, between just and unjust, rational and short-sighted, cruel and humane." Morley's *Cromwell*, 297.]

LETTERS CLXXXIX.—CXCI

Concerning this Puritan Convention of the Notables, which in English History is called the *Little Parliament*, and derisively *Barebones's Parliament*, we have not much more to say. They are, if by no means the remarkablest Assembly, yet the Assembly for the remarkablest purpose who have ever met in the Modern World. The business is, No less than introducing of the Christian Religion into real practice in the Social Affairs of this Nation. Christian Religion, Scriptures of the Old and New Testament: such, for many hundred years, has been the universal solemnly recognised Theory of all men's Affairs; Theory sent down out of Heaven itself: but the question is now that of reducing it to Practice in said Affairs;—a most noble, surely, and most necessary attempt; which should not have been put off so long in this Nation! We have conquered the Enemies of Christ; let us now, in real practical earnest, set about doing the Commandments of Christ, now that there is free room for us! Such was the purpose of this Puritan Assembly of the Notables, which History calls the *Little Parliament*, or derisively *Barebones's Parliament*.

It is well known they failed: to us, alas, it is too evident they could not but fail. Fearful impediments lay against that effort of theirs: the sluggishness, the slavish half-and-halfness, the greediness, the cowardice, and general opacity and falsity of some ten million men against it;—alas, the whole world, and what we call the Devil and all his angels, against it! Considerable angels, human and other: most extensive arrangements, investments, to be sold off at a tremendous sacrifice;—in general the entire set of luggage-traps and very extensive stock of merchant-goods and real and floating property, amassed by that assiduous Entity above-mentioned, for a thousand years or more! For these, and also for other obstructions, it could not take effect at that time;—and the *Little Parliament* became a *Barebones's Parliament*, and had to go its ways again.

Read these three Letters, two of them of small or no significance as to it or its affairs; and then let us hasten to the catastrophe.[1]

[1] [See also letters in Supplement, Nos 80-82.]

LETTER CLXXXIX

The Little Parliament has now sat some seven weeks; the dim old world of England, then in huge travail-throes, and somewhat of the Lord General's sad and great reflections thereon, may be dimly read here.

'For the Right Honourable Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland: These'

'Cockpit,' 22d August 1653.

Dear Charles,

Although I do not so often as is desired by me acquaint you how it is with me, yet I doubt not of your prayers in my behalf, that, in all things, I may walk as becometh the Gospel.

Truly I never more needed all helps from my Christian friends than now! Fain would I have my service accepted of the saints (if the Lord will), but it is not so. Being of different judgments, and of each sort most seeking to propagate their own, that spirit of kindness that is[1] to them all, is hardly accepted of any. I hope I can say it, my life has been a willing sacrifice, and I hope,—[2] for them all. Yet it much falls out as when the two Hebrews were rebuked: you know upon whom they turned their displeasure.[3]

But the Lord is wise, and will, I trust, make manifest that I am no enemy. Oh, how easy is mercy to be abused: Persuade friends with you to be very sober. If the day of the Lord be so near (as some say), how should our moderation appear. If every one (instead of contending) would justify his form 'of judgment' by love and meekness, Wisdom would be justified of her children.

[1] 'in me' modestly suppressed. [2] [Word omitted, a space left.]

[3] 'And he,' the wrongdoer of the Two, 'said unto Moses, "Who made thee 'a Prince and a Judge over us? Intendest thou to kill me, as thou killedst the 'Egyptian!"' (*Exodus*, ii. 14.)

But, alas, I am, in my temptation, ready to say, Oh, would I had wings like a dove, then would I, &c. :[1] but this, I fear, is my haste. I bless the Lord I have somewhat keeps me alive, some sparks of the light of His countenance, and some sincerity above man's judgment. Excuse me thus unbowelling myself to you: pray for me, and desire my friends to do so also. My love to thy dear Wife, whom indeed I entirely love, both naturally, and upon the best account; and my blessing (if it be worth anything) upon thy little babe.

Sir George Ayscough having occasions with you, desired my letters to you on his behalf: if he come or send, I pray you show him what favour you can. Indeed his services have been considerable for the State, and I doubt he hath not been answered with suitable respect. Therefore again I desire you and the Commissioners to take him into a very particular care, and help him so far as justice and reason will anyways afford.

Remember my hearty affections to all the officers. The Lord bless you all. So prayeth

Your truly loving father,

Oliver Cromwell.

'P.S.' All here love you, and are in health, your children and all.*

[1] 'then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander far off, 'and remain in the wilderness. I would hasten my escape from the windy storm 'and tempest!' (*Psalm* lv. 6, 7, 8.)

* *Harleian MSS.* no. 7502, f. 13 [*Add. MSS.* 5015*, f. 27]: 'Copyed from the 'Original in ye hands of Mrs. Cook (Grandaughter to Lieutenant-General Fleetwood) 'of Newington, Mid^{sex}: Nov^{r} 5, 1759. By A. Gifford.' Printed, without reference, incorrectly, in *Annual Register* for 1761, p. 49; in *Gentleman's Magazine*, &c.—Appendix, No. 27.

LETTER CXC[1]

In the Commons Journals,[2] while this Little Parliament sat, we find that, among other good services, the arrangement of the Customs Department was new-modelled ; that instead of Farmers of the Customs, there was a 'Committee' of the Parliament appointed to regulate and levy that impost: Committee appointed on the 23d of September 1653: among whom we recognise 'Alderman Ireton,' the deceased General's Brother ; 'Mr. Mayor,' of Hursley, Richard Cromwell's Father-in-Law ; 'Alderman Titchborne ;' 'Colonel Montague,' afterwards Earl of Sandwich ; and others. It is to this Committee that Oliver's Letter is addressed. It has no date of time: but as the Little Parliament ended, in Self-dissolution and Protectorship, on the 12th of December, the date of the Letter lies between the 23d September and that other limit. My Lord General,—who is himself a Member of the Parliament, he and his chief Officers having been forthwith invited to sit,—feels evidently that his recommendations, when grounded in justice, ought to be attended to.

For my honoured Friends, the Committee for Regulating the Customs : These present

'Cockpit, October 1653.'

Gentlemen,

I am sorry after recommendation of a friend of mine the bearer hereof,—considering him in relation to his poor parents an object of pity and commiseration, yet well deserving and no less qualified for employment,—he should find such cold success amongst you.

His great necessity and my love once more invites me to write unto you, in his behalf, to bestow on him (if it may not be in this city by reason of multiplicity of suitors) a place in the

[1] [Just at this time Bulstrode Whitelocke was sent on his Swedish embassy (see p. 327 below ; also Appendix, No. 27 (4). In his journal of his embassy, Whitelocke narrates a conversation held with Cromwell on September 13, when the latter, with many complimentary phrases, urged him to accept the post. Carlyle does not notice this (though, as appears from p. 327, he knew the journal), probably because he had little faith in the accuracy of Whitelocke's reports, especially when they concerned himself.]

[2] vii. 323, 23d September 1653.

out-ports: and I doubt not but his utmost abilities will be improved to the faithful discharging of such trust as you shall impose in him, for the good of the Commonwealth. And thereby you will engage him who remains,

Your affectionate friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXCI

THIS 'Henry Weston,' otherwise unknown to all Editors, is a Gentleman of Surrey; his 'House at Ockham,' not *Oakham*, is in the neighbourhood of Guildford in that County.[1] So much, strangely enough, an old stone Tablet still legible in Ockham Church, which a beneficent hand has pointed out, enables me to say;—an authentic dim old Stone in Surrey, curiously reflecting light on a dim old Piece of Paper which has fluttered far about the world before it reached us here! 'Brother Ford,' I find by the same authority, is of knightly rank in Sussex: and Henry Weston's Father 'lieth buried in the Chancel of Speldhurst Church' in Kent; his Uncle, a childless man, resting here at Ockham, 'since the 8th day of July 1638, in the clymacteric of his age, 63.'[2]—'Reverend Mr. Draper' has not elsewhere come across me.[3] Happily we can hope he officiates well in Kent; and read this Letter without other light.

For my honoured Friend Henry Weston, Esquire, at his House in Ockham: These

'London,' 16th Nov. 1653.

SIR, MY NOBLE FRIEND,

Your Brother Ford was lately with me, acquainting me with my presumption in moving for, and your civility

* Letter genuine, *teste me;* reference unfortunately lost. [The reference is *Harley MS.*, 4165, f. 25.]

[1] [He was appointed a member of the "classis" of Guildford when the county was divided into six "classical Presbyteries" in February 1648. See Dr. W. A. Shaw's *History of the English Church during the Civil Wars*, etc., ii. 484.]

[2] Copy of the Inscription *penes me.*

[3] [Dr. Calamy mentions Draper as expelled from Speldhurst after the Restoration. (*Nonconformists' Memorial*, ed. Palmer, ii. 335).]

in granting, the advowson of Speldhurst to one Mr. Draper, who is now incumbent there, and who, it seems, was there for three or four years before the death of the old incumbent, by virtue of a sequestration.

Sir, I had almost forgot upon what account I made thus bold with you, but now have fully recollected. I understand the person is very able and honest, well approved of by most of the good ministers thereabout, and much desired by the honest people who are in a religious association in those parts.[1] Wherefore I now most heartily own and thank you for your favour showed Mr. Draper for my sake; beseeching the continuance of your respects to the gentleman, who shall be very much tied to pay you all service; and so shall, in what lieth in his power,

Your affectionate friend to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

And now to Parliament affairs again,—to the catastrophe now nigh.

On the whole, we have to say of this Little Parliament, that it sat for five months and odd days, very earnestly striving; earnestly, nobly,—and by no means unwisely, as the ignorant Histories teach. But the farther it advanced towards real Christianism in human affairs, the louder grew the shrieks of Sham-Christianism everywhere profitably lodged there;—and prudent persons, responsible for the issue, discovered that of a truth, for one reason or another, for reasons evident and for reasons not evident, there could be no success according to that method. We said, the History of this Little Parliament lay all buried very deep in the torpors of Human Stupidity, and was not likely ever to be brought into daylight in this world. In their five months time they passed various good Acts; chose, with good insight, a new Council of State; took wise charge of the needful Supplies; did all the routine business of a Parliament

[1] Has crossed out 'thereabouts;' and written 'in those parts,' as preferable.

* *Additional Ayscough MSS.* no. 12,098. Original, in good preservation; with this endorsement in a newer hand: 'The Generell Cromwell's letter about Spelderst living;' and this Note appended: 'In an old Bible I had from England with other Books, March 1726.' Some Transatlantic Puritan, to all appearance.

in a quite unexceptionable, or even in a superior manner. Concerning their Council of State, I find this Note; which, though the Council had soon to alter itself, and take new figures, may be worth appending here.[1]

Routine business done altogether well by this Little Parliament. But, alas, they had decided on abolishing Tithes, on supporting a Christian Ministry by some other method than Tithes;—nay far worse, they had decided on abolishing the Court of Chancery! Finding grievances greater than could be borne; finding, for one thing, 'Twenty-three thousand Causes of from five to thirty years continuance' lying undetermined in Chancery, it seemed to the Little Parliament that some Court ought to be contrived which would actually determine these and the like Causes;—and that, on the whole, Chancery would be better for abolition. Vote to that effect stands registered in the Commons Journals;[2] but still, for near two-hundred years now, only expects fulfilment.—So far as one can discover in the huge twilight of Dryasdust, it was mainly by this attack on the Lawyers, and attempt to abolish Chancery, that the Little Parliament perished.[3] Tithes helped, no doubt; and the clamours of a safely-settled Ministry, Presbyterian-Royalist many of them. But the Lawyers exclaimed: "Chancery? Law of the Bible? Do you mean to bring-in the *Mosaic Dispensation*, then; and deprive men of their properties? Deprive men of their properties; and us of our learned wigs, and lucrative longwindednesses,—with your search for 'Simple Justice,'

[1] Council of State elected,—Tuesday 1st November 1653 (*Commons Journals*, vii. 344). The Election is by ballot, 113 Members present; 'Colonel Montague' (Sandwich), 'Colonel Cromwell' (Henry), and 'Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper,' are three of the Four Scrutineers. Among the Names reported as chosen, here are some, with the Numbers voting for them: Lord General Cromwell (113, one and all); Sir Gilbert Pickering (Poet Dryden's Cousin and Patron,—110); Desborow (74); Harrison (58); Mayor (of Hursley,—57); Colonel Montague (59); Ashley Cooper (60); Lord Viscount Lisle (Algernon Sidney's Brother,—58); Colonel Norton (idle Dick, recovered from the Pride's Purge again, but liable to relapse again,—57). The Council is of Thirty-one; Sixteen of the Old or Interim Council (above referred to in Cromwell's Speech) are to continue; Fifteen new: these mentioned here are all among the Old, whom the Lord General and his Officers had already nominated.

[2] vii. 296; 5th August 1653.

[3] [But a greater power than "the lawyers" was at work. "Cromwell was dissatisfied and alarmed at the conduct of the Little Parliament and its consequences. Instead of promoting the Gospel, they had threatened to deprive its ministers of the means of subsistence. Instead of allaying sectarian strife, their policy had embittered it. His own persistent attempts to reconcile religious animosities met with little success." Firth's *Cromwell*, p 333. Cromwell's views on this point are sufficiently shown in the letter to Fleetwood (p. 307 above). He shrank from dismissing another Parliament by force. The alternative was to persuade it to abdicate, and this, after negotiation with the army officers, it agreed to do.]

and 'God's Law,' instead of Learned-Sergeant's Law?"—There was immense 'carousing in the Temple' when this Parliament ended; as great tremors had been in the like quarters while it continued.[1]

But in brief, on Friday the 2d of December 1653, there came a 'Report from the Tithes-Committee,' recommending that Ministers of an incompetent, simoniacal, loose, or otherwise scandalous nature, plainly unfit to preach any Gospel to immortal creatures, should have a Travelling Commission of chosen Puritan Persons appointed, to travel into all Counties, and straightway inspect them, and eject them, and clear Christ's Church of them: —whereupon there ensued high debatings: Accept the Report, or Not accept it? High debatings, for the space of ten days; with Parliamentary manœuverings, not necessary to specify here. Which rose ever higher; and on Saturday the 10th, had got so high that, as I am credibly informed, certain leading persons went about colleaguing and consulting, instead of attending Public Worship on the Lord's Day:—and so, on Monday morning early, while the extreme Gospel Party had not yet assembled in the House, it was surreptitiously moved and carried, old Speaker Rouse somewhat treacherously assenting to it, 'That 'the sitting of this Parliament any longer, as now constituted, 'will not be for the good of the Commonwealth; and that there-'fore it is requisite to deliver up unto the Lord General Cromwell 'the Powers which we received from him!' Whereupon, adds the same Rhadamantine Record, 'the House rose; and the 'Speaker, with many of the Members of the House, departed 'out of the House to Whitehall: where they, being the greater 'number of the Members sitting in Parliament, did, by a Writing,' hastily redacted in the waiting-room there, and signed on separate bits of paper hastily wafered together, 'resign unto his 'Excellency their said Powers. And Mr. Speaker, attended by 'the Members, did present the same unto his Excellency accord-'ingly,'—and retired into private life again.[2]

[1] Exact Relation of the Transactions of the late Parliament, by a Member of the same (London, 1654): reprinted in *Somers Tracts*, vi. 266-84.

[2] *Commons Journals*, vii. 363; Exact Relation, *ubi supra;* Whitlocke, p. 551, &c. [There is an interesting account of these proceedings amongst the *Clarke MSS.* When the major part of the House—about eighty—had gone to Whitehall, "the smaller part, being about twenty-seven, remained in the House, where Colonel Gough presently came, and with all meekness told them that he was fearful their stay there might prove prejudicial to the Commonwealth, and probably to themselves (they being no house); they desired to know if he had any power, which he denied, but sweetly argued it with them, but they refusing to hear he opened the

The Lord General Cromwell testified much emotion and surprise at this result;—emotion and surprise which Dryasdust knows well how to interpret. In fact the Lord General is responsible to England and Heaven for this result; and it is one of some moment! He and the established Council of State, 'Council of Officers and' non-established 'Persons of Interest in the Nation,' must consider what they will now do!

Clearly enough to them, and to us, there can only one thing be done: search be made, Whether there is any King, *Könning*, Canning, or Supremely Able-Man that you can fall-in with, to take charge of these conflicting and colliding elements, drifting towards swift wreck otherwise;—any 'Parish Constable,' as Oliver himself defines it, to bid good men keep the peace to one another. To your unspeakable good-luck, such Supremely Able-Man, King, Constable, or by whatever name you will call him, is already found,—known to all persons for years past: your Puritan Interest is not yet necessarily a wreck; but may still float, and do what farther is in it, while he can float!

From Monday onwards, the excitement of the public mind in old London and whithersoever the news went, in those winter days, must have been great. The 'Lord General called a Council of Officers and other Persons of Interest in the Nation,' as we said; and there was 'much seeking of God by prayer,' and abstruse advising of this matter,—the matter being really great, and to some of us even awful! The dialogues, conferences, and abstruse advisings are all lost; the result we know for certain. Monday was 12th of December; on Friday 16th, the result became manifest to all the world: that the ablest of Englishmen, Oliver Cromwell, was

door, and presently entered one file of musketeers, upon whose appearance the remaining part of the House withdrew." *Clarke Papers*, iii. 10. The sweetness and meekness disappear in some other accounts of the incident. The army, said Vavasor Powel in a meeting at Blackfriars, had protected "antichristian clergymen" and tithes, and when the House would not uphold them, "they were thrust out—I mean the few honest men of them that were then present—by violence. . . . This is true, and we must speak it out for our mouths shall not be stopped with paper proclamations. I saw one in print to-day which says this last Parliament dissolved themselves and resigned up their powers and authorities; but I take it to be a libel; . . . they were broken by force and it was a business plotted by the great army men, clergymen and their party together. Lord," continued this very energetic speaker, "have our army men all apostatised from their principles! What is become of all their declarations, protestations and professions! Are they choked with lands, parks and manors? Let us go home and pray, and say, 'Lord, wilt thou have Oliver Cromwell or Christ to reign over us?' . . . I'll tell you a common proverb that we had among us of the General, that in the field he was the graciousest and most gallant man in the world, but out of the field, and when he came home again to government, the worst." *Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1653-54, p. 306.]

henceforth to be recognised for Supremely Able; and that the Title of him was to be LORD PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND, with 'Instrument of Government,' 'Council of Fifteen or of Twenty-one,' and other necessary less important circumstances, of the like conceivable nature.

The Instrument of Government, a carefully constitutional piece in Forty-two Articles; the Ceremony of Installation, transacted with due simplicity and much modest dignity, 'in the Chancery Court in Westminster Hall,' that Friday afternoon;—the chair of state, the Judges in their robes, Lord Mayors with caps of maintenance; the state-coaches, outriders, outrunners, and 'great shoutings of the people;' the procession from and to Whitehall, and 'Mr. Lockier the Chaplain's Exhortation' to us there: these, with the inevitable adjuncts of the case, shall be conceived by ingenious readers, or read in innumerable Pamphlets and Books,[1] and omitted here. 'His Highness was in a rich but plain suit; 'black velvet, with cloak of the same: about his hat a broad band 'of gold.' Does the reader see him? A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage: the expression of him valour and devout intelligence,—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old, gone April last; ruddy-fair complexion, bronzed by toil and age; light-brown hair and moustache are getting streaked with gray. A figure of sufficient impressiveness;—not lovely to the man-milliner species, nor pretending to be so. Massive stature; big massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect, 'evident workshop and storehouse of a vast treasury of natural parts.' Wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also if need were, of all fiercenesses and rigours; deep loving eyes, call them grave, call them stern, looking from under those craggy brows, as if in lifelong sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labour and endeavour:—on the whole, a right noble lion-face and hero-face; and to me royal enough.[2] The reader, in his mind, shall conceive this event and its figures.

Conceived too, or read elsewhere than here, shall Dryasdust's multifarious unmelodious commentaries be,—and likewise Anti-

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 552-61; Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 131, in *Parliamentary History*, xx.); &c. &c.

[2] Maidston's Letter to Winthrop, in Thurloe, i. 763-8; Cooper's Portraits; Mask of Cromwell's Face (in the Statuaries' Shops).

Dryasdust's; the two together cancelling one another; and amounting pretty well, by this time, to *zero* for us. 'Love of power,' as flunkeys love it, remains the one credibility for Dryasdust; and will forever remain. To the valet-soul how will you demonstrate that, in this world, there is or was anything heroic? You cannot do it; you need not try to do it.—I cite with some reluctance from a Manuscript Author, often enough referred to here, the following detached sentences, and so close this Seventh Part.

'Dryasdust knows not the value of a King,' exclaims he; 'the 'bewildered mortal has forgotten it. Finding Kings'-cloaks so 'cheap, hung out on every hedge, and paltry as beggars' gabar-'dines, he says, "What use is in a King? This King's-cloak, if 'this be your King, is naught!"—

'Power? Love of power? Does "power" mean the faculty 'of giving places, of having newspaper paragraphs, of being waited 'on by sycophants? To ride in gilt coaches, escorted by the 'flunkeyisms and most sweet voices,—I assure thee, it is not the 'Heaven of all, but only of many! Some born Kings I myself 'have known, of stout natural limbs, who, in shoes of moderately 'good fit, found quiet *walking* handier; and crowned themselves, 'almost too sufficiently, by putting on their own private hat, with 'some spoken or speechless, "God enable me to be King of what 'lies under this! For Eternities lie under it, and Infinitudes, and 'Heaven also and Hell. And it is as big as the Universe, this 'Kingdom; and I am to conquer it, or be forever conquered by 'it, now while it is called Today!"—

'The love of "power," if thou understand what to the manful 'heart "power" signifies, is a very noble and indispensable love. 'And here and there, in the outer world too, there is a due throne 'for the noble man;—which let him see well that he seize, and 'valiantly defend against all men and things. God gives it him; 'let no Devil take it away. Thou also art called by the God's-'message: This, if thou canst read the Heavenly omens and dare 'do them, this work is *thine*. Voiceless, or with no articulate 'voice, Occasion, god-sent, rushes storming on, amid the world's 'events; swift, perilous; like a whirlwind, like a fleet lightning-'steed: manfully thou shalt clutch it by the mane, and vault 'into thy seat on it, and ride and guide there, thou! Wreck and 'ignominious overthrow, if thou have dared when the Occasion 'was *not* thine: everlasting scorn to thee if thou dare not when 'it is;—if the cackling of Roman geese and Constitutional

'ganders, if the clack of human tongues and leading-articles, if 'the steel of armies and the crack of Doom deter thee, when the 'voice *was* God's!—Yes, this too is in the law for a man, my poor 'quack-ridden, bewildered Constitutional friends; and we ought 'to remember this withal. *Thou shalt* is written upon Life in 'characters as terrible as *Thou shalt not*,—though poor Dryasdust 'reads almost nothing but the latter hitherto.'

And so we close Part Seventh; and proceed to trace with all piety, what faint authentic vestiges of Oliver's Protectorate the envious Stupidities have not obliterated for us.

PART VIII

FIRST PROTECTORATE PARLIAMENT

1654

LETTERS CXCII.—CXCV

The 3d of September ever since Worcester Battle has been kept as a Day of Thanksgiving; commemorative of the mercy at Dunbar in 1650, and of the crowning-mercy which followed next year;—a memorable day for the Commonwealth of England. By Article Seventh of the Instrument of Government, it is now farther provided that the Parliament shall meet on that auspicious Anniversary when it next comes round. September 3d, 1654, then shall the First Protectorate Parliament meet;[1] successive Parliaments, one at least every Three years, are to follow, but this shall be the First. Not to be dissolved, or prorogued, for at least Five months. Free Parliament of Four-hundred; for England Three-hundred-and forty, for Scotland Thirty, for Ireland Thirty; fairly chosen by election of the People, according to rules anxiously constitutional, laid down in that same Instrument,—which we do not dwell upon here. Smaller Boroughs are excluded; among Counties and larger Boroughs is a more equable division of representatives according to their population: nobody to vote that has not some clearly visible property to the value of Two-hundred Pounds; but all that have can vote, and can be voted for,—except, of course, all such as have appeared against the Parliament in any of these Wars 'since

[1] [Hobbes, in his *Behemoth*, says: "I believe he was a little superstitious in the choice of September 3, because it was lucky to him in 1650 and 1651, at Dunbar and Worcester; but," he continues, "he knew not how lucky the same would be to the nation in 1658, at Whitehall" (*Masere's Tracts*, ii. 632).]

the First of January 1642,' and 'not since given signal testimony' of their repenting that step. To appearance, a very reasonable Reform Bill;—understood to be substantially the same with that invaluable measure once nearly completed by the Rump: only with this essential difference, That the Rump Members are not now to sit by nature and without election; not now to decide, they, in case of extremity, Thou shalt sit, Thou shalt not sit:—others than they will now decide that, in cases of extremity. How this Parliament, in its Five-months Session, will welcome the new Protector and Protectorate is naturally the grand question during those Nine or Ten Months that intervene.

A question for all Englishmen; and most of all for Oliver Protector;—who however, as we can perceive, does not allow it to overawe him very much; but diligently doing this day the day's duties, hopes he may find, as God has often favoured him to do, some good solution for the morrow, whatsoever the morrow please to be. A man much apt to be overawed by any question that is smaller than Eternity, or by any danger that is lower than God's Displeasure, would not suit well in Oliver's place at present! Perhaps no more perilous place, that I know clearly of, was ever deliberately accepted by a man. 'The post of honour,'—the post of terror and of danger and forlorn-hope: this man has all along been used to occupy such.

To see a little what kind of England it was, and what kind of incipient Protectorate it was, take, as usual, the following small and few fractions of Authenticity, of various complexion, fished from the doubtful slumber-lakes and dust-vortexes, and hang them out at their places in the void night of things. They are not very luminous; but if they were well let alone, and the positively tenebrific were well forgotten, they might assist our imaginations in some slight measure.

Sunday, 18th December 1653. A certain loud-tongued, loud-minded Mr. Feak, of Anabaptist-Leveller persuasion, with a Colleague, seemingly Welsh, named Powel,[1] have a Preaching-Establishment, this good while past, in Blackfriars; a Preaching-Establishment every Sunday, which on Monday Evening becomes a National-Charter Convention as we should now call it: there Feak, Powel and Company are in the habit of vomiting forth from their own inner-man, into other inner-men greedy of such pabulum,

[1] [Vavasor Powel was certainly a Welshman; one of the "intruded clergy" put in by the Propagators of the Gospel.]

a very flamy fuliginous set of doctrines,—such as the human mind, superadding Anabaptistry to Sansculottism, can make some attempt to conceive. Sunday the 18th, which is two days after the Lord Protector's Installation, this Feak-Powel Meeting was unusually large; the Feak-Powel inner-man unusually charged. Elements of soot and fire really copious; fuliginous-flamy in a very high degree! At a time, too, when all Doctrine does not satisfy itself with spouting, but longs to become instant Action. 'Go and tell your Protector,' said the Anabaptist Prophet, That he has deceived the Lord's People; 'that he is a perjured villain,'—'will not reign long,' or I am deceived; 'will end worse than the last Protector did,' Protector Somerset who died on the scaffold, or the tyrant Crooked Richard himself! Say, I said it!—A very foul chimney indeed, here got on fire. And 'Major-General Harrison, the most eminent man of the Anabaptist Party, being 'consulted whether he would own the New Protectoral Government, answered frankly, No;'—was thereupon ordered to retire home to Staffordshire, and keep quiet.[1]

Does the reader bethink him of those old Leveller Corporals at Burford, and diggers at St. George's Hill five years ago; of Quakerisms, Calvinistic Sansculottisms, and one of the strangest Spiritual Developments ever seen in any country? The reader sees here one foul chimney on fire, the Feak-Powel chimney in Blackfriars; and must consider for himself what masses of combustible material, noble fuel and base soot and smoky explosive fire-damp, in the general English Household it communicates with! Republicans Proper, of the Long Parliament; Republican Fifth-Monarchists of the Little Parliament; the solid Ludlows, the fervent Harrisons: from Harry Vane down to Christopher Feak, all manner of Republicans find Cromwell unforgivable. To the Harrison-and-Feak species Kingship in every sort, and government of man by man, is carnal, expressly contrary to various Gospel Scriptures. Very horrible for a man to think of governing men;—whether he ought even to govern cattle, and drive them to field and to needful penfold, 'except in the way of love and persuasion,' seems doubtful to me! But fancy a Reign of Christ and his Saints; Christ and his Saints just about to come,—had not Oliver Cromwell stept in and prevented it! The reader discerns combustibilities enough; conflagrations, plots, stubborn disaffections and confusions, on the Republican and Republican-Anabaptist side of things.

[1] Thurloe, i. 641;—442, 591, 621.

It is the first Plot-department, which my Lord Protector will have to deal with, all his life long. This he must wisely damp down, as he may. Wisely: for he knows what is noble in the matter, and what is base in it; and would not sweep the fuel and the soot both out of doors at once.[1]

Tuesday, 14th February 1653-4. 'At the Ship-Tavern in the Old Bailey, kept by Mr. Thomas Amps,' we come upon the second lifelong Plot-department: Eleven truculent, rather threadbare persons, sitting over small drink there, on the Tuesday night, considering how the Protector might be assassinated. Poor broken Royalist men; payless Old-Captains, most of them, or such like; with their steeple-hats worn very brown, and jackboots slit,—and projects that cannot be executed. Mr. Amps knows nothing of them, except that they came to him to drink; nor do we. Probe them with questions; clap them in the Tower for a while:[2] Guilty, poor knaves; but not worth hanging:—disappear again into the general mass of Royalist Plotting, and ferment there.

The Royalists have lain quiet ever since Worcester; waiting what issue matters would take. Dangerous to meddle with a Rump Parliament, or other steadily regimented thing; safer if you can find it fallen out of rank; hopefullest of all, when it collects itself into a Single Head. The Royalists judge, with some reason, that if they could kill Oliver Protector, this Commonwealth were much endangered. In these Easter weeks, too, or Whitsun weeks, there comes 'from our Court' (Charles Stuart's Court) 'at Paris,' great encouragement to all men of spirit in straitened circumstances. A Royal Proclamation "By the King," drawn up, say some, by Secretary Clarendon; setting forth that 'Whereas a certain base mechanic fellow, by name Oliver Crom-'well, has usurped our throne,' much to our and other people's inconvenience, whosoever will kill the said mechanic fellow 'by sword, pistol or poison,' shall have 500*l.* a-year settled upon him, with colonelcies in our Army, and other rewards suitable, and be a made man,—'on the word and faith of a Christian King.'[3] A Proclamation which cannot be circulated except in secret; but is well worth reading by all loyal men. And so Royalist Plots also

[1] [January 3, Note to the Spanish Ambassador; January 5, Speech to the French ministers in London. Supplement, Nos. 84, 85.]

[2] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 135). [E. 730, (1). Thurloe, ii. 59, 114.]

[3] Thurloe, ii. 248. 'Given at Paris, 3d May (23 April by old style), 1654.' [Dr. Gardiner says that "if internal evidence be worth anything, that proclamation was never issued by Charles" and believes it to have been probably drawn up by Sir Edward Herbert. See *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, ii. 458.]

succeed one another, thick and threefold through Oliver's whole life;—but cannot take effect. Vain for a Christian King and his cunningest Chancellors to summon all the Sinners of the Earth, and whatsoever of necessitous Truculent-Flunkeyism there may be, and to bid, in the name of Heaven and of Another place, for the Head of Oliver Cromwell: once for all, they cannot have it, that Head of Cromwell;—not till *he* has entirely done with it, and can make them welcome to their benefit from it! We shall come upon these Royalist Plots, Rebellion Plots and Assassin Plots, in the order of time; and have to mention them, though with brevity. Oliver Protector, I suppose, understands and understood his Protectorship moderately well, and what Plots and other Hydra-coils were inseparable from it; and contrives to deal with these too, like a conscientious man, and not like a hungry slave.

Secretary Thurloe, once St. John's Secretary in Holland, has come now, ever since the Little-Parliament time, into decided action as Oliver's Secretary, or the State Secretary; one of the expertest Secretaries, in the real meaning of the word Secretary, any State or working King could have. He deals with all these Plots; it is part of his function, supervised by his Chief. Mr. John Milton, we all lament to know, has fallen blind in the Public Service; lives now in Bird-cage Walk, still doing a little when called upon; bating no jot of heart or hope. Mr. Milton's notion is, That this Protectorate of his Highness Oliver was a thing called for by the Necessities and the Everlasting Laws; and that his Highness ought now to quit himself like a Christian Hero in it, as in other smaller things he has been used to do.[1]

March 20th, 1653 4. By the Instrument of Government, the Lord Protector with his Council,[2] till once the First Parliament

[1] *Defensio Secunda.*

[2] Fifteen in number, which he may enlarge to Twenty-one, if he see good. Not removable any of them, except by himself with advice of the rest. A very remarkable Majesty's Ministry:—of which, for its own sake and the Majesty's, take this List, as it stood in 1654:

Philip Viscount Lisle (Algernon Sidney's Brother); Fleetwood; Lambert; Montague (of Hinchinbrook); Desborow (Protector's Brother-in-law); Ashley Cooper (Earl of Shaftesbury afterwards); Walter Strickland (Member for Minehead in the Long Parliament, once Ambassador in Holland); Colonel Henry Lawrence (for Westmoreland in the Long Parliament, of whom we have transiently heard,—became *President* of the Council); Mayor (of Hursley); Francis Rouse (our old friend); pious old Major-General Skippon; Colonels Philip Jones and Sydenham, Sirs Gilbert Pickering and Charles Wolseley, of whom my readers do not know much. Fifteen Councillors in all. To whom Nathaniel Fiennes (son of Lord Say and Sele) was afterwards added; with the Earl of Mulgrave; and another, Colonel Mackworth, who soon died (Thurloe, iii. 581). Thurloe is Secretary; and blind Milton, now with assistants, is Latin Secretary.

were got together, was empowered not only to raise moneys for the needful supplies, but also 'to make Laws and Ordinances for the peace and welfare of these Nations;' which latter faculty he is by no means slack to exercise. Of his 'Sixty Ordinances'[1] passed in this manner before the Parliament met, which are well approved of by good judges, we cannot here afford to say much: but there is one bearing date as above, which must not be omitted. First Ordinance relating to the Settlement of a Gospel Ministry in this Nation; Ordinance of immense interest to Puritan England at that time. An object which has long been on the anvil, this same 'Settlement;' much laboured at, and striven for, ever since the Long Parliament began: and still, as all confess, no tolerable result has been attained. Yet is it not the greatest object; properly the soul of all these struggles and confused wrestlings and battlings, since we first met here? For the thing men are taught, or get to *believe*, that is the thing they will infallibly *do;* the kind of 'Gospel' you settle, kind of 'Ministry' you settle, or do not settle, the root of all is there! Let us see what the Lord Protector can accomplish in this business.

Episcopacy being put down, and Presbytery not set up, and Church-Government for years past being all a Church-Anarchy, the business is somewhat difficult to deal with. The Lord Protector, as we find, takes it up in simplicity and integrity, intent upon the real heart or practical outcome of it; and makes a rather satisfactory arrangement. Thirty-eight chosen Men, the acknowledged Flower of English Puritanism, are nominated by this Ordinance of the 20th of March,[2] nominated a Supreme Commission for the Trial of Public Preachers. Any person pretending to hold a Church-living, or levy tithes or clergy-dues in England, has first to be tried and approved by these men.[3] Thirty-eight, as Scobell teaches us: nine are Laymen, our friend old Francis Rouse at the head of them; twenty-nine are Clergy. His Highness, we find, has not much inquired of what Sect they are; has known them to be Independents, to be Presbyterians,

[1] [Scobell gives Eighty-two.] [2] Scobell, ii. 279, 80.

[3] [See *History of the English Church during the Civil Wars*, etc., ii. 284. Dr. Shaw draws attention to a pamphlet called *Inquisitio Anglicana*, which, he says, although written from a strongly royalist point of view, throws a strong light "upon the method of certifying ministers to the Commissioners, on the process of personal examination pursued by the latter, their captious questions, unreasonable delays and subterfuges, and—last but greatest of all—upon the active though secret interference of Cromwell with the work of the Commissioners."]

one or two of them to be even Anabaptists;—has been careful only of one characteristic, That they were men of wisdom, and had the root of the matter in them. Owen, Goodwin, Sterry, Marshall, Manton, and others not yet quite unknown to men, were among these Clerical *Triers:* the acknowledged Flower of Spiritual England at that time; and intent, as Oliver himself was, with an awful earnestness, on actually having the Gospel taught to England.

This is the First branch or limb of Oliver's scheme for Church-Government, this Ordinance of the 20th March 1653-4. A Second, which completes what little he could do in the matter at present, developed itself in August following. By this August Ordinance,[1] a Body of Commissioners, distinguished Puritan Gentry, distinguished Puritan Clergy, are nominated in all Counties of England, from Fifteen to Thirty in each County; who are to inquire into 'scandalous, ignorant, insufficient,' and otherwise deleterious alarming Ministers of the Gospel; to be a tribunal for judging, for detecting, ejecting them (only in case of ejection, if they have wives, let some small modicum of living be allowed them): and to sit there, judging and sifting, till gradually all is sifted clean, and can be kept clean. This is the Second branch of Oliver's form of Church-Government: this, with the other Ordinance, makes at last a kind of practicable Ecclesiastical Arrangement for England.

A very republican arrangement, such as could be made on the sudden; contains in it, however, the germ or essence of all conceivable arrangements, that of worthy men to judge of the worth of men;—and was found in practice to work well. As indeed, any arrangement will work well, when the men in it have the root of the matter at heart; and, alas, all arrangements, when the men in them have not, work ill and not well! Of the Lay Commissioners, from fifteen to thirty in each County, it is remarked that not a few are political enemies of Oliver's: friends or enemies of his, Oliver hopes they are men of pious probity, and friends to the Gospel in England. My Lord General Fairfax, the Presbyterian; Thomas Scott, of the Long Parliament, the fanatical Republican; Lords Wharton, Say, Sir Arthur Haselrig, Colonel Robert Blake, Mayor of Hursley, Dunch of Pusey, Montague of Hinchinbrook, and other persons known to us,—are of these Commissioners. Richard Baxter, who seldom sat, is one of the

[1] 28th August 1654 (Scobell, ii. 335-47).

Clergy for his County: he testifies, not in the willingest manner, being no friend to Oliver, That these Commissioners, of one sort and the other, with many faults, did sift out the deleterious alarming Ministers of the Gospel, and put-in the salutary in their stead, with very considerable success,—giving us 'able, serious 'Preachers who lived a godly life, of what tolerable opinion soever they were;' so that 'many thousands of souls blessed God' for what they had done; and grieved sore when, with the return of the Nell-Gwynn Defender, and his Four Surplices or what remained of them, it was undone again.[1] And so with these *Triers* and these Expurgators both busy, and a faithful eye to watch their procedure, we will hope the Spiritual Teaching-Apparatus of England stood now on a better footing than usual, and actually succeeded in teaching somewhat.

Of the Lord Protector's other Ordinances; Ordinance 'declaring the Law of Treason,' Ordinances of finance, of Amnesty for Scotland, of Union with Scotland, and other important matters, we must say nothing. One elaborate Ordinance, 'in sixty-seven Articles,' for 'Reforming the Court of Chancery,' will be afterwards alluded to with satisfaction, by the Lord Protector himself. Elaborate Ordinance; containing essential improvements, say some;—which has perhaps saved the Court of Chancery from abolition for a while longer! For the rest, 'not above Two-hundred Hackney-coaches' shall henceforth be allowed to ply in this Metropolis and six miles round it; the ever-increasing number of them, blocking up our thoroughfares, threatens to become insupportable.[2]

April 14th, 1654. This day, let it be noted for the sake of poor Editors concerned with undated Letters, and others, his Highness removed from his old Lodging in the Cockpit, into new properly Royal Apartments in Whitehall, now ready for him,[3] and lived there henceforth, usually going out to Hampton Court on the Saturday afternoon. He has 'assumed somewhat of the state of a King;' due ceremonial, decent observance beseeming the Protector of the Commonwealth of England; life-guards, ushers, state-coaches,—in which my erudite friend knows well what delight this Lord Protector had! Better still, the Lord Protector has concluded good Treaties; received congratulatory Embassies, —France, Spain itself have sent Embassies. Treaty with the

[1] Baxter's *Life*, part i. 72.
[2] Scobell, ii. 313; Newspapers (*in Cromwelliana*, p. 139).
[3] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 139).

Dutch, with Denmark, Sweden, Portugal:[1] all much to our satisfaction. Of the Portuguese Treaty there will perhaps another word be said. As for the Swedish, this, it is well known, was managed by our learned friend Bulstrode at Upsal itself; whose Narrative of that formidable Embassy exists, a really curious life-picture by our Pedant friend; whose qualities are always fat and good;—whose parting from poor Mrs. Whitlocke at Chelsea, in those interesting circumstances, may be said to resemble that of Hector from Andromache, in some points.[2]

And now for our Four small Letters,[3] for our First Protectorate Parliament, without waste of another word!

LETTER CXCII

For my loving Brother Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley, in Hampshire: These

'Whitehall,' 4th May 1654.

DEAR BROTHER,

I received your loving letter; for which I thank you, and surely were it fit to proceed in that business, you should not in the least have been put upon anything but the trouble; for indeed the land in Essex, with some money in my hand and some other remnants should have gone towards it.

But indeed I am so unwilling to be a seeker after the world,

[1] Dutch Treaty signed, 5th April 1654; Swedish, 28th April; Portuguese, 10th July; Danish Claims settled, 31st July (Godwin, iv. 49-56).

[2] [April 18, his Highness received a deputation from Guildford in Surrey, consisting of the Mayor and four Aldermen, who presented a declaration of their conviction that the Protector had "of constraint" taken the government and that he would uphold religion and justice; and also a petition to be allowed to choose their own minister for the parishes of "Trinity and Maries." To which his Highness replied: "Gentlemen, I have read your paper, wherein what you there express touching my taking of the government upon me, you say what is truth. I did not desire it, nor have I, I am sure, told you so. I believe God put it into your hearts; I shall desire your prayers that I may do as you have expressed, for God is my bottom, and in him only do I trust. As for your desire of a minister, I think I have not granted the living away, and upon your making choice of such an one as your paper mentions, I shall take order that you shall have your suit." *Several Proceedings, etc.*, April 20-27, 1654, *Burney Newspapers*, 46 and E. 227, 27.]

[3] [Two other short letters written in March, Supplement Nos. 86, 87.]

having had so much favour from the Lord in giving me so much without seeking; and so unwilling that men should think me so, which they will though you only appear in it (for they will, by one means or other, know it),—that indeed I dare not meddle nor proceed therein. Thus I have told you my plain thoughts.

My hearty love I present to you and my sister, my blessing and love to dear Doll and the little one, with love to all.

I rest,

Your loving brother,

OLIVER P.*

A 'business' seemingly of making an advantageous purchase of land for Richard; which Mayor will take all the trouble of, and even advance the money for; but which Oliver P., for good reasons given, 'dare not meddle with.' No man can now guess what land it was,—nor need much. In the Pamphletary dust-mountains is a confused story of Cornet Joyce's,[1] concerning Fawley Park in Hampshire; which, as the dim dateless indications point to the previous winter or summer, and to the 'Lord General Cromwell' as looking towards that property for his Son Richard,—may be the place, for aught we know! The story sets forth, with the usual bewildered vivacity of Joyce: How Joyce, the same who took the King at Holmby, and is grown now a noisy Anabaptist and Lieutenant-Colonel,—how Joyce, I say, was partly minded and fully entitled to purchase Fawley Park, and Richard Cromwell was minded and not fully entitled: how Richard's Father thereupon dealt treacherously with the said Joyce; spake softly to him, then quarrelled with him, menaced him (owing to Fawley Park); nay ended by flinging him into prison, and almost reducing him to his needle and thimble again,—greatly to the enragement and distraction of the said Joyce.

* Noble, i. 330; Harris, p. 515:—one of the Pusey Letters. ["No 20." Holograph. In the Morrison Collection.]

[1] True Narrative of the Causes of the Lord General Cromwell's anger and indignation against Lieutenant-Colonel George Joyce: reprinted (without date) in *Harleian Miscellany*, v. 557, &c.—Joyce 'is *in* jail,' 19th Sept. 1653 (Thurloe, i. 470). [The *True Narrative* was issued in 1659. It is amongst the B. Museum pamphlets (669, f. 21 (50)), and is dated by Thomason, June 15, 1659. A newspaper of the time stated that Joyce was cashiered for saying that he wished that the pistol aimed at Cromwell on Triploe Heath had gone off. See *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, ii. 255.]

All owing to Fawley Park, thinks Joyce and prints;—so that my Lord Protector, if this Park be the place, is very wise 'not to meddle or proceed therein.' And so we leave it.

LETTER CXCIII

MONK, in these summer months, has a desultory kind of Rebellion in the Highlands, Glencairn's or Middleton's Rebellion, to deal with; and is vigorously coercing and strangling it. Colonel Alured, an able officer, but given to Anabaptist notions, has been sent into Ulster to bring over certain forces to assist Monk. His loose tongue, we find, has disclosed designs or dispositions in him which seem questionable. The Lord Protector sees good to revoke his Commission to Alured, and order him up to Town.

'To the Lord Fleetwood, Lord Deputy of Ireland: These'

'Whitehall,' 16th May 1654.

SIR,

By the letter I received from you, and by the information of the captain you sent to me, I am sufficiently satisfied of the evil intentions of Colonel Alured; and by some other considerations amongst ourselves, tending to the making up a just suspicion,—by the advice of friends here, I do think fit to revoke Colonel Alured from that employment.

Wherefore I desire you to send for him to return to you to Dublin, and that you cause him to deliver up the instructions and authorities into your hands, which he hath in reference to that service; as also such moneys and accounts concerning the same, according to the letter, herein enclosed, directed to him, which I entreat you to deliver when he comes to you.

I desire 'you' also, to the end the service may not be neglected, nor 'for' one day to stand, it being of so great concernment to hasten it, to employ some able officer to assist in Colonel Alured's room, until the men be shipped off for their design. We purpose

also, God willing, to send one very speedily who, we trust, shall meet them at the place, to command in chief. As for provision of victual and other necessaries, we shall hasten them away; desiring that these forces may by no means stay in Ireland, because we purpose they shall meet their provision in the place they are designed 'for.'

If any farther discovery be with you about any other passages on Colonel Alured's part, I pray examine them, and speed them to us, and send Colonel Alured over hither with the first opportunity. Not having more upon this subject at present,

I rest,

Your loving father,

Oliver P.

'P.S.' I desire you that the officer, whom you appoint to assist the shipping of the forces, may have the money in Colonel Alured's hands, for carrying on the service; and also that he may leave what remains at Carrickfergus for the Commander-in-chief, who shall call there for it.*

This is the Enclosure, above spoken of:

LETTER CXCIV

'To Colonel Alured: These'

'Whitehall,' 16th May 1654.

Sir,

I desire you to deliver-up into the hands of Lieutenant-General Fleetwood such authorities and instructions as you had for the prosecution of the business of the Highlands in Scotland, and 'that' you do forthwith repair to me to London;

* Thurloe, ii. 285. [In the handwriting of Secretary Thurloe. This appears to be in answer to the letter from Fleetwood printed by Thurloe on page 294, which is there dated May 18; but in the original appears to be 7 *erased* and 8 substituted for it. The captain sent to the Protector was Kingdon.]

the reason whereof you shall know when you come hither, which I would have you do with all speed. I would have you also give an account to the Lieutenant-General, before you come away, how far you have proceeded in this service, and what money you have in your hands, which you are to leave with him.

I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER P. *

This Colonel Alured is one of several Yorkshire Alureds somewhat conspicuous in these wars; whom we take to be Nephews or Sons of the valuable Mr. Alured or Ald'red who wrote 'to old Mr. Chamberlain,'—in the last generation, one morning, during the Parliament of 1628, when certain honourable Gentlemen held their Speaker down,—a Letter which we thankfully read.[1] One of them, John, was Member in this Long Parliament; a Colonel too, and King's Judge; who is now dead. Here is another, Colonel Matthew Alured, a distinguished soldier and republican; who is not dead; but whose career of usefulness is here ended. 'Repairing forthwith to London,' to the vigilant Lord Protector, he gives what account he can of himself; none that will hold water, I perceive; lingers long under a kind of arrest 'at the Mews' or elsewhere;[2] soliciting either freedom and renewed favour, or a fair trial and punishment; gets at length committal to the Tower, trial by Court Martial,—dismissal from the service.[3] A fate like that of several others in a similar case to his.—Poor Alured! But what could be done with him? He

* Thurloe, ii. 286. [In the handwriting of Secretary Thurloe and signed by the Protector."]

[1] Vol. i. p. 53 *et seq.*

[2] [Alured was not imprisoned until November 1654, when he, together with Cols. Okey and Saunders, was arrested and tried for signing a petition, drawn up by Wildman, protesting against the powers given to the Protector and praying for a free Parliament. He was kept in the Tower for twelve months, and deprived of his command in the army, not serving again until the Rump made him captain of their life-guard in 1659. Okey also was dismissed, but Saunders, on submission, retained his command for some time longer. See Mr. Firth's article in the *Eng. Hist. Review*, 1888, p. 329. Also articles on Okey and Overton in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.]

[3] Whitlocke, pp. 499, 510; Thurloe, ii. 294, 313, 414; Burton's *Diary* (London, 1828), iii. 46; *Commons Journals*, vii. 678. [Case of Col. Alured, E. 983, 25.]

had Republican Anabaptist notions; he had discontents, enthusiasms, which might even ripen into tendencies to correspond with Charles Stuart. Who knows if putting him in a stone waistcoat, and general strait-waistcoat of a mild form, was not the mercifullest course that could be taken with him?

He must stand here as the representative to us of one of the fatallest elements in the new Lord Protector's position: the Republican discontents and tendencies to plot, fermenting in his own Army. Of which we shall perhaps find elsewhere room to say another word. Republican Overton, Milton's friend, whom we have known at Hull and elsewhere; Okey, the fierce dragoon Colonel and zealous Anabaptist; Alured, whom we see here; Ludlow, sitting sulky in Ireland: all these are already summoned up, or about being summoned, to give account of themselves. Honourable, brave and faithful men: it is, as Oliver often says, the saddest thought of his heart that he must have old friends like them for enemies! But he cannot help it; they will have it so. They must go their way, he his.[1]

Much need of vigilance in this Protector! Directly on the back of these Republican commotions, come out Royalist ones; with which however the Protector is less straitened to deal. Lord Deputy Fleetwood has not yet received his Letter at Dublin, when here in London emerges a Royalist Plot; the first of any gravity; known in the old Books and State-Trials as *Vowel and Gerard's Plot*, or *Somerset Fox's Plot*. Plot for assassinating the Protector, as usual. Easy to do it, as he goes to Hampton Court on a Saturday,—Saturday the 20th of May, for example. Provide thirty stout men; and do it then. Gerard, a young Royalist Gentleman, connected with Royalist Colonels afterwards Earls of Macclesfield,—he will provide Five-and-twenty; some Major Henshaw, Colonel Finch, or I know not who, shall bring the other Five. 'Vowel a Schoolmaster at Islington, who taught many young gentlemen,' strong for Church and King, cannot act in the way of shooting; busies himself consulting, and providing arms. 'Billingsley the Butcher in Smithfield,' he, aided by Vowel, could easily 'seize the Troopers' horses grazing in Islington

[1] [But Carlyle fails to see, as Cromwell himself failed to see, that the acknowledgment by these sturdy Republicans of the Protector's supreme power—of "government by a single person"—involved the abandonment of all their strongest convictions; the convictions for which they—and he—had struggled and fought. They kept in the old way. He trod a new path, along which they dared not follow him.]

fields;' while others of us unawares fall upon the soldiers at the Mews? Easy then to proclaim King Charles in the City; after which Prince Rupert arriving with 'Ten-thousand Irish, English and French,' and all the Royalists rising,—the King should have his own again, and we were all made men; and Oliver once well killed, the Commonwealth itself were as good as dead! Saturday the 20th of May; then, say our Paris expresses, then!—

Alas, in the very birthtime of the hour, 'five of the Conspirators are seized in their beds;' Gerard, Vowel, all the leaders are seized; Somerset Fox confesses for his life; whosoever is guilty can be seized: and the Plot is like water spilt upon the ground![1] A High Court of Justice must decide upon it; and with Gerard and Vowel it will probably go hard.

LETTER CXCV

REFERS to a small private or civic matter: the Vicarage of Christ-Church, Newgate Street, the patronage of which belongs to 'the Mayor, Commonalty and Citizens of London as Governors of the Royal Hospital of St. Bartholomew' ever since Henry the Eighth's time.[2] The former Incumbent, it would seem, had been removed by the Council of State; some Presbyterian probably, who was, not without cause, offensive to them. If now the Electors and the State could both agree on Mr. Turner,—it would 'silence' several questions, thinks the Lord Protector. Whether they did agree? Who 'Mr. Turner,' of such 'repute for piety and learning,' was? These are questions.

To the Right Honourable Sir Thomas Vyner, Knight,
Lord Mayor of London: These

'Whitehall,' 5th July 1654.

MY LORD MAYOR,

It is not my custom, nor shall be (without some special cause moving), to interpose anything to the hindrance of any in the free course of their presenting persons to serve in

[1] French Le Bas dismissed for his share in it: Appendix, No. 30.
[2] Elmes's *Topographical Dictionary of London, in voce.*

the public ministry. But, well considering how much it concerns the public peace, and what an opportunity may be had of promoting the interest of the Gospel, if some eminent and fit person of a pious and peaceable spirit and conversation were placed in Christ-Church,—and though I am not ignorant what interest the State may justly challenge to supply that place, which by an order of State is become void, notwithstanding any resignation that is made: yet forasmuch as your Lordship and the rest of the Governors of St. Bartholomew's Hospital are about to present thereunto, and have a person of known nobility and integrity before you, namely Mr. Turner, I am contented, if you think good so to improve the present opportunity as to present him to the place, to have all other questions silenced; which will not alone be the fruit thereof, but I believe also the true good and union of the parish therein concerned will be thereby much furthered. I rest,

Your assured friend,

Oliver P.

'P.S.' I can assure you few men of his time in England have a better repute for piety and learning than Mr. Turner.*

I am apt to think the Mr. Turner in question may have been Jerom Turner, of whom there is record in Wood:[1] a Somersetshire man, distinguished among the Puritans; who takes refuge in Southampton, and preaches with zeal, learning, piety and general approbation during the Wars there. He afterwards removed 'to Neitherbury, a great country Parish in Dorsetshire,' and continued there, 'doing good in his zealous way.' If this were he, the Election did not take effect according to Oliver's program;—perhaps Jerom himself declined it? He died, still at Neitherbury, next year; hardly yet past middle age. 'He had a strong memory, which he maintained good to the last by temperance,' says old Antony: 'He was well skilled in Greek 'and Hebrew, was a fluent preacher, but too much addicted to

* *Lansdowne MSS.* 1236, fol. 111. The Signature alone of the Letter is Oliver's; but he has added the Postscript in his own hand.

[1] *Athenæ*, iii. 404.

Calvinism,—which is to be regretted. '*Pastor vigilantissimus, doctrinâ et pietate insignis:*' so has his Medical Man characterised him; one 'Dr. Loss of Dorsetshire,' who kept a Note-book in those days. *Requiescat, requiescant.*[1]

The High Court of Justice has sat upon Vowel and Gerard; found them both guilty of High Treason; they lie under sentence of death, while this Letter is a-writing; are executed five days hence, 10th July 1654; and make an edifying end.[2] Vowel was hanged at Charing Cross in the morning; strong for Church and King. The poor young Gerard, being of gentle blood and a soldier, petitioned to have beheading; and had it, the same evening, in the Tower. So ends Plot First. Other Royalists, Plotters or suspect of Plotting,—Ashburnham, who rode with poor Charles First to the Isle of Wight on a past occasion; Sir Richard Willis, who, I think, will be useful to Oliver by and by, —these and a list of others[3] were imprisoned; were questioned, dismissed; and the Assassin Project is rather cowed down for a while.

Writs for the New Parliament are out, and much electioneering interest over England: but there is still an anecdote connected with this poor Gerard and the 10th of July, detailed at great length in the old Books, which requires to be mentioned here. About an hour after Gerard, there died, in the same place, by the same judicial axe, a Portuguese Nobleman, Don Pantaleon Sa, whose story, before this tragic end of it, was already somewhat twisted up with Gerard's. To wit, on the 23d of November last, this same young Major Gerard was walking in the crowd of Exeter 'Change, where Don Pantaleon, Brother of the Portuguese Am-

[1] [The next day, July 6, Bulstrode Whitelocke was received by the Protector on his return from his Swedish embassy, when he made a long speech, and the Protector replied to the effect that he and his Council had heard the report of his journey and negotiation with much contentment and satisfaction, and that they thanked God for his safe return and his success, and testified to the faithfulness, diligence and prudence with which he had discharged his trust; that it was in the hearts of them all that his services should prove of advantage to him and his; that the Lord had showed extraordinary mercy to him and to his company in delivering them from danger [of shipwreck], and supporting them under their hardships; that the Treaty brought by him should be carefully considered; and that they bid him a hearty welcome home. Whitelocke, as his manner is, gives the speech set out at length, as if he had reported it at the time, which he certainly could not have done. The Protector also spoke kindly to the ambassador's retinue. See *Journal of the Swedish Embassy*, ed. Reeve, ii. 453.]

[2] *State Trials* (London, 1810), v. 516-39.

[3] Newspapers, 1st-8th June 1654 (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 143). [Two short letters in the Supplement (Nos. 89, 90) come in here.]

bassador, chanced also to be. Some jostling of words, followed by drawing of rapiers, took place between them; wherein as Don Pantaleon had rather the worse, he hurried home to the Portuguese Embassy; armed some twenty of his followers, in headpieces, breastpieces, with sword and pistol, and returned to seek revenge. Gerard was gone; but another man, whom they took for him, these rash Portugals slew there; and had to be repressed, after much other riot, and laid in custody, by the watch or soldiery. Assize-trial, in consequence, for Don Pantaleon; clear Trial in the 'Upper Bench Court,' jury half foreigners; and rigorous sentence of death;—much to Don Pantaleon's amazement, who pleaded and got his Brother to plead the rights of Ambassadors, all manners of rights and considerations; all to no purpose. The Lord Protector would not and could not step between a murderer and the Law: poor Don Pantaleon perished on the same block with Gerard; two Tragedies, once already in contact, had their fifth-act together. Don Pantaleon's Brother, all sorrow and solicitation being fruitless, signed the Portuguese Treaty that very day, and instantly departed for his own country, with such thoughts as we may figure.[1]

SPEECH II

But now the New Parliament has got itself elected; not without much interest:—the first Election there has been in England for fourteen years past. Parliament of Four-hundred, thirty Scotch, thirty Irish; freely chosen according to the Instrument, according to the Bill that was in progress when the Rump disappeared. What it will say to these late inarticulate births of Providence, and high transactions? Something edifying, one may hope.

Open Malignants, as we know, could not vote or be voted for, to this Parliament; only active Puritans or quiet Neutrals, who had clear property to the value of 200*l*. Probably as fair a Representative as, by the rude method of counting heads, could well be got in England. The bulk of it, I suppose, consists of constitutional Presbyterians and use-and-wont Neutrals; it well represents the arithmetical account of heads in England: whether the real divine and human value of thinking-souls in England,—

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 550, 577.

that is a much deeper question; upon which the Protector and this First Parliament of his may much disagree. It is the question of questions, nevertheless; and he that can answer it best will come best off in the long-run. It was not a successful Parliament this, as we shall find. The Lord Protector and it differed widely in certain fundamental notions they had!—

We recognise old faces, in fair proportion, among those Four-hundred;—many new withal, who never become known to us. Learned Bulstrode, now safe home from perils in Hyperborean countries, is here; elected for several places, the truly valuable man. Old-Speaker Lenthall sits, old Major-General Skippon, old Sir William Masham, old Sir Francis Rouse. My Lord Herbert (Earl of Worcester's son) is here; Owen, Doctor of Divinity, for Oxford University;—a certain not entirely useless Guibon Goddard, for the Town of Lynn, to whom we owe some Notes of the procedure.[1] Leading Officers and high Official persons have been extensively elected; several of them twice and thrice: Fleetwood, Lambert, the Claypoles, Dunches, both the young Cromwells; Montague for his County, Ashley Cooper for his. On the other hand, my Lord Fairfax is here; nay Bradshaw, Haselrig, Robert Wallop, Wildman, and Republicans are here. Old Sir Harry Vane; not young Sir Harry, who sits meditative in the North. Of Scotch Members we mention only Laird Swinton, and the Earl of Hartfell; of the Irish, Lord Broghil and Commissary-General Reynolds, whom we once saw fighting well in that country.[2]—And now hear the authentic Bulstrode; and then the Protector himself.

'*September 3d*, 1654.—The Lord's day, yet the day of the Par-'liament's meeting. The Members met in the afternoon at ser-'mon, in the Abbey Church at Westminster: after sermon they 'attended the Protector in the Painted Chamber; who made a 'Speech to them of the cause of their summons,' Speech unreported;[3] 'after which, they went to the House, and adjourned 'to the next morning.

[1] [Printed by Mr. Rutt, with Burton's *Diary*.]

[2] Letter CVII.

[3] [After the sermon they went to the Parliament House, and debated about the choice of a Speaker, Bradshaw and Lenthall being both put in nomination. Also some members objected to sitting on the Lord's Day and wished to adjourn immediately, but just then Lambert came in to summon them to the Protector's presence, "and the House (though some cried 'sit still') went to attend his Highness pleasure." (Goddard, in Burton, i. xviii.)

The cries to "sit still" are explained in a despatch by Bordeaux, the French ambassador, who wrote that "dix ou douze, qui estoient membres du vieux

'*Monday, September 4th.*—The Protector rode in state from 'Whitehall to the Abbey Church in Westminster. Some hun-'dreds of Gentlemen and Officers went before him bare; with 'the Life-guard; and next before the coach, his pages and 'laqueys richly clothed. On the one side of his coach went 'Strickland, one of his Council, and Captain of his Guard, with 'the Master of the Ceremonies; both on foot. On the other 'side went Howard,[1] Captain of the Life-guard. In the coach 'with him were his son Henry, and Lambert; both sat bare. 'After him came Claypole, Master of the Horse; with a gallant 'led horse richly trapped. Next came the Commissioners of the 'Great Seal,' Lisle, Widdrington, and I; 'Commissioners of the 'Treasury, and divers of the Council in coaches; last the ordinary 'Guards.

'He alighting at the Abbey Church door,' and entering, 'the 'Officers of the Army and the Gentlemen went first; next them 'four maces; then the Commissioners of the Seal, Whitlocke 'carrying the Purse; after, Lambert carrying the Sword bare: 'the rest followed. His Highness was seated over against the 'Pulpit; the Members of the Parliament on both sides.

'After the sermon, which was preached by Mr. Thomas Good-'win, his Highness went, in the same equipage, to the Painted 'Chamber. Where he took seat in a chair of state set upon 'steps,' raised chair with a canopy over it, under which his High-ness sat covered, 'and the Members upon benches round about 'sat all bare. All being silent, his Highness,' rising, 'put off his 'hat, and made a large and subtle speech to them.'[2]

Parlement, . . . déclaroient haultement que l'authorité entière estant entre leurs mains, ils n'avoient que faire d'aller trouver M. le Protecteur, et mesmes ne suivirent point les autres," *Bordeaux to Brienne*, Sept. 7-17, *Record Office Transcripts*.

Another account of the proceeding tells us that after half an hour's debate about the Speakership, "his Highness sent for them into the Painted Chamber, where they all retired by way of congratulation, being about 300 in number; and immediately upon their entering in, his Highness rose out of the Chair of State and saluted them with a most excellent (but short) speech, declaring that he desired the spirit of union might go along with them and that the work of the Lord might be effectually carried on, for the peace and tranquillity of all the Saints in Sion. Withal, he gave them to understand that he would attend them between 8 and 9 of the clock, the next morning in the Parliament House"—Goddard says he desired them to "meet him first at a sermon in the Abbey Church and after that in the Painted Chamber" which was what was done—"and so he withdrew, and went in his barge to Whitehall." (*Faithful Scout*, No. 195, p. 1554. E. 233, 24).]

[1] Colonel Charles, ancestor to the Earl of Carlisle.
[2] Whitlocke, p. 582.

Here is a Report of the Speech, 'taken by one who stood very near,' and 'published [1] to prevent mistakes.' As we, again, stand at some distance,—two centuries with their chasms and ruins,—our hearing is nothing like so good! To help a little, I have, with reluctance, admitted from the latest of the Commentators a few annotations; and intercalated them the best I could; suppressing very many. Let us listen well; and again we shall understand somewhat.

GENTLEMEN,

You are met here on the greatest occasion that, I believe, England ever saw; having upon your shoulders the interests of three great nations with the territories belonging to them;—and truly, I believe I may say it without any hyperbole, you have upon your shoulders the interest of all the Christian people in the world. And the expectation is, that I should let you know (as far as I have cognisance of it), the occasion of your assembling together at this time.

It hath been very well hinted to you this day,[2] that you come hither to settle the interests before mentioned: for your work here, in the issue and consequences of it, *will* extend so far,[3] 'even to all Christian people.' In the way and manner of my speaking to you, I shall study plainness; and to speak to you what is truth, and what is upon my heart, and what will in some measure reach to these 'great' concernments.

[1] By G. Sawbridge, at the *Bible* on Ludgate Hill, London, 1654. [It is amongst the *King's Pamphlets* (E. 812, 11) and may be said to be the only text we have, the report in the Old Parliamentary History being copied from it. But there are various summaries of it extant, both in tracts and in the newspapers of the day, all very much alike, and perhaps officially "communicated." One tract, *The last speech of His Highness the Lord Protector to the Parliament on Tuesday in the Painted Chamber, being the 12 of this instant September* (E. 234, i.) states at any rate that it is "published according to order," but this seems a little doubtful in face of the fact that the speech recorded is not that of the 12th at all, but of the 4th. This summary is almost verbatim the same with that in the newspapers. A news letter, writing of this speech and the next, says, "His Highness the Protector's speeches are this day extant, containing in both of them eleven sheets of paper. It is said they were both of them taken by a gentleman who being most skilful in 'Bracygraphie,' stood very near him at the time he did deliver them to the Parliament." (E. 813, 3.)]

[2] in the Sermon we have just heard.

[3] ["for it will be made of so large extension in the issue and consequence of it," *pamphlet.*]

After so many changes and turnings, which this nation hath laboured under,—to have such a day of hope as this is, and such a door of hope opened by God to us, truly I believe, some months since, would have been above all our thoughts!—I confess it would have been worthy of such a meeting as this is, to have remembered[1] that which was the rise 'of,' and gave the first beginning to, all those turnings and tossings[2] which have been upon these nations: and to have given you a series of the transactions,—not of men, but of the Providence of God, all along unto our late changes: as also the ground of our first undertaking to oppose that usurpation and tyranny[3] that was upon us, both in civils and spirituals; and the several grounds particularly applicable to the several changes that have been. But I have two or three reasons which divert me from such a way of proceeding at this time.

If I should have gone in that way, that which is upon my heart to have said 'as to these things' (which is 'so' written there that if I would blot it out I could not) would 'itself' have spent this day: the providences and dispensations of God have been so stupendous. As David said in the like case (*Psalm* xl. 5,)[4] "Many, O Lord My God, are thy wonderful works which thou "hast done, and thy thoughts which are to-us-ward: they can- "not be reckoned up in order unto thee: if I would declare and "speak of them, they are more than can be numbered."—Truly, another reason, new to me, you had today in the Sermon:[5] 'you had' much recapitulation of Providence; much allusion to a state and dispensation in respect of discipline and correction, of mercies and deliverances, 'to a state and dispensation similar to ours,—to, in truth,' the only parallel of God's dealing with us

[1] commemorated.
[2] [Carlyle altered "turnings and tossings" into "troubles."]
[3] of Charles, Wentworth, Laud and Company.
[4] [The references, in the pamphlet, are in the margin only.]
[5] This Sermon of Goodwin's is not in the collected Edition of his Works; not among the *King's Pamphlets;* not in the Bodleian Library. We gather what the subject was, from this Speech, and know nothing of it otherwise. [An exhortation on submission to the powers established by God, Bordeaux, the French Ambassador, says.]

that I know in the world, which was largely and wisely held forth to you this day: 'to' Israel's bringing-out of Egypt through a wilderness, by many signs and wonders, towards a place of rest,—I say *towards* it.[1] And that having been so well remonstrated to you this day, is another argument why I shall not trouble you with a recapitulation of those things;—though they are things that I hope will never be forgotten, because written in better books than those of paper;—I am persuaded, written in the heart of every good man!

'But' the third reason was this: that which I judge to be the end of your meeting, the great end, which was likewise remembered to you this day;[2] to wit, Healing and Settling. And the remembering 'of' transactions too particularly, perhaps instead of healing,—at least in the hearts of many of you,—may set the wound fresh a-bleeding. 'And' I must profess this unto you, whatever thoughts pass upon me: that if this day,—that is this meeting,—prove *not* healing, what shall we do! But, as I said before, I trust it is in the minds of you all, and much more in the mind of God, to cause healing.[3] It must be first in His mind:—and He being pleased to put it into yours, it will be a day indeed, and such a day as generations to come will bless you for!—I say, for this and the other reasons, I have forborne to make a particular remembrance and enumeration of things, and of the manner of the Lord's bringing us through so many changes and turnings as have passed upon us.

Howbeit, I think it will be more than necessary[4] to let you know (at the least so well as I may), in what condition this 'nation,' nay, these nations were, when this 'present' Govern-

[1] not yet at it; *nota bene*. [2] in the Sermon.

[3] ["But, as I said before, seeing (I trust) it (*i.e.*, that), is in the minds of you all and much more in the mind of God, which must cause healing," *pamphlet*. The line of thought evidently runs, "My 3rd reason for not recalling the past is that it might set old wounds bleeding, whereas the main end of your meeting is healing, and if this meeting does not prove healing what shall we do. But, as I said before (seeing that you have in your minds what *will* cause healing) I say, for this and other reasons," &c.]

[4] [The "than" here does not seem to be needed. The summary of the speech (E. 234 (1)) has "necessary rather."]

ment[1] was undertaken. 'And' for order's sake: It's very natural for us to consider what our condition was, in civils; 'and then also' in spirituals.

What was our condition? Every man's hand (almost) was against his brother;—at least his heart 'was;' little regarding anything that should cement, and might have a tendency in it to cause us to grow into one. All the dispensations of God; His terrible ones, He having met us in the way of His judgment[2] in a ten-years Civil War, a very sharp one; 'and' His merciful dispensations: they did not, they did not work upon us![3] 'No.' But we had our humours and interests;—and indeed I fear our humours were more 'with us' than 'even' our interests. And certainly, as it fell out, in such cases our passions were more than our judgments.—Was not everything (almost) grown arbitrary? Who 'of us' knew where or how to have right 'done him,' without some obstruction or other intervening? Indeed we were almost grown arbitrary in everything.

What was the face that was upon our affairs as to the Interest of the nation; 'as' to the authority of the nation; to the magistracy; to the ranks and orders of men,—whereby England hath been known for hundreds of years? [*The Levellers!*] A nobleman, a gentleman, a yeoman; 'the distinction of these:' that is a good interest of the nation, and a great one![4] The 'natural' magistracy of the nation, was it not almost trampled under foot, under despite and contempt, by men of Levelling principles?[5] I beseech you, for the orders of men and ranks of men, did not that Levelling principle tend to the reducing all to an equality? Did it 'consciously' think to do so; or did it 'only unconsciously' practise towards it for property[6] and in-

[1] Protectorate. [2] punishment for our sins.

[3] Reiteration of the word is not an uncommon mode of emphasis with Oliver.

[4] [This is rather aptly taken up by the author of an answer to part of this speech (see note on p. 346 below), who suggests that kingship is as good and great an interest in England as the other three, yet no one had been more instrumental in razing it than Cromwell himself.]

[5] [The summary has here: "Every man's hand was upon his loins, and said, *we see nothing that bears sway or rule.*"]

[6] ["propriety" in the pamphlet, but meaning as here.]

terest? 'At all events,' what was the purport of it but to make[1] the tenant as liberal a fortune as the landlord? Which, I think, if obtained, would not have lasted long! The men of that principle, after they had served their own turns, would have cried up interest and property *then* fast enough!—This instance is instead of many. And that[2] this thing did 'and might well' extend far, is manifest; because it was a pleasing voice to all Poor Men, and truly not unwelcome to all Bad Men. [*Far-extended classes, these two both!*] To my thinking, it is a consideration that, in your endeavours after settlement, you will be so well minded of, that I might well have spared this: but let that pass.—

'Now as to Spirituals.' Indeed in spiritual things the case was more sad and deplorable 'still;'—and that was told to you this day eminently. The prodigious blasphemies; contempt of God and Christ, denying of Him, contempt of Him and His ordinances, and of the Scriptures: a spirit visibly acting[3] those things foretold by Peter and Jude; yea those things spoken of by Paul to Timothy! Paul declaring some things[4] to be worse than the Antichristian state (of which he had spoken in the *First to Timothy*, Chapter fourth, verses first and second, 'under the title of the Latter times'), tells them what should be the lot and portion of the *last* times; and says (*Second to Timothy*, Chapter third, verses second, third, fourth), "In the last days perilous "times should come; for men should be lovers of their own "selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to "parents, unthankful," and so on. But in speaking of the Anti-christian state, he told us[5] (*First to Timothy*, Chapter fourth, verses first and second), that "in the *latter* days" that state shall come in; 'not the *last* days but the latter,'—wherein "there shall

[1] ["What was the design but to make," *pamphlet.*]
[2] ["that it may appear that," *ibid.*]
[3] a general temper visibly bringing out in practice.
[4] ["Things spoken of by Paul to Timothy, who, when he would remember some things," *pamphlet.*]
[5] ["And when he remembers that of the Anti-Christian state, he tells them," *pamphlet.*]

"be a departing from the faith, and a giving heed to seducing "spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy," and so on. This is only his description of the *latter* times, or those of Antichrist;[1] and we are given to understand that there are *last* times coming, which will be worse![2]—And surely it may well be feared, these are *our* times. For when men forget all rules of law and nature, and break all the bonds that fallen man hath on him; 'obscuring' the remainder of the image of God in his nature, which he cannot blot out, and yet shall endeavour to blot out, "having a form of godliness without the power,"—'surely' these are sad tokens of the last times!

And indeed the character wherewith this spirit and principle is described in that place 'of Scripture,' is so legible and visible, that he who runs may read it to be amongst us. For by such "the grace of God is turned into wantonness," and Christ and the Spirit of God made the cloak of all villany and spurious apprehensions. [*Threatening to go a strange course, those Antinomian, Levelling, day-dreaming Delusionists of ours!*] And although these things will not be owned publicly as to practice (they being so abominable and odious); yet 'the consideration' how this principle extends itself, and whence it had its rise, makes me to think of a second sort of men, 'tending in the same

[1] There is no express mention of Antichrist either here or elsewhere in the Text of *Timothy* at all; but, I conclude, a full conviction on the part of Cromwell and all sound Commentators that Antichrist is indubitably shadowed forth there. Antichrist means, with them and him, the Pope; to whom Laud, &c., with his 'four surplices at Allhallowtide' and other clothweb and cobweb furniture, are of kindred. "We have got rid of Antichrist," he seems to intimate, "we have got pretty well done with Antichrist: and are we now coming to something *worse?* To the Levellers, namely! The *Latter* times are over, then; and we are coming now into the *Last* times?" It is on this contrast of comparative and superlative, *Latter* and *Last*, that Oliver's logic seems to ground itself: Paul says nothing of Antichrist, nor anything directly of the one time being worse or better than the other; only the one time is 'latter,' the other is 'last.'—This paragraph is not important; but to gain any meaning from it whatever, some small changes have been necessary. I do not encumber the reader with *double* samples of what at best is grown obsolete to him: such as wish to see the original unadulterated unintelligibility, will find it, in clear print, p. 321, vol. xx. of *Parliamentary History*, and satisfy themselves whether I have read well or ill.

[2] ["By which description he makes the state of the last times worse than that under Anti-Christ," *pamphlet.*]

direction,' who, it's true, as I said, will not practise nor own these things, yet can tell the magistrate that he hath nothing to do with men thus holding 'such notions:' for these, 'forsooth,' are matters of conscience and opinion: they are matters of religion; what hath the Magistrate to do with these things? He is to look to the outward man, but not to meddle with the inward, —'and so forth.' And truly it so happens that though these things do break out visibly to all, yet the principle wherewith these things are carried on so forbids the magistrate to meddle with them, as it hath hitherto kept the offenders from punishment.[1]

Such considerations, and pretensions of liberty 'of conscience, what are they leading us towards!' liberty of conscience, and liberty of 'the' subjects,—two as glorious things to be contended for, as any God hath given us; yet both these also abused for the patronising of villanies; insomuch as that it hath been an ordinary thing to say, and in dispute to affirm, that it, 'the restraining of such pernicious notions,' was not in the magistrate's power; he had nothing to do with it. Not so much as 'with' the printing of a Bible in [2] the nation for the use of the people, 'was competent to the magistrate,' lest it 'should' be imposed upon the consciences of men, for they must receive the same traditionally and implicitly from the power of the magistrate, if 'it were' thus received! The afore-mentioned abominations did thus swell to this height among us.

'So likewise' the axe was laid to the root of the ministry.[3] It was Antichristian, it was Babylonish, 'said they.' It suffered under such a judgment, that the truth of it is, as the extremity

[1] The latest of the Commentators says: 'This drossy paragraph has not 'much Political Philosophy in it, according to our modern established Litany of ''toleration," "freedom of opinion," "no man responsible for what opinions he 'may form," &c. &c.; but it has some honest human sagacity in it, of a much more 'perennial and valuable character. Worth looking back upon, worth looking up 'towards,—as the blue skies and stars might be, if through the great deep element 'of "temporary London Fog" there were any chance of seeing them!—Strange 'exhalations have risen upon us, and the Fog is very deep: nevertheless very in-'dubitably the stars still *are*.'

[2] ["to," *pamphlet*.]

[3] Preaching Clergy.

was great according to the former system,[1] I wish it prove not as great on this hand. The 'former' extremity 'we suffered under' was, that no man, though he had never so good a testimony, though he had received gifts from Christ,[2] might preach, unless ordained. So now 'I think we are at the other extremity, when' many affirm,[3] on the other hand, that he who is ordained hath a nullity, or Antichristianism, stamped 'thereby' upon his calling; so that he ought not to preach, or not be heard.—I wish it may not too, too justly be said, that there was severity and sharpness; 'in our old system!' yea, too much of an imposing spirit in matter of conscience; a spirit Unchristian enough in any times, most unfit for these;—denying liberty 'of conscience' to those who have earned it with their blood; who have gained civil liberty, and religious also, for those [*Stifled murmurs from the Presbyterian Sect*] who would thus impose upon them!—

We may reckon among these our Spiritual evils, an evil that hath more refinedness in it, and more colour for it, and hath deceived more people of integrity than the rest have done;—for few have been catched with the former mistakes but such as have apostatised from their holy profession, such as being corrupt in their consciences have been forsaken by God, and left to such noisome opinions. But, I say, there is another error of more refined sort; 'which' many honest people whose hearts are sincere, many of them belonging to God, 'have fallen into:' and that is the mistaken notion of the Fifth Monarchy.—[4]

[Yes, your Highness!—But will his Highness and the old Parliament be pleased here to pause a little, till a faithful Editor take the great liberty of explaining somewhat to the modern part of

[1] 'on that' in *orig.* He alludes to the Presbyterian system. ["As the extremity was great on that, I wish it prove not so on this hand," *pamphlet.*]

[2] ["That no man having a good testimony, having received gifts from Christ, might preach if not ordained," *ibid.*.]

[3] ["are" in *ibid.*, but "affirm" in *Parl. History.*]

[4] ["But I say there are others more refined, many honest people whose hearts are sincere, many of them belonging to God, and that is the mistaken notion of the Fifth Monarchy," *pamphlet.* This part of the speech was answered by John Spittlehouse, in a tract called "*An Answer to one part of the Lord Protector's speech; or a vindication of the Fifth Monarchy men*" (E. 813, 19).]

the audience? Here is a Note saved from destruction; not without difficulty. To his Highness and the old Parliament it will be inaudible; to them, standing very impassive,—serene, immovable in the fixedness of the old Eternities,—it will be no hardship to wait a little! And to us who still live and listen, it may have its uses.

'The common mode of treating Universal History,' says our latest impatient Commentator, 'not yet entirely fallen obsolete in 'this country, though it has been abandoned with much ridicule 'everywhere else for half a century now, was to group the Aggre- 'gate Transactions of the Human Species into Four Monarchies: 'the Assyrian Monarchy of Nebuchadnezzar and Company; the 'Persian of Cyrus and ditto; the Greek of Alexander; and lastly 'the Roman. These I think were they, but am no great authority 'on the subject. Under the dregs of this last, or Roman Empire, 'which is maintained yet by express name in Germany, *Das heilige 'Römische Reich*, we poor moderns still live. But now say Major- 'General Harrison and a number of men, founding on Bible 'Prophecies, Now shall be a Fifth Monarchy, by far the blessed- 'est and the only real one,—the Monarchy of Jesus Christ, his 'Saints reigning for Him here on Earth,—if not He himself, which 'is probable or possible,—for a thousand years, &c. &c.— — 'O Heavens, there are tears for human destiny; and immortal 'Hope itself is beautiful because it is steeped in Sorrow, and 'foolish Desire lies vanquished under its feet! They who merely 'laugh at Harrison take but a small portion of his meaning with 'them. Thou, with some tear for the valiant Harrison, if with 'any thought of him at all, tend thou also valiantly, in thy day 'and generation, whither he was tending; and know that, in far 'wider and diviner figure than that of Harrison, the Prophecy is 'very sure,—that it *shall* be sure while one brave man survives 'among the dim bewildered populations of this world. Good 'shall reign on this Earth: has *not* the Most High said it? To 'approve Harrison, to justify Harrison, will avail little for thee; 'go and *do likewise*. Go and do better, thou that disapprovest 'him. Spend thou thy life for the Eternal: we will call thee 'also brave, and remember thee for a while!'

So much for 'that mistaken notion of the Fifth Monarchy:' and now his Highness, tragically audible across the Centuries, continues again:]

—Fifth Monarchy. A thing pretending more spirituality than

anything else. A notion I hope we all honour, wait, and hope for 'the fulfilment of:' That Jesus Christ *will* have a time to set up His reign in our hearts; by subduing those corruptions and lusts and evils that are there; which reign now more in the world than, I hope, in due time they shall do. And when more fulness of the Spirit is poured forth to subdue iniquity, and bring-in everlasting righteousness, then will the approach of that glory be. [*Most true;—and not till then!*] The carnal divisions and contentions among Christians, so common, are not the symptoms of that Kingdom! But for men to entitle themselves, on this principle, that they are the only men to rule kingdoms, govern nations, and give laws to people; to determine of property and liberty and everything else, upon such a pretence as this is: truly they had need give clear manifestations of God's presence with them, before wise men will receive or submit to their conclusions! Nevertheless, as many of these men[1] have good meanings, as I hope in my soul they have, it will be the wisdom of all knowing and experienced Christians to do as Jude saith, 'Jude,' when he had reckoned up those horrible things, done upon pretences, and haply by some upon mistakes: "Of some," says he, "have compassion, making a difference; others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire."[2] I fear they will give opportunity too often for this exercise. And I hope the same will be for their good. If men do but 'so much as' pretend for justice and righteousness, and be of peaceable spirits, and will manifest this, let them be the subjects of the magistrate's encouragement. And if the magistrate, by punishing visible miscarriages, save them by that discipline, God having ordained him for that end,—I hope it will evidence *love* and no hatred, 'so' to punish where there is cause. [*Hear!*]

Indeed this is that which doth most declare the danger[3] of that spirit. For if these were but notions,—I mean the instances

[1] ["Besides, certainly, though many of these men," *pamphlet.*]
[2] Jude, 22, 23. A passage his Highness frequently refers to.
[3] This fact, that they come so often to 'visible miscarriages,' these Fifth-Monarchists and Speculative Levellers, who 'have good meanings.'

that I have given you 'of dangerous doctrines' both of Civil 'things' and Spiritual;[1]—if, I say, they were but notions, they were 'best' to be let alone. Notions will hurt none but them that have them. But when they come to such practices as to tell us, 'for instance,' That liberty and property are not the badges of the Kingdom of Christ; when they tell us, not that we are to regulate law, but that law is to be abrogated, indeed subverted; and perhaps wish to bring in the Judaical law—[2]

[Latest Commentator *loquitur:* 'This, as we observed, was the 'cry that Westminster raised when the Little Parliament set 'about reforming Chancery. What countenance this of the 'Mosaic Law might have had from Harrison and his minority, 'one does not know. Probably they did find the Mosaic Law, 'in some of its enactments, more cognate to Eternal Justice and '"the mind of God" than Westminster-Hall Law was; and so 'might reproachfully or admonitorily appeal to it on occasion, 'as they had the clearest title and call to do: but the clamour 'itself, as significant of any practical intention, on the part of 'that Parliament, or of any considerable Sect in England, to 'bring in the Mosaic Law, is very clearly a long-wigged one, 'rising from the Chancery regions, and is descriptive of nothing 'but of the humour that prevailed there. His Highness alludes 'to it in passing; and from him it was hardly worth even that 'allusion.']

—Judaical law; instead of our known laws settled among us: this is worthy of every magistrate's consideration. Especially where every stone is turned to bring 'in' confusion. I think, I say, this will be worthy of the magistrate's consideration. [*Shall he step beyond his province, then, your Highness? And interfere with freedom of opinion?—"I think, I say, it will be worth his while to consider about it!"*]

Whilst these things were in the midst of us; and 'whilst' the nation 'was' rent and torn in spirit and principle from one end

[1] ["I mean the instances that I have given you, both of civil considerations and spiritual," *pamphlet.*]

[2] ["and tell us that instead of regulating laws, laws are to be abrogated, indeed subverted, and perhaps would bring in the Judaical law," *ibid.*]

to another, after this sort and manner I have now told you; family against family, husband against wife, parents against children; and nothing in the hearts and minds of men but "Overturn, overturn, overturn!"[1] (a Scripture 'phrase' very much abused, and applied to justify unpeaceable practices by all men of discontented spirits),—the common enemy sleeps not: our adversaries[2] in civil and spiritual respects did take advantage at these divisions and distractions, and did practise accordingly in the three nations of England, Scotland and Ireland. We know very well that emissaries of the Jesuits never came in those swarms as they have done since these things[3] were set on foot. And I tell you that divers gentlemen here can bear witness with me how that they, 'the Jesuits,' have had a consistory abroad that rules all the affairs of things [*"Affairs of things:" rough and ready!*] in England, from an Archbishop down to the other[4] dependents upon him. And they had fixed in England,—of which we are able to produce the particular instruments—in most of the limits of the cathedrals[5] an episcopal power [*Regular Episcopacy of their own!*], with archdeacons, &c., and had persons authorised to exercise and distribute those things [*I begin to love that rough-and-ready method, in comparison with some others!*]; who pervert and deceive the people. And all this, while we were in this sad, and as I said deplorable condition.

'And' in the mean time all endeavours possible were used to hinder the work 'of God' in Ireland, and the progress of the work of God in Scotland; by continual intelligences and correspondences, both at home and abroad, from hence into Ireland,

[1] ["Overturning" in *pamphlet*, but as above in *Parl. History*.]
[2] ["The common adversary, in the mean time, he sleeps not, and our adversaries," *pamphlet*.]
[3] Speculations of the Levellers, Fifth-Monarchists, &c. &c.
[4] ["Archbishop, with other," *ibid.*, but as above in *Parl. History*.]
[5] [Carlyle altered this to "their Cathedrals 'or pretended Dioceses,'" but the Roman Catholics had no cathedrals then in England. The summary has "having their consistories abroad to rule all the affairs of England and the dependencies thereof."]

and from hence into Scotland.[1] Persons were stirred up and encouraged, from these divisions and discomposure of affairs, to do all they could to encourage and ferment the War in both these places. To add yet to our misery, whilst we were in this condition, we were in 'a foreign' war, deeply engaged in a war, with the Portugal;[2] whereby our trade ceased, and the evil consequences by that war were manifest and very considerable. And not only this, but we had a war with Holland; consuming our treasure, occasioning a vast burden upon the people; a war that cost this nation full as much as the 'whole' taxes came unto; the Navy being a hundred-and-sixty Ships, which cost this nation above 100,000*l.* a-month; besides the contingencies, which would make it 120,000*l.* a month. That very one war (*sic*) did engage us to so great a charge.—At the same time also we were in a war with France. [*A Bickering and Skirmishing and Liability to War;*[3]*—Mazarin as yet thinking our side the weaker.*] The advantages that were taken at the discontents and divisions among ourselves did also foment[4] that war, and at least hinder us of an honourable peace; every man being confident we could not hold out long. And surely they did not calculate amiss, if the Lord had not been exceedingly gracious to us! I say, at the same time we had a war with France. [*Yes, your Highness said so,—and we admit it!*] And besides the sufferings in respect to the trade of the nation, it's most evident that the purse of the nation had not been possibly able 'much' longer to bear it,—by reason of the advantages taken by other States to improve their own, and spoil our manufacture of cloth, and hinder the vent thereof; which is the great staple commodity of this nation. [*And has continued to be!*] This was our condition: spoiled in our trade, and we at this vast expense; thus dissettled at home, and having these engagements abroad.

[1] Middleton-Glencairn Revolts, and what not.

[2] Who protected Rupert in his quasi-piracies, and did require chastisement from us.

[3] See Appendix, No. 28.

[4] [Carlyle printed "ferment," but probably this was only an accidental mistake. The summary has, "and all this fomented by the divisions amongst us."]

These things being thus—as I am persuaded it is not hard to convince every person here they were thus,—what a heap of confusions were upon these poor nations! And either things must have been left to sink[1] into the miseries these premises would suppose, or 'else' a remedy must be applied. [*Apparently!*] A remedy hath been applied: that hath been this Government;[2] a thing I shall say very little unto. The thing is open and visible to be seen and read by all men; and therefore let it speak for itself. [*Even so, your Highness; there is a silence prouder and nobler than any speech one is used to hear.*] Only let me say this,—because I can speak it with comfort and confidence before a Greater than you all, that is before the Lord: that in the intention of it, as to the approving our hearts to God (let men judge as they please), it is calculated 'with our best wisdom' for the interest of the People. For the interest of the People alone, and for their good, without respect had to any other interest. And if that be not true [*With animation!*], I shall be bold to say again, let it speak for itself. Truly I may,—I hope, humbly before God, and modestly before you,—say somewhat on the behalf of the Government. [*Recite a little what it "speaks for itself," after all?*] Not that I would discourse[3] of the particular heads of it, 'but' to acquaint you a little with the effects of it; and that not for ostentation's sake, but to the end I may deal at this time faithfully with you; by acquainting you with the state of things, and what proceedings have been entered-into by[4] this Government, that so you may know the state of our affairs. This is the main end of my putting you to this trouble.

It—'the Government'—hath had some things in desire; and it hath done some things actually. It hath desired to reform the laws. 'I say' to reform them [*Hear!*]: and for that end

[1] ["must have been left to have sunk," *pamphlet.*

[2] He means, and his hearers understand him to mean, '*Form* of Government' mainly; but he diverges now and then into our modern acceptation of the word 'Government,'—Administration or Supreme Authority. [He means the "Instrument of Government," which was usually spoken of as "the Government."]

[3] ["That is, not to discourse," *pamphlet.*]

[4] 'been upon' *in orig.*

it hath called together persons, without offence be it spoken,[1] of as great ability and as great integrity as are in these nations,[2] to consider how the laws might be made plain and short, and less chargeable to the people; how to lessen expense, for the good of the nation. And those things are in preparation, and Bills prepared; which in due time, I make no question, will be tendered to you. 'In the mean while' there hath been care taken to put the administration of the laws into the hands of just men [*Matthew Hale, for instance*]; men of the most known integrity and ability. The Chancery hath been reformed—

[From the Moderns: 'Only to a very small extent and in a 'very temporary manner, your Highness! His Highness returns 'upon the Law, on subsequent occasions, and finds the reform of 'it still a very pressing matter. Difficult to sweep the intricate 'foul chimneys of Law his Highness found it,—as we arter two 'centuries of new soot and accumulation now acknowledge on 'all hands, with a sort of silent despair, a silent wonder each 'one of us to himself, "What, in God's name, is to become of 'all that?"']

—hath been reformed; and I hope, to the just satisfaction of all good men: and 'as' to the things, 'or causes,' depending there, which made the burden and work of the honourable persons intrusted in those services too heavy for[3] their ability, it[4] hath referred many of them to those places where Englishmen love to have their rights tried, the Courts of Law at Westminster.

It—'this Government'—hath, 'further,' endeavoured to put a stop to that heady way (touched of likewise 'in our sermon' this day) of every man making himself a minister and preacher. [*Commission of Triers; Yea!*] It hath endeavoured to settle a method for the approving and sanctioning of men of piety and ability to discharge that work.[5] And I think I may say it hath

[1] ["without reflection," *pamphlet.*]
[2] Ordinance for the Reform of Chancery: *antea*, p. 326.
[3] ["services beyond their ability," *pamphlet*, but meaning as above.]
[4] The Government.
[5] ["It hath endeavoured to settle a way for the approbation of men of piety and ability for the discharge of that work," *pamphlet.*]

committed that work to the trust of persons, both of the Presbyterian and Independent judgments, men of as known ability, piety and integrity, as, I believe, any this nation hath. And I believe also that, in that care they have taken, they have laboured to approve themselves to Christ, the nation and their own consciences. And indeed I think, if there be anything of quarrel against them,—though I am not here to justify the proceedings of any,—I say it is that they, 'in fact,' go upon such a character as the Scripture warrants, to put men into that great employment, and to approve men for it, who are men that have received gifts from Him that ascended up on high, and gave gifts for the work of the ministry, and for the edifying of the Body of Christ. The Government hath also taken care,[1] we hope, for the expulsion [*Commission of Expurgation, too,*] of all those who may be judged any way unfit for this work; who are scandalous, and who are the common scorn and contempt of that function.[2]

One thing more this Government hath done: it hath been instrumental to call a free Parliament;—which, blessed be God, we see here this day! I say, a free Parliament. [*Mark the iteration!*] And that it may continue so, I hope is in the heart and spirit of every good man in England,—save such discontented persons as I have formerly mentioned. It's that which as I have desired above my life, 'so' I shall desire to keep it so, above my life. [*Verily?*]—

I did before mention to you the plunges we were in, in respect of Foreign States; by the war with Portugal, France, with the Dutch, the Dane,—and the little assurance we had from any of our neighbours round about. I perhaps forgot it, but indeed it was a caution upon my mind, and I desire that it might be so understood, That if any good hath been done, it was the Lord, not we His poor instruments.—

[Pity if this pass entirely for 'cant,' my esteemed modern friends! It is not cant, nor ought to be. O Higginbotham,

[1] ["It hath taken care," *pamphlet.*] [2] ["administration," *ibid.*]

there is a *Selbsttödtung*, a killing of Self, as my friend Novalis calls it, which is, was, and forever will be, 'the beginning of all morality,' of all real work and worth for man under this Sun.]

—I did instance in the wars; which did exhaust your treasure, and put you into such a condition that you must have sunk therein, if it had continued but a few months longer: this I can affirm, if strong probability may be a fit ground.[1] You have now (though it be not the first in time), peace with Swedeland; an honourable peace; through the endeavours of an honourable person here present as the instrument. [*Whitlocke seen blushing!*] I say you have an honourable peace with a kingdom that, not many years since, was much a friend to France, and lately perhaps inclinable enough to the Spaniard. And I believe you expect not very much good from any of your Catholic neighbours [*No; we are not exactly their darlings!*]; nor yet that they would be very willing you should have a good understanding with your Protestant friends. Yet, thanks be to God, that peace is concluded; and as I said before, it is an honourable peace.

You have a peace with the Dane,—a State that lay contiguous to that part of this Island which hath given us the most trouble. [*Your Montroses, Middeltons came always, with their Mosstroopers and Harpy hosts, out of the Danish quarter.*] And certainly if your enemies abroad be able to annoy you, it is likely they will take their advantage (where it best lies) to give you trouble there. But you have a peace there, and an honourable one. Satisfaction for your merchants' ships; not only to their content, but to their rejoicing.[2] I believe you will easily know it is so,—'an honourable peace.' You have the Sound open; which was obstructed. That which was and is the strength of this nation, the shipping, will now be supplied thence. And, whereas you were glad to

[1] ["This I dare affirm, if strong probability can give me a ground," *pamphlet.*]

[2] 'Danish claims settled,' as was already said somewhere, 'on the 31st of July:' Dutch and English Commissioners did it, in Goldsmiths' Hall; met on the 27th of June; if the business were not done when August began, they were then to be 'shut-up without fire, candle, meat or drink,'—and to do it out very speedily! They allowed our Merchants 98,000*l.* for damages against the Danes. (Godwin, iv. 49,—who cites Dumont, *Traité* 24.)

have anything of that kind[1] at the secondhand, you have now all manner of commerce, and at as much freedom as the Dutch themselves there, 'who used to be the carriers and vendors of it to us;' and at the same rates and toll;—and I think I may say by that peace, the said rates now fixed-upon cannot be raised to you 'in future'.[2]

You have a peace with the Dutch: a peace unto which I shall say little, because 'it is' so well known in the benefit and consequences of it. And I think it was as desirable, and as acceptable to the spirit of this nation, as any one thing that lay before us. And, as I believe nothing so much gratified our enemies as to see us at odds 'with that Commonwealth;' so I persuade myself nothing is of more terror nor trouble to them than to see us thus reconciled. 'Truly' as a Peace with the Protestant States hath much security in it, so it hath as much of honour and of assurance to the Protestant interest abroad; without which no assistance can be given thereunto. I wish it may be written upon our hearts to be zealous for that interest! For if ever it were like to come under a condition of suffering, it is now. In all the Emperor's patrimonial territories, the endeavour is to drive them, 'the Protestant part of the people,' out, as fast as they can; and they are necessitated to run to Protestant States to seek their bread. And by this conjunction of interests, I hope you will be in a more fit capacity to help them. And it begets some reviving of their spirits, that you will help them as opportunity shall serve. [*We will!*]

You have a peace likewise with the Crown of Portugal; which peace, though it hung long in hand, yet is lately concluded. It is a peace that, your merchants make us believe, is of good concernment to their trade; their assurance being greater, and so their profit in trade thither,[3] than to other places. And this 'one thing' hath been obtained in that treaty, which never 'before'

[1] Baltic Produce, namely.

[2] ["they cannot raise the same upon you," *pamphlet.*]

[3] ["assurance," *i.e.*, security. Carlyle altered this to "the rate of insurance to that Country having been higher, and so the profit which could bear such rate,

was, since the Inquisition was set up there: That our people which trade thither have liberty of conscience,—'liberty to worship in chapels of their own.'[1]

Indeed peace is, as you were well told today, desirable with all men, as far as it may be had with conscience and honour! We are upon a Treaty with France. And we may say this, That if God give us honour in the eyes of the nations about us, we have reason to bless Him for it, and so to own it. And I dare say that there is not a nation in Europe but they are very willing to ask a good understanding with you.

I am sorry I am thus tedious: but I did judge that it was somewhat necessary to acquaint you with these things. And things being thus, I hope you will be willing to hear a little again of the sharp as well as 'of' the sweet! And I should not be faithful to you, nor to the interest of these nations which you and I serve, if I do not let you know *all*.

As I said before, when this government was undertaken, we were in the midst of those 'domestic' divisions and animosities and scatterings; also thus engaged with these 'foreign' enemies round about us, at such a vast charge,—120,000*l*. a-month for the very Fleet,—which 'sum' was the very utmost penny of your assessments. Ay; and then all your treasure was exhausted and spent, when this Government was undertaken: all *accidental* ways of bringing in treasure 'were,' to a very inconsiderable sum, consumed;—That is to say, the 'forfeited' lands are sold, the sums on hand spent;[2] rents, fee-farms, King's, Queen's, Prince's, Bishops', Dean-and-Chapters', delinquents' lands, sold. These were *spent* when this Government was undertaken. I think it's my duty to let you know so much. And that's the reason why

than to other places"; but it does not seem possible that this was Cromwell's meaning.]

[1] [Here followed a reference to the futile attempts at a like negotiation with the King of Spain. (See Bordeaux' letter, below). A great deal of this speech must be omitted, for Bordeaux wrote that it took "pres de trois heures" to deliver, whereas the report is no longer than that of the next speech, which only took an hour and a half.]

[2] ["the treasures spent," *pamphlet*.]

the taxes do yet lie so heavy upon the people ; of which we have abated 30,000*l.* a-month for the next three months. Truly I thought it my duty to let you know, that though God hath dealt thus 'bountifully' with you,[1] yet these are but entrances and doors of hope, wherein, through the blessing of God, you *may* enter into rest and peace. But you are not yet entered! [*Looking up, with a mournful toss of the head, I think.*—"*Ah, no, your Highness; not yet!*"]

You were told, today, of a people brought out of Egypt towards the land of Canaan ; but through unbelief, murmuring, repining, and other temptations and sins wherewith God was provoked, they were fain to come back again, and linger many years in the wilderness before they came to the place of rest.

We are thus far, through the mercy of God. We have cause to take notice of it, that we are not brought into misery, 'not totally wrecked;' but 'have,' as I said before, a door of hope open. And I may say this to you: if the Lord's blessing and His presence go along with the management of affairs at this meeting, you will be enabled to put the topstone to this work, and make the nation happy. But this must be by knowing the true state of affairs; [*Hear!*] that you are yet, like the people under circumcision, but raw.[2] Your peaces are but newly made. And it's a maxim not to be despised, "Though peace be made, yet it's interest that keeps peace;"—and I hope you will trust it no further than you see interest upon it. 'But all settlement grows stronger by mere continuance.' And therefore I wish that you may go forward, and not backward; and 'in brief' that you may have the blessings of God upon your endeavours! It's one of the great ends of calling this Parliament, that this Ship of the Commonwealth may be brought into a safe harbour; which, I assure you, it will not well be, without your counsel and advice.

[1] In regard to our Successes and Treaties, &c., enumerated above.

[2] See in *Joshua*, v. 2-8, the whole Jewish Nation circumcised at once. So, too, your Settlements of Discord are yet but indifferently cicatrised.

You have great works upon your hands. You have Ireland to look unto. There is not much done towards the planting of it, though some things leading and preparing for it are. It is a great business to settle the Government of that nation upon fit terms, such as will bear that work[1] through.—You have had likewise laid before you the considerations, intimating your peace with some foreign States. But yet you have not made peace with *all*. And if they should see we do not manage our affairs with that wisdom which becomes us, truly we may sink under disadvantages, for all that's done. [*Truly, your Highness!*] And our enemies will have their eyes open, and be revived, if they see animosities amongst us; which indeed will be their great advantage.

I do therefore persuade you to a sweet, gracious and holy understanding of one another, and of your business, [*Alas!*] concerning which you had so good counsel this day; which indeed as it rejoiced my heart to hear it, so I hope the Lord will imprint it upon your spirits,—wherein you shall have my prayers. [*Prayers, your Highness?—If this be not "cant," what a noble thing is it, O reader! Worth thinking of, for a moment.*]

Having said this, and perhaps omitted many other material things through the frailty of my memory, I shall exercise plainness and freeness with you; in telling you, that I have not spoken these things as one that assumes to himself dominion over you; but as one that doth resolve to be a fellow-servant with you to the interest of these great affairs, and of the people of these nations. I shall therefore trouble you no longer; but desire you to repair to your House, and to exercise your own liberty in the choice of a Speaker, that so you may lose no time in carrying on your work.*

[1] Of planting Ireland with persons that will plough and pray, instead of quarrel and blarney!

* Old Pamphlet cited above: [E. 812, 11] reprinted in *Parliamentary History*, xx. 318-33. [Bordeaux, the French ambassador, wrote an account of this speech to Brienne, a translation of which is printed in Thurloe. His report of that part of it relating to foreign affairs is very interesting. After mentioning Cromwell's

At this Speech, say the old Newspapers, 'all generally seemed 'abundantly to rejoice, by extraordinary expressions and hums at 'the conclusion,'—Hum-m-m![1] His Highness withdrew into the

criticisms of "Levellers, Independents (*sic*) and Anabaptists" he goes on: "After that he had admonished them to have a care of such men, and that they should not believe that Christ would come and reign bodily here on earth but in our hearts, he afterwards urged them to think of the preservation of the purity of religion, and of these that are persecuted for their religion, pointing at those of Germany and Austria, who are driven out of their countries, and forced to beg their living out of other nations. This point was followed by an exaggeration of foreign wars and treaties of peace, which have been lately made with Holland, Denmark, Portugal, where liberty of conscience is established, and Sweden, although the King of France had a minister there, giving to understand that he had, as it were, loosened this last Crown from our interest; that, notwithstanding, they did offer presently to conclude a treaty with his ambassador; and that there was great cause of giving God thanks that France, which seemed to be the most powerful, should seek the amity of England. He did not speak of Spain but did point at it, how that he had demanded liberty of conscience, and suppression of the Inquisition, without having any other answer given him than that it was to ask the right eye of them. [This passage is not in the speech as printed, but Oliver quotes the saying in rather a different form in speech V. See p. 515 below.] And he ended this matter by demonstrating that England had nothing to fear, but from France, Sweden and Denmark; and that these three states not being able to undertake anything without the States-General, this Commonwealth had great cause to maintain them, and to hinder the faction of the Prince of Orange from suppressing their liberty. . . . He ended by exhorting them not to imitate the children of Israel, when they rather desired to eat the onions of Egypt than to pursue their journey. He prayed God to bless them, and then presently he withdrew." After narrating the disputes concerning the choice of a Speaker, Bordeaux goes on to say, "By this beginning, one may judge what the authority of the Lord Protector will be in this Parliament. However, it was observed, that as often as he spoke in his speech of liberty and religion, that the members did make acclamations of joy." Bordeaux to Brienne Sept. 4-14, Thurloe, ii. 588, but corrected from the French of Bordeaux's despatch, amongst the *Record Office Transcripts*, where, however, it is wrongly dated Sept. [3-] 13 instead of [4-] 14. The same day he wrote to Mazarin: "M. le Protecteur semble avoir voulu persuader au Parlement une guerre contre la maison d'autriche, en exagerant les persecutions que souffrent les Protestants. . . . Il a aussi affecté de vouloir travailler à la réunion de toutes les sectes; mais comme la religion luy a toujours servy de prétexte, l'on ne peut pas prendre aucun mesure certain sur toutes ces propositions, qui ont pour véritable but l'établissement de son authorité" (*ibid.*). The Dutch Ambassadors writing to the States-General on Sept. 15-25, allude to an account already sent of "the speech his Highness made in the Painted Chamber to the members that appeared there, adding withal that the first deliberations were to this purpose, that in the first place they should particularly examine the Government of the Commonwealth concluded the 16th day of December last." Thurloe ii. 606. This sentence also was omitted from the printed Speech—"After the experiment had turned out badly," as Dr. Gardiner remarks.]

[1] *Cromwelliana*, p. 147; see also Guibon Goddard, Member for Lynn (in *Burton*, i. Introd. p. xviii.). [Guibon Goddard's account of this speech is as follows: "After sermon we met, according to former appointment, in the Painted Chamber, where the Lord Protector, in a full discourse, set forth the condition of the nation, both in civil and ecclesiastical concernments, before this last change of the government; what had been done and effected since, and what more may be desired to be done,

'old House of Lords, and the Members of Parliament into the Par-'liament House. His Highness, so soon as the Parliament were 'gone to their House, went back to Whitehall, privately in his 'barge, by water.'

This Report of Speech Second, 'taken by one that stood near,' and 'published to prevent mistakes,' may be considered as exact enough in respect of matter, but in manner and style it is probably not so close to the Original Deliverance as the foregoing Speech was. He 'who stood near' on this occasion seems to have had some conceit in his abilities as a Reporter; has pared off excrescences, peculiarities,—somewhat desirous to present the Portrait of his Highness without the warts. He, or his Parliamentary-History Editor and he, have, for one thing, very arbitrarily divided the Discourse into little fractional paragraphs; which a good deal obstruct the sense here and there; and have accordingly been disregarded in our Transcript. Our changes, which, as before, have been insignificant, are indicated wherever they seem to have importance or physiognomic character,—indicated too often perhaps for the reader's convenience. As to the meaning, I have not anywhere remained in doubt, after due study. The rough Speech when read faithfully becomes transparent, every word of it; credible, calculated to produce conviction, every word of it;—and that I suppose is, or should be, as our impatient Commentator says, 'the definition of a *good Speech*. Other "good speeches,"' continues he, 'ought to be spoken in Bedlam;—unless, indeed, 'you will concede them Drury Lane, and admittance one shilling. 'Spoken in other localities than these, without belief on the 'speaker's part, or hope or chance of producing belief on the 'hearer's—Ye Heavens, as if the good-speeching individual were 'some frightful Wood-and-leather Man, made at Nürnberg, and 'tenanted by a Devil; set to *increase* the Sum of Human Madness, 'instead of lessening it—!'—But we here cut short our impatient Commentator.—The Reporter of Cromwell, we may say for ourselves, like the painter of him, has not to suppress the warts, the natural rugged physiognomy of the man; which only very poor tastes would exchange for any other. He has to wash the natural

in order to a firm and settled foundation of future establishment, which, he plainly intimated, could not be expected or hoped for, either from the Levellers, who would introduce a party in civils, nor from the sectaries, who would cry down all order and government in spirituals; and concluded with some gracious expressions, which gave satisfaction and applause, in general. (*Introduction to* Burton's *Diary*, p. xix.)

Whitelocke says, "His Highness made a large and subtle speech," of which he gives a very good summary. (*Memorials*, p. 599, ed. 1732.)]

face *clean*, however; that men may see *it*, and not the opaque mass of mere soot and featureless confusions which, in two Centuries of considerable Stupidity in regard to that matter, have settled there.

SPEECH III

This First Protectorate Parliament, we said, was not successful. It chose, judiciously enough, old Lenthall for Speaker; appointed, judiciously enough, a Day of general Fasting:—but took, directly after that, into constitutional debate about Sanctioning the Form of Government (which nobody was specially asking it to 'sanction');[1] about Parliament and Single Person; powers of Single Person and of Parliament; Coördination, Subordination; and other bottomless subjects;—in which getting always the deeper the more it puddled in them, inquiry or intimation of inquiry rose not obscurely in the distance, Whether this Government should *be* by a Parliament and Single Person? These things the honourable gentlemen, with true industry, debated in Grand Committee, 'from eight in the morning till eight at night, with 'an hour for refreshment about noon,' debates waxing ever hotter, question ever more abstruse,—through Friday, Saturday, Monday; ready, if Heaven spared them, to debate it further for unlimited days. Constitutional Presbyterian persons, Use-and-wont Neuters; not without a spicing of sour Republicans, as Bradshaw, Haselrig, Scott, to keep the batch in leaven.

[1] [The report of the Dutch ambassadors quoted above shows that Cromwell had distinctly asked Parliament to sanction the "Government." Bordeaux says much the same. Hesilrige had proposed that Religion should first be considered, but this was opposed "par la faction du Protector, qui prétendirent que l'on debvoit auparavant que d'entrer en aucune matière reigler le Gouvernement." *Bordeaux to Brienne*, Sept. 7-17. Goddard, too, states that they "from Court—*i.e.*, the Protector's Court—especially, and from the soldiery and lawyers, pressed hard that the Government or Instrument of Government might be speedily taken into consideration, and some return made to my Lord Protector of thankfulness for his late speech." *Burton*, i. xvi. But what the Protector did *not* mean them to do was to discuss the fundamental point of his own authority. Bordeaux wrote to Brienne that many of the members had testified their disapproval of the power being given into the hands of one man, and a subject, after so much blood had been spent to place it in those of the people. Matters, he said, had reached a dilemma. If authority did not reside in the people, those concerned in the death of the King were murderers. If it did so reside, those who wished to snatch it from them were traitors to their country (4-14 Sept. *Record Office Transcripts*).]

His Highness naturally perceived that this would never do, not this;—sent therefore to the Lord Mayor, late on Monday night I think, to look after the peace of the City; to Speaker Lenthall, that he must bring his people to the Painted Chamber before going farther: and early on Tuesday morning, poor Mr. Guibon Goddard, Member for Lynn, just about to proceed again, from the Eastern parts, towards his sublime constitutional day's-work, is overwhelmed by rumours, 'That the Parliament is dis-'solved; that, for certain, the Council of State, and a Council of 'War, had sat together all the Sabbath-day before, and had then 'contrived this Dissolution!'

'Notwithstanding,' continues Guibon, 'I was resolved to go to 'Westminster, to satisfy myself of the truth; and to take my 'share of what I should see or learn there. Going by water to 'Westminster, I was told that the Parliament-doors were locked 'up, and guarded with soldiers, and that the Barges were to at-'tend the Protector to the Painted Chamber. As I went, I saw 'two Barges at the Privy Stairs.' River and City in considerable emotion. 'Being come to the Hall, I was confirmed in what I 'had heard. Nevertheless I did purpose not to take things 'merely upon trust; but would receive an actual repulse, to con-'firm my faith. Accordingly, I attempted up the Parliament 'stairs; but there was a guard of Soldiers who told me, "There 'was no passage that way; that the House was locked up, and 'command given to give no admittance to any; that if I were a 'Member, I might go into the Painted Chamber, where the 'Protector would presently be." The Mace was taken away by 'Commissary-General Whalley. The Speaker and all the Mem-'bers were walking up and down the Hall, the Court of Requests, 'and the Painted Chamber; expecting the Protector's coming. 'The passages there being likewise guarded with soldiers.'[1]

No doubt about it, therefore, my honourable friend! Dissolution, or something, is not far. Between nine and ten, the Protector arrived, with due escort of Officers, halberts, Life-guards; took his place, covered, under 'the state' as before, we all sitting bareheaded on our benches as before: and with fit salutation spake to us;—as follows. 'Speech of an hour and a half long;' taken in characters by the former individual who 'stood near;'

[1] *Ayscough* [*Add.*] *MSS.*, printed in Burton's *Diary*, i. Introd. p. xxxiii. [Five or six hundred had been sent there, Bordeaux says, as many cavalry as infantry. Bordeaux's account reads almost as if the Protector were a little alarmed for his own safety. He went by water to Westminster.]

audible still to modern men. Tuesday morning 12th September 1654; a week and a day since the last Speech here.[1]

In this remarkable Speech, the occasion of which and the Speaker of which are very extraordinary, an assiduous reader, or 'modern hearer,' will find Historical indications, significant shadowings-forth both of the Protectorate and the Protector; which, considering whence they come, he will not fail to regard as documentary in those matters. Nay perhaps, here for the first time, if he read with real industry, there may begin to paint itself for him, on the void Dryasdust Abyss, hitherto called History of Oliver, some dim adumbration of How this business of Assuming the Protectorate may actually have been. It was, many years ago, in reading these Speeches, with a feeling that they must have been credible when spoken, and with a strenuous endeavour to find what their meaning was, and try to believe it, that to the present Editor the Commonwealth, and Puritan Rebellion generally, first began to be conceivable. Such was his experience.—

But certainly the Lord Protector's place, that September Tuesday, 1654, is not a bed of roses! His painful asseverations, appeals and assurances have made the Modern part of his audience look, more than once, with questioning eyes. On this point, take from a certain Commentator sometimes above cited from, and far oftener suppressed, the following rough words:

'"Divers persons who do know whether I lie in that," says 'the Lord Protector. What a position for a hero, to be reduced 'continually to say He does not lie!—Consider well, nevertheless, 'What else could Oliver do? To get on with this new Parliament 'was clearly his one chance of governing peaceably. To wrap 'himself up in stern pride, and refuse to give any explanation: 'would that have been the wise plan of dealing with them? Or 'the stately and not-so-wise plan? Alas, the *wise* plan, when all

[1] [Whitelocke says that "Oliver being acquainted that the debates of the Parliament grew high, touching the new government, and entertaining a jealousy (to which he was much addicted) that this Parliament would either too far invade it or endeavour to overthrow it, he sent for the members," &c.—Here follows an abstract of the speech. *Memorials*, p. 605.

Ludlow is more bitter. "Cromwell," he says "being informed of these transactions by his creatures, and fearing to have that great question put, lest he should be deposed by a vote of this assembly from the throne which he had usurped, caused a guard to be set," &c. *Memoirs*, ed. Firth, i. 391. Bordeaux believed that the Protector's power was in great danger, and that he probably saved it by this sudden movement. *Bordeaux to Brienne*, Sept. 14-24. *Record Office Transcripts*.]

'lay yet as in experiment, with so dread issues in it to yourself 'and the whole world, was not very discoverable. Perhaps not 'quite reconcileable with the *stately* plan, even if it had been 'discovered!'

And again, with regard to the scheme of the Protectorship, which his Highness says was done by "the Gentlemen that undertook to frame this Government," after divers days consulting, and without the least privity of his: 'You never guessed 'what they were doing, your Highness? Alas, his Highness 'guessed it,—and yet must not say, or think, he guessed it. 'There is something sad in a brave man's being reduced to 'explain himself from a barrel-head in this manner! Yet what, 'on the whole, will he do? Coriolanus curled his lip, and scowled 'proudly enough on the sweet voices: but Coriolanus had likewise 'to go over to the Volscians; Coriolanus had not the slightest 'chance to govern by a free Parliament in Rome! Oliver was 'not prepared for these extremities; if less would serve. Perhaps 'in Oliver there is something of better than "silent pride?" 'Oliver will have to explain himself before God Most High, ere 'long;—and it will not stead him there, that he went wrong 'because his pride, his "personal dignity," his &c. &c. were con-'cerned.— —Who would govern men! "Oh, it were better to 'be a poor fisherman," exclaimed Danton, "than to meddle with 'governing of men!" "I would rather keep a flock of sheep!" 'said Oliver. And who but a Flunkey would not, if his real 'trade lay in keeping sheep?'—

On the whole, concludes our Commentator: 'As good an ex-'planation as the case admits of,—from a barrel-head, or "raised 'platform under a state." Where so much that is true cannot 'be said; and yet nothing that is false shall be said,—under 'penalties forgotten in our Time! With regard to those as-'severations and reiterated appeals, note this also: An oath 'was an oath then; not a solemn piece of blasphemous cant, as 'too often since. No *contemporary* that I have met with, who 'had any opportunity to judge, disbelieved Oliver in these 'protestations; though many believed that he was unconsciously 'deceiving himself. Which, of course, we too, where needful, 'must ever remember that he was liable to do; nay, if you will, 'that he was continually doing. But to this Commentator, at 'this stage in the development of things, "Apology" seems 'not the word for Oliver Cromwell;—not that, but a far other 'word! The Modern part of his Highness's audience can listen

'now, I think, across the Time-gulfs, in a different mood;—with 'candour, with human brotherhood, with reverence and grateful 'love. Such as the noble never claim in vain from those that 'have any nobleness. This of tasking a great soul continually 'to prove to us that he was not a liar, is too unwashed a way of 'welcoming a Great Man! Scrubby Apprentices of tender years, 'to them it might seem suitable;—still more readily to Apes by 'the Dead Sea!' Let us have done with it, my friend; and listen to the Speech itself, of date, Painted Chamber, 12th September 1654, the best we can![1]

GENTLEMEN,

It is not long since I met you in this place, upon an occasion which gave me much more content and comfort than this doth. That which I have to say to you now will need no preamble, to let me into my discourse: for the occasion of this meeting is plain enough. I could have wished with all my heart there had been no cause for it.[2]

At our former[3] meeting I did acquaint you what the first rise was of this Government, which hath called you hither, and in the authority of which you came hither. Among other things that I told you of then, I said, you were a free Parliament, and 'truly' so you are, whilst you own the Government and authority that called you hither. For certainly that word 'free Parliament' implied a reciprocity,[4] or it implied nothing at all! Indeed there was a reciprocity implied and expressed; and I think your actions and carriages ought to be suitable! But I see it will be necessary for me now a little to magnify my office, which I have not been apt to do. I have been of this mind, I have been

[1] [Of this speech, as of the last, we have no text but the old pamphlet (E. 812), but, as before said, it would appear to be a much fuller report, as this speech took only an hour and a half in delivery. A summary of the speech is found in the newspapers and also in a tract "*A declaration of the Proceedings of His Highness the Lord Protector.*" (E. 811 (6)).]

[2] ["More than any other speech of his, the words which Oliver now addressed to them revealed the inner workings of his mind. There was no longer necessity, as there had been a week before, to fit his language to the prejudices of his audience. There was no hesitation now, and the involved sayings of his former effort gave place to the majestic roll of his pleading or his indignation." Gardiner's *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 25.]

[3] ["At that meeting," *pamphlet.*]

[4] 'reciprocation' *in orig.*

always of this mind, since first I entered upon it, that if God will not bear it up, let it sink! [*Yea!*] But if a duty be incumbent upon me to bear my testimony unto it (which in modesty I have hitherto forborne), I am in some measure now necessitated thereunto. And therefore that will be the prologue to my discourse.

I called not myself to this place. I say again, I called not myself to this place! Of that God is witness:—and I have many witnesses who, I do believe, could readily lay down their lives to bear witness to the truth of that. That is to say, that I called not myself to this place! [*His Highness is growing emphatic.*] And being in it, I bear not witness to myself 'or my office;' but God and the people of these nations have borne testimony to it 'and me' also. *If* my calling be from God, and my testimony from the people,—God and the people shall take it from me, else I will not part with it. [*Do you mark that, and the air and manner of it, my honourable friends!*] I should be false to the trust that God hath placed in me, and to the interest of the people of these nations, if I should.

"That I called not myself to this place," is my first assertion. "That I bear not witness to myself, but have many witnesses," is my second. These are the two things I shall take the liberty to speak more fully to you of.—To make plain and clear that which I have 'here' said, I must take liberty to look 'a little' back.

I was by birth a gentleman; living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity. I have been called to several employments in the nation: to serve in Parliaments, 'and others;' and (because I would not be over-tedious), I did endeavour to discharge the duty of an honest man in those services, to God and His people's interest and [that] of the Commonwealth; having, when time was, a competent acceptation in the hearts of men, and some evidences thereof. I resolve, not to recite the times and occasions and opportunities, that have been appointed me by God to serve Him in; nor the presence and blessings of God bearing therein[1] testimony to me. [*Well said, and well forborne to be said!*]

[1] ["bearing then," *pamphlet.*]

I, having had some occasions to see (together with my brethren and countrymen), a happy period put to our sharp wars and contests with the then common enemy, hoped, in a private capacity, to have reaped the fruit and benefit, together with my brethren, of our hard labours and hazards: to wit, the enjoyment of peace and liberty, and the privileges of a Christian and of a man, in some equality with others, according as it should please the Lord to dispense unto me. And when, I say, God had put an end to our wars, 'or' at least brought them to a very hopeful issue, very near an end (after Worcester Fight), I came up to London to pay my service and duty to the Parliament that then sat, and hoping that all minds would have been disposed to answer that which seemed to be the mind of God, namely, to give peace and rest to His people, and especially to those who had bled more than others in the carrying on of the military affairs,—I was much disappointed of my expectation. For the issue did not prove so. [*Suppressed murmurs from Bradshaw and Company.*] Whatever may be boasted or misrepresented, it was not so, not so![1]

I can say, in the simplicity of my soul, I love not, I love not —I declined it in my former speech,[2]—I say, I love not to rake into sores, or to discover nakedness! That which I drive at is this: I say to you, I hoped to have had leave, 'for my own part,' to have retired to a private life. I begged to be dismissed of my charge; I begged it again and again;—and God be Judge between me and all men if I lie in this matter! [*Groans from Dryasdust, scarcely audible, in the deep silence.*] That I lie not in matter of fact is known to very many [*"Hum-m-m!" Look of "Yea!" from the Military Party*]: but whether I tell a lie in my heart, as labouring to represent to you that which was not upon my heart, I say, the Lord be Judge.[3] Let uncharitable men, that measure others by themselves, judge as they please. As to the matter of fact, I say, It is true. As to the ingenuity and integrity

[1] ["not so, nor so," *pamphlet.*]
[2] *Antea*, Speech I., p. 277 above.
[3] He: Believe *you* about that as you see good.

of my heart in that desire, I do appeal as before upon the truth of that also! But I could not obtain 'what I desired,' what my soul longed for. And the plain truth is, I did afterwards apprehend some were of opinion (such the difference of their judgment from mine), that it could not well be.[1]

I confess I am in some strait to say what I could say, and what is true, of what then followed. I pressed the Parliament, as a member, to period themselves; once and again, and again, and ten, and twenty times over. I told them (for I knew it better than any one man in the Parliament could know it; because of my manner of life, which had led me everywhere up and down the nation,[2] thereby giving me to see and know the temper and spirits of all men, 'and of' the best of men), that the nation loathed their sitting. [*Haselrig, Scott and others looking very grim.*] I knew it. And, so far as I could discern, when they *were* dissolved, there was not so much as the barking of a dog, or any general and visible repining at it! [*How astonishing there should not have been!*] You are not a few here present that can assert this as well as myself.

And that there was high cause for their dissolving, is most evident: not only in regard there was a just fear of the Parliament's perpetuating themselves, but because it 'actually' was their design. 'Yes;' and had not their heels been trod upon by importunities from abroad, even to threats, I believe there would never have been 'any' thoughts of rising, or of going out of that room, to the world's end. I myself was sounded, and, by no mean persons [*O Sir Harry Vane!*], tempted; and addresses were made me to that very end: That the Parliament[3] might have been thus perpetuated; that the vacant places might be supplied by new elections; and so continue from generation to generation.

[1] That I could not be spared from my post. [The "original" has, "I did afterwards apprehend that some did think, my judgment not suiting with theirs, that it could not well be. But this, I say to you, was between God and my soul; between me and that Assembly," *pamphlet.*]

[2] While soldiering, &c.: the Original has, 'which was to run up and down the Nation [and so might see and know.']

[3] 'it' *in orig.*

I have declined, I have declined very much, to open these things to you. [*What noble man would not, your Highness?*] Yet, having proceeded thus far, I must tell you 'this also:' that poor men, under this arbitrary power, were driven, like flocks of sheep, by forty in a morning; to the confiscation of goods and estates; without any man being able to give a reason that two of them had deserved to forfeit a shilling![1] I tell you the truth. And my soul, and many persons' whose faces I see in this place, were exceedingly grieved at these things; and knew not which way to help it, but by their mournings, and giving their negatives when occasions served.—I have given you but a taste of miscarriages 'that then were.' I am confident you have had opportunities to hear much more of them; for nothing is more obvious. It's true this will be said, that there was a remedy endeavoured: To put an end to this perpetual Parliament, by giving us[2] a future Representative. How that was gotten, by what importunities that was obtained, and how unwillingly yielded unto, is well known.

'But' what *was* this remedy? It was a seeming willingness to give us[3] successive Parliaments. 'And' what was 'the nature of' that succession? It was, that when one Parliament had left its seat, another was to sit down immediately in the room thereof, without any caution to avoid that which was the 'real' danger, namely, perpetuating of the same 'men in' Parliaments. Which is a sore, now, that will ever be running, so long as men are ambitious and troublesome, if a due remedy be not found.

Nay, at best what will such a remedy amount to? It is a conversion of a Parliament[4] that should have been and was perpetual, to a Legislative Power always sitting! [*Which, however, consists of different men, your Highness!*] And so the liberties and interests and lives of people *not* judged by any certain known laws and power, but by an arbitrary power; which is incident

[1] *Antea*, p. 249.
[2] ["having," *pamphlet.*]
[3] ["have," *ibid.*]
[4] ["So then, what was the business? It was a conversion from a Parliament," *ibid.*]

and necessary to Parliaments. [*So !*] By an arbitrary power, I say:[1] to make men's estates liable to confiscation, and their persons to imprisonment, sometimes 'even' by laws made after the fact committed; often by 'the Parliament's' taking the judgment both in capital and criminal things to themselves, who in former times were not known to exercise such a judicature.[2] This, I suppose, was the case 'then before us.' And, in my opinion, the remedy was fitted to the disease, especially coming in the rear of a Parliament so exercising the power and authority as this 'Parliament' had done but immediately before.

Truly I confess, upon these grounds, and with the satisfaction of divers other persons, seeing nothing could be had otherwise, that Parliament was dissolved: [*Not a doubt of it !*] 'and' we, desiring to see if a few might have been called together for some short time who might put the nation into some way of certain settlement, did call those gentlemen [*The Little Parliament; we remember them !*] out of the several parts of the nation for that purpose. And as I have appealed to God before you already,[3]—though it be a tender thing to make appeals to God, yet in such exigences as these I trust it will not offend His Majesty; especially to make them before persons that know God, and know what conscience is, and what it is to "lie before the Lord!" I say, that as a principal end in calling that Assembly was the settlement of the nation, so a chief end to

[1] Such as the Long Parliament did continually exert.

[2] Intricate paragraphs, this and the foregoing; treating of a subject complex in itself, and very delicate to handle before such an audience. His Highness's logic perhaps hobbles somewhat: but this strain of argument, which to us has fallen so dim and obsolete, was very familiar to the audience he was now addressing,—the staple indeed of what their debates for the last three days had been (Burton, i. *Introd.* pp. 25-33; Whitlocke, p. 587, &c.). 'Perpetuating of the same men in Parliament:' that clearly is intolerable, says the first Paragraph. But not only so, says the second Paragraph, 'a Legislative Assembly always sitting,' though it consist of new men, is likewise intolerable: any Parliament, as the Long Parliament has too fatally taught us, if left to itself, is, by its nature, arbitrary, of unlimited power, liable to grow tyrannous;—ought therefore only to sit at due intervals, and to have other Powers (Protectorate, for example) ready to check it on occasion. All this the ancient audience understands very well; and the modern needs only to understand that they understood it.

[3] 'I know, and I hope I may say it,' follows *in orig.*,—deleted here, for light's sake, though characteristic.

myself was that I might have opportunity to lay down the power which was in my hands. [*Hum-m-m !*] I say to you again, in the presence of that God who hath blessed, and been with me in all my adversities and successes: that was, as to myself, my greatest end! [*Your Highness—?—And "God" with you ancients is not a fabulous polite Hearsay, but a tremendous all-irradiating Fact of Facts not to be "lied before" without consequences ?*] A desire perhaps, and I am afraid, sinful enough, to be quit of the Power God had most clearly by His Providence [1] put into my hand, before He called me to lay it down,[2] and before those honest ends of our fighting were attained and settled. I say, the authority I had in my hand being so boundless as it was,—for by Act of Parliament, I was General of all the Forces in the three nations of England, Scotland and Ireland—in which unlimited condition I did not desire to live a day,—we called that meeting [3] for the ends before expressed.

What the event and issue of that meeting was, we may sadly remember. It hath much teaching in it,[4] and I hope will make us all wiser for the future! But, 'in short,' this meeting 'not' succeeding, as I have formerly said to you, and giving such a disappointment to our hopes, I shall not now make any repetition thereof: only the result [5] was, that they came and brought to me a parchment, signed by very much the major part of them; expressing their resigning and re-delivery of the power and authority that was committed to them back again into my hands. And I can say it, in the presence of divers persons here, that do know whether I lie in that [*Hum-m-m !*], that I did not know one tittle of that resignation 'of theirs,' until they all came and brought it, and delivered it into my hands. Of this there are

[1] 'most providentially' *in orig.*: has not the modern meaning; means only as in the Text.

[2] ["before he called for it," *pamphlet.*]

[3] ["I, being by act of Parliament general of all the forces in the three nations of England, Scotland and Ireland (in which unlimited condition I did not desire to live a day) did call that meeting," *ibid.*]

[4] Warning us not to quarrel, and get into insoluble theories, as they did.

[5] ["effect," *pamphlet.*]

also in this presence many witnesses. [*Yes, many are convinced of it,—some not.*] I received this resignation; having formerly used my endeavours and persuasions to keep them together. Observing their differences, I 'had' thought it my duty to give advices to them, that so I might prevail with them for union. But it had the effect that I told you; and I had my disappointment.

When this proved[1] so, we were exceedingly to seek how to settle things for the future. My 'own' power again, by this resignation, was 'become' as boundless and unlimited as before; all things being subjected to arbitrariness, and 'myself, the only constituted authority that was left,' a person[2] having power over the three nations, without bound or limit set;[3] and upon the matter, all Government, 'being' dissolved; all *civil* administrations at an end,[4] as will presently be made appear. [*"A grave situation: but who brought us to it?" murmur my Lord Bradshaw and others.*]

The Gentlemen that undertook to frame this Government[5] did consult divers days together (they being of known integrity and ability), how to frame somewhat that might give us settlement. They did consult,[6] and that I was not privy to their councils they know it. [*Alas!*] When they had finished their model in some measure, or made a very good preparation of it, it became communicative.[7] [*Hum-m-m!*] They told me that except I would undertake the Government, they thought things would hardly come to a composure and settlement, but blood and confusion would break in upon us. [*A plain truth they told.*] I refused[8] it again and again, as God and those persons know;[9]

[1] ["was so," *pamphlet.*] [2] [*i.e.* a single person.]
[3] ["boundlessly and unlimited," *pamphlet.*]
[4] *Civil* Office-bearers feeling their commission to be ended.
[5] Plan or Model of Government.
[6] ["And they did so," *pamphlet.* Probably means "they did frame something."]
[7] [Carlyle altered "it" to "they" thus giving a much more modern sense to the word "communicative"; a sense so uncommon at that date that this [supposed] instance is noticed in Dr. Murray's *New English Dictionary.*]
[8] ["denied," *pamphlet.*]
[9] ["as . . . know," omitted by Carlyle.]

not complimentingly, as they also know, and as God knows! I confess, after many arguments,—they urging on me,[1] that I did not 'hereby' receive anything that put me into any *higher* capacity than I was in before; but that it *limited* me, and bound my hands to act nothing to the prejudice of the nations[2] without 'the' consent of a Council, until the Parliament, and then limited 'me' by the Parliament, as the Act of Government expresseth, —I did accept it. I might repeat this again to you, if it were needful, but I think it hardly is:[3] I was arbitrary in power; having the Armies in the three nations under my command; and truly not very ill beloved by them, nor very ill beloved then by the people; by the good people. And I believe I should have been more beloved if they had known the truth, as things *were*, before God and in themselves, and 'also' before divers of these Gentlemen whom I but now mentioned unto you. [*His Highness is rallying; getting out of the Unutterable into the Utterable!*] I did, at the entreaty of divers persons of honour and quality, at the entreaty of very many of the chief officers of the Army then present,—'at their entreaty' and at their request, I did accept of the place and title of PROTECTOR: and was, in the presence of the Commissioners of the 'Great' Seal, the Judges, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London, the Soldiery, divers Gentlemen, Citizens, and divers other people and persons of quality, and so forth,—accompanied to Westminster Hall; where I took my Oath to this Government. [*Indisputably: draw your own inferences from it!*] This was not done in a corner: it was open and public!—This Government hath been exercised by a Council;[4] with a desire to be faithful in all things:—and, amongst all other trusts, to be faithful in *calling this Parliament*.

[1] ["after many arguments, and after the letting of me know," *pamphlet*.]

[2] [These last six words were omitted by Carlyle, perhaps because they make the sentence somewhat confused, but the sense evidently is that the need of gaining the consent of the Council would be a safeguard against the Protector's doing anything to the prejudice of the nations.]

[3] ["think I need not," *pamphlet*.]

[4] According to the 'Instrument' or Program of it.

And thus I have given you a very bare and lean discourse;[1] which truly I have been necessitated unto—and contracted in 'the doing of,' because of the unexpectedness of the occasion, and because I would not quite weary you nor myself. But this is a narrative that discovers to you the series of Providences and of transactions leading me into this condition wherein I now stand. The next thing I promised 'to demonstrate to' you, wherein, I hope, I shall be briefer—though I am sure the occasion does require plainness and freedom!—'But as to this first thing,'[2] that I brought not myself into this condition: surely in my own apprehension I did not! And whether I did not, the things being true which I have told you, I shall submit to your judgment. And there shall I leave it. Let God do what He pleaseth.

The other thing, I say, that I am to speak of to you is, "that I have not 'borne,' and do not bear, witness to myself." I am far from alluding to Him that said so![3] Yet truth, concerning a member of His, He will own, though men do not.—But I think, if I mistake not, I have a cloud of witnesses. I think so; let men be as froward as they will. [*My honourable*

[1] Narration.

[2] This paragraph is characteristic. One of Oliver's *warts*. His Highness, in haste to be through, is for breaking-off into the 'next thing,' with hope of greater 'brevity;' but then suddenly bethinks him that he has not yet quite completely winded-off the '*first* thing,' and so returns to that. The paragraph, stark nonsense in the original (where they that are patient of such can read it, *Parliamentary History*, xx. 357), indicates, on intense inspection, that this is the purport of it. A glimpse afforded us, through one of Oliver's confused regurgitations, and incondite *mis*utterances of speech, into the real inner man of him. Of which there will be other instances as we proceed. [Carlyle seems himself to have got confused. The words of the pamphlet, allowing for the long parenthesis (which Cromwell so often uses), do not read like stark nonsense at all—"The next thing I promised you, wherein I hope I shall not be so long (though I am sure this occasion does require plainness and freedom) is that, as I brought not myself into this condition (as in my own apprehension I did not, and that I did not—the things being true which I have told you—I submit it to your judgments, and there shall I leave it; let God do what he pleaseth); the other thing, I say, that I am to speak to you of is that I have not, nor do not bear witness to myself," *i.e.*, as firstly I brought not myself into this condition, so secondly I do not bear witness of myself.]

[3] 'Then answered Jesus, and said unto them,——If I bear witness of myself, 'my witness is not true. There is Another that beareth witness of me.' (*John*, v. 31, 32.)

friends !] I have witness within,—without,—and above! But I shall speak of my witnesses without,[1] having fully spoken before of the Witness 'who is' above, and 'the witness' in my own conscience under the other head;[2] because that subject had more obscurity in it, and I in some sort needed appeals; and, I trust, might lawfully make them (as lawfully[3] as take an oath), where 'the' things were not so apt to be made evident 'otherwise.' [*In such circumstances, Yea !*]—I shall enumerate my witnesses as well as I can.

When I had consented to accept of the Government, there was some solemnity to be performed. And that was accompanied with some persons of considerableness in all respects: who were the persons before mentioned to you;[4] who accompanied me, at the time of my entering upon this Government, to Westminster Hall to take my oath.[5] There was an express[6] consent 'on the part' of 'these and other' interested persons, and 'there was also' an implied consent of many; showing their good liking and approbation thereof. And, gentlemen, I do not think you are altogether strangers to it in your countries. Some did not nauseate it; very many did approve it.

I had the approbation of the officers of the Army, in the three nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland. I say, of the officers: I had that by their 'express' Remonstrances,[7] and under signature. 'But' there went along[8] with that express consent 'of theirs,' an implied consent 'also of a body' of persons that had 'had' somewhat to do in the world; that

[1] ["of them that are without," *pamphlet.*]
[2] 'upon the other account' *in orig.*
[3] ["well" *pamphlet.*]
[4] 'before expressed' *in orig.*
[5] [Carlyle altered this to "to receive my oath," but Cromwell's argument is that those who accompanied him, gave consent by their presence to what he did when he took the oath.]
[6] 'Explicit' and 'implicit' in the original; but we must say 'express' and 'implied,'—the word 'implicit' having now got itself tacked to 'faith' (*implicit-faith*), and become thereby hopelessly degraded from any independent meaning.
[7] Means 'Public Letters of Adherence.'
[8] ["was went along," *pamphlet.*]

had been instrumental, by God, to fight down the enemies of God and 'of' His people in the three nations. [*The Soldiery of the Commonwealth. Persons of "some considerableness," these too!*] And truly, until my hands were bound, and I 'was' limited (to my own great satisfaction,[1] as many can bear me witness); when I had in my hands so great a power and arbitrariness, the Soldiery were a very considerable part of the nations, especially all Government being dissolved. I say, when all Government was thus dissolved, and nothing to keep things in order but the sword! And yet they,—which many histories will not parallel, —even they were desirous that things might come to a consistency; and arbitrariness might be taken away; and the Government 'be' put into 'the hands of' a person (limited and bounded, as in the Act of Settlement), whom they distrusted the least, and loved not the worst. [*Hear!*] This was another evidence 'of consent, implied if not express.'

I would not forget the honourable and civil entertainment, with the approbation I found in the great City of London;[2]— which the City knows whether I directly or indirectly sought. And truly I do not think it is folly to remember this, for it was very great and high, and very public; and 'included' as numerous a body of those that are known by names and titles,— the several Corporations and Societies of Citizens in this City,— as hath been at any time seen in England, and not without some appearance of satisfaction also. 'And' I had not only this witness but I have had from the greatest county in England, and from many cities and boroughs and many counties, express approbations, 'express approbations' not of those gathered here and there, but from the county [of York and city of York and other counties and places, assembled in their public and][3] general-Assizes; the grand jury, in the name of the noblemen, gentlemen,

[1] ["wherein I took full contentment," *pamphlet.*]

[2] Dinner, with all manner of gala, in the common Royal Style; 8th February 1653-4 (Whitlocke, 2d edition, p. 581).

[3] [The words in square brackets were omitted by Carlyle, perhaps by accident.]

yeomen and Inhabitants of that county, giving very great thanks to me for undertaking this heavy burden at such a time; and giving very great approbation and encouragement to me to go through with it.[1] These are plain; I have them to show, and by these, in some measure, it will appear I do not bear witness to myself.

This is not all. The Judges,—and truly I had almost forgotten it [*Another little window into his Highness!*],—they thinking that there had now come[2] a dissolution of 'all' Government, met and consulted; and did declare one to another, that they could not administer justice to the satisfaction of their consciences, until they had received commissions from me. And they did receive commissions from me; and by virtue of those commissions they have acted: and all the Justices of the Peace that have acted have acted by virtue of like commissions, which was a little more than an implied approbation! And I believe all the Justice administered in the nation hath been by this authority. Which also I lay before you; desiring you to think, whether all these persons now mentioned must not come to you[3] for an Act of Oblivion and General Pardon, who have acted under and testified to this Government, if it be disowned by you!

'And' I have two or three witnesses more,—equivalent to all these I have 'yet' mentioned[4] if I be not mistaken, and greatly mistaken! If I should say, All *you* that are here are my witnesses, I should say no untruth! I know 'that' you are the same persons here that you were in your countries.[5]—But I will reserve this for a little; this will be the issue, 'the general out-

[1] "Humble Petition and Representation of the Grand Jury at the Assizes held at York, March 1653 (1654), in name of," &c. &c.: Newspapers; *Perfect Diurnal*, 3d-10th April 1654 (*King's Pamphlets*, large 4to, no. 82, § 12), and others.—Similar recognition 'by the Mayor,' &c. &c. 'of the ancient City of York' (*ibid.*).

[2] ["thinking that there was," *pamphlet.*]

[3] ["persons before mentioned must not come before you," *ibid.*]

[4] ["reckoned," *ibid.*]

[5] Where you had to acknowledge me before election, he means, but does not yet see good to say.

come and climax,' of my Proof.[1] [*Another little window :—almost a half-soliloquy ; you see the Speech getting ready in the interior of his Highness.*] I say I have two or three witnesses, 'of still' more 'weight' than all I have counted[2] and reckoned yet. All the people in England are my witnesses ; and many in Ireland and Scotland ! All the Sheriffs in England are my witnesses : and all that came in upon the process issued out by the Sheriffs are my witnesses. [*My honourable friends, how did* YOU *come in ?*] Yea, the returns of the elections to the Clerk of the Crown,—not a thing to be blown away with a breath,—the returns on the behalf of the inhabitants in the counties, cities and boroughs, all are my witnesses of approbation to the condition and place I stand in.

And I shall now make *you* my last witnesses ; [*Here comes it, "the issue of my Proof!"*] and 'shall' ask you, whether you came not hither by my writs directed to the several Sheriffs 'of counties,' and so 'through the Sheriffs' to other officers in cities and liberties ? To which 'writs' the people gave obedience ; having also had the Act of Government communicated to them —to which end great numbers of copies 'thereof' were sent down on purpose to be communicated to them. And the Government[3] 'was' also required to be distinctly read unto the people at the place of elections, to avoid surprises, 'or misleadings of them through their ignorance ;'—where also they signed the Indenture,[4] with proviso, That the persons so chosen shall *not* have power to alter the Government as it is now settled in one single person and a Parliament ! [*My honourable friends—?*]—And thus I have made good my second assertion : That I bear not witness to myself ; but 'that' the good people of England, and you all are my witnesses.

Yea, surely !—And 'now' this being so,—though I told you in my last Speech that you were a Free Parliament, yet I thought

[1] ["that you were in the country. But I will reserve to speak to this at the last ; for this will be the issue of my speech," *pamphlet.*]
[2] ["more than all I have accounted and reckoned before," *ibid.*]
[3] Act or Instrument of Government. [4] Writ of Return.

it was understood 'withal' that I was the Protector, and the Authority that called you, and that I was in possession of the Government by a good right from God and men! And I believe if the learnedest men in this nation were called to show a precedent, equally clear, of a Government so many ways approved of,[1] they would not in all their search find it.—I did not in my other Speech to you take upon me to justify the 'Act of' Government in every particular; and I told you the reason of it, which was plain: It was public, and had long been published, and it might be under the most serious inspection of all that pleased to peruse it.

This is what I had to say at present for approving[2] myself to God and my conscience in my actions throughout this undertaking; and for giving cause[3] of approving myself to every one of your consciences in the sight of God.—'And' if it, 'the fact,' be so, why should we sport with it, with a business so serious! May not this character, this stamp [*Stamp put upon a man by the Most High and His providences*], bear equal poise with any hereditary interest that could furnish, or hath furnished,[4] in the Common Law or 'elsewhere,' matters of dispute and trial of learning. Wherein many have exercised more wit, and spilt more blood, than I hope ever to live to see or hear of 'again' in this nation! [*Red and White Roses, for example; Henry of Bolingbroke, and the last 'Protector.'*]—I say, I do not know why I may not balance this Providence, as in the sight of God, with *any* hereditary interest [*Nor do I!*]; as being *less* subject to those cracks and flaws 'which' they are commonly incident unto;[5] the disputing

[1] ["to show a precedent so clear, so many ways approving of a government," *pamphlet.*]

[2] 'By what I have said, I have approved,' &c. *in orig.:* but rhetorical charity required the change.

[3] ["and in this undertaking; and I have given cause," *pamphlet.*]

[4] ["which may have and hath had,' *ibid.*]

[5] [When a few weeks later the King of France wished to address "To the Republic of the three Kingdoms and the Protector," Bordeaux protested strongly against putting the name of the parliament first. "Soit avec justice ou sans raison," he wrote, "le Protecteur ne prétend pas moins tirer son authorité de Dieu que tous les autres souverains, comme ses déclarations publiques font assez connoistre, se fondant sur ceste maxime, que toutes les puissances viennent du ciel." *Bordeaux to Brienne*, Dec. 2-30, 1654, *Record Office Transcripts.*]

of which has cost[1] more blood in former times in this nation than we have leisure to speak of now!

Now, if this be thus, and I am deriving a title from God and men upon such accounts as these are; although some men be forward, yet that *your* judgments (that are persons sent from all parts of the nation under the notion of *approving* this Government[2]);—[*His Highness, bursting with meaning, completes neither of these sentences; but pours himself, like an irregular torrent, through other orifices and openings*]—for you to disown or not to own it: for you to act 'with' Parliamentary authority especially in the disowning of it, contrary to the very fundamental things, yea against the very root itself of this Establishment: to sit and not own the authority by which you sit,—is that that I believe astonisheth more men than myself; and doth as dangerously disappoint and discompose the nation as any thing 'that' could have been invented by the greatest enemy to our peace and welfare, or 'that' could well have happened. [*Sorrow, anger, and reproach on his Highness's countenance; the voice risen somewhat into* ALT, *and rolling with a kind of rough music in the tones of it!*]

It is true, there are some things in the Establishment that are fundamental, and 'there are' some things 'which' are not so, but are circumstantial. Of such, no question but I shall easily agree to vary or leave out, 'according' as I shall be convinced by reason. 'But' some things are fundamentals; about which I shall deal plainly with you: they may *not* be parted with; but will, I trust, be delivered over to posterity, as being the fruits of our blood and travail. The Government by a Single Person and a Parliament is a fundamental! It is the *esse*, it is constitutive. And 'as' for the person,—though I may seem to plead for myself, yet I do not: no, nor can any reasonable man say it. But if the things throughout this speech be true, I plead for this nation, and 'for' all honest men therein who have borne their testimony as aforesaid, and not for myself! And if

[1] ["which titles have cost," *pamphlet.*]
[2] ["the notion of acceptance of the government," *ibid.*]

things should do otherwise than well—which I would not fear,—and the common enemy and discontented persons take advantage of these distractions, the issue will be put up before God: let Him own it, or let Him disown it, as He please!—

In every government there must be somewhat fundamental [*Will speak now of Fundamentals*], somewhat like a *Magna Charta*, that should be standing and be unalterable. Where there is a stipulation on one part, and that fully accepted, as appears by what hath been said,—surely a return[1] ought to be; else what does that stipulation signify? If I have, upon the terms aforesaid, undertaken this great trust, and exercised it; and by it called *you*,—surely it ought 'by you' to be owned.—That Parliaments should not make themselves perpetual is a fundamental. [*Yea; all know it: taught by the example of the Rump!*] Of what assurance is a *Law* to prevent so great an evil, if it lie in one or the same Legislature[2] to *un*law it again? [*Must have a single Person to check your Parliament.*] Is 'such a Law as' this like to be lasting? It will be like a rope of sand; it will give no security; for the same men may unbuild what they have built.

'Again,' is not liberty of conscience in religion a fundamental? So long as there is liberty of conscience for the Supreme Magistrate to exercise his conscience in erecting what form of church-government he is satisfied he should set up ["HE *is to decide on the Form of Church-Government, then?*" *The Moderns, especially the Voluntary Principle, stare*],—why should he not give it, 'the like liberty,' to others?[3] Liberty of conscience is a natural right; and he that would have it, ought to give it; having 'himself' liberty to settle what he likes for the public. ["*Where then are the limits of Dissent?*" *An abstruse question, my Voluntary*

[1] reciprocal engagement.

[2] ["legislator," *pamphlet, i.e.*, "what assurance is there in a law if the lawmaker can unlaw it again," but perhaps should be as above.]

[3] [This argument is not sound. The liberty which the Protector claims for himself is not only an utterly different thing from that which he would give to others, but antagonistic to it. If the Supreme Magistrate is to have liberty to exercise his conscience in erecting what form of Church Government he pleases, then King Charles had a right to impose the Liturgy upon Scotland.]

friends; especially with a Gospel really BELIEVED!] Indeed that hath been one of the vanities of our contests. Every sect saith: 'Oh, give me liberty!' But give him it, and to his power he will not yield it to anybody else. Where is our ingenuousness?[1] 'Liberty of conscience'—truly that's a thing ought to be very reciprocal! The magistrate hath *his* supremacy, and he may settle Religion, 'that is, church-government,' according to his conscience. And 'as for the People'—I may say it to you, I can say it: All the money of this nation would not have tempted men to fight upon such an account as they have 'here been' engaged in, if they had not had hopes of liberty 'of conscience' better than they had from Episcopacy, or than would have been afforded them from a Scottish Presbytery,—or an English either, if it had made such steps, or been as sharp and rigid, as it threatened when it was first set up![2] This, I say, is a fundamental. It ought to be so. It is for us and the generations to come. And if there be an absoluteness in the imposer [*As you seem to argue*], without fitting allowances and exceptions from the rule [*"Fitting:" that is a wide word!*],—we shall have our people driven into wildernesses, as they were, when those poor and afflicted people, that forsook their estates and inheritances here, where they lived plentifully and comfortably, for the enjoyment of their liberty, were necessitated to go into a waste[3] howling wilderness in New England;—where they have, for liberty's sake, stript themselves of all their comfort and the full enjoyment they had, embracing rather loss of friends and want than be so ensnared and in bondage. [*Yea!*]

Another 'fundamental' which I had forgotten is the Militia. That is judged a fundamental if anything be so. That *it* should be well and equally placed is very necessary. For, put the ab-

[1] ["ingenuity," *pamphlet.*]

[2] Liberty of Conscience must not be refused to a People who have fought and conquered 'upon such an account' as ours was! For more of Oliver's notions concerning the Magistrate's power in Church matters, see his Letter to the Scotch Clergy, Letter CXLVIII.

[3] ["vast," *pamphlet.*]

solute power of the Militia into 'the hands of' one 'person,'—without a check, what doth it 'serve'? 'On the other hand,' I pray you, what check is there upon your perpetual Parliaments, if the government be wholly stript of this of the Militia?[1] 'This as we now have it' is[2] equally placed, and 'men's' desires were to have it so;—namely, in one person, and 'in' the Parliament 'along with him' while the Parliament sits.[3] What signifies a provision against perpetuating of Parliaments, if this 'power of the Militia' be solely in *them?* Whether without a check, the Parliament have it not in their power[4] to alter the frame of government 'altogether,'—to Aristocracy, to Democracy, to Anarchy, to anything, if this 'of the Militia' be fully in them! Yea, into all confusion; and that without remedy! And if this one thing be placed in one 'party,' that one, be it Parliament, be it Supreme Governor, they or he hath power to make what they please of all the rest. [*"Hum-m-m!" from the old Parliament.*] —Therefore if you would have a balance at all; and 'if you agree' that some fundamentals must stand, which may be worthy to be delivered over to posterity,—truly I think it is not unreasonably urged that 'this power of' the Militia should be disposed as it is laid down in the 'Act of' Government: and that it should be so equally placed that 'no' one person neither in Parliament nor out of Parliament should have the power of ordering it.[5] 'Well;' —the Council are the Trustees of the Commonwealth, in all *intervals* of Parliaments; who have as absolute a negative upon the Supreme Officer in the said intervals, as the Parliament hath whilst it is sitting. [*So that we are safe—or safeish your*

[1] ["I pray you, what doth your check put upon your continual parliaments, if it be wholly stript of this," *pamphlet, i.e.*, "Of what use is your check upon perpetual parliaments, if your power to check them be stript of this—the only means of enforcing it."]

[2] 'It is' *in orig.* [3] ["sitting the Parliament," *ibid.*]

[4] ["have not liberty," *ibid.*]

[5] [The summary of this speech mentioned above puts the argument about the militia as follows: "The militia was not to be trusted in any one hand or power, but so to be disposed that as the Parliament ought to have a check upon the Protector to prevent excesses in him, so on the other hand the Protector ought to have a check upon the Parliament in the business of the militia, to prevent excesses in them."]

Highness? No one party has power of the Militia at any time.] It—'the power of the Militia'—cannot be made use of; not a man can be raised, nor a penny charged upon the people; nothing 'can be' done, without consent of Parliament; and in the intervals of Parliament, without consent of the Council it is not to be exercised. Give me leave to say, that there is very little power, none but what is coördinate, 'placed' in the Supreme Officer; and yet enough in him that hath the Chief Government in that particular: He is bound in strictness by the Parliament, 'and' out of Parliament by the Council, that do as absolutely bind him as the Parliament, when the Parliament is sitting.—[1]

'As' for that of Money—I told you some things are circumstantials; [*Comes to the Circumstantials*]—'as, for example, this is': To have 200,000*l.* to defray Civil Officers,—to pay the Judges and other Officers; to defray the charges of the Council in sending their embassies, in keeping intelligence, and doing that that's necessary; and for supporting the Governor in Chief:[2] All this is, by the Instrument, supposed and intended. But it is not of the *esse* so much; nor 'is it' limited 'so strictly' as 'even' the number of soldiers is,[3]—20,000 Foot and 10,000 Horse. [*Guard even afar off against any sinking below the minimum in that!*] 'Yet' if the spirits of men be composed, 5,000 Horse and 10,000 Foot may serve. These things are 'circumstanial, are' between the Chief Officer and the Parliament, to be moderated, 'regulated,' as occasion shall offer.

Of this sort[4] there are many other circumstantial things, which are not like the laws of the Medes and Persians. But the things

[1] ["It speaks volumes for Oliver's power of seeing into the heart of a situation, that whilst the Instrument of Government, with its many artificial devices for stemming the tide of Parliamentary supremacy, perished without leaving its mark on the Constitution, his four fundamentals have been accepted by the nation, and are at this day as firmly rooted in its conscience as Parliamentary supremacy itself." —Gardiner's *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 31.]

[2] Instrument of Government, Art. 27 (*Somers Tracts*, vi. 294).

[3] ["But it is not of the *esse* so much and so limited as so many soldiers, 20,000," *pamphlet.*]

[4] ["so," *ibid.*]

which shall be necessary to deliver over to posterity, these should be unalterable. Else every succeeding Parliament will be disputing to change and alter the Government; and we shall be as often brought into confusion as we have Parliaments, and so make our remedy our disease. The Lord's Providence, evil 'effects' appearing, and good appearing,[1] and better judgment 'in ourselves,' will give occasion for the ordering of things for the best interest of the people. And those 'circumstantial' things are the matter of consideration between you and me.

I have indeed almost tired myself. That that I have farther to say is this [*Does not yet say it*]—I would it had not been needful for me to have called you hither to have expostulated these things with you, and in such a manner as this is! But Necessity hath no law. Feigned necessities, imaginary necessities,—'certainly these' are the greatest cozenage that men can put upon the Providence of God, and make pretences to break known rules by. 'Yes,' but it is *as* legal, 'contrary to God's free Grace,' and as carnal, and as stupid [*A tone of anger*], to think that there are no necessities that are manifest 'and real' necessities, because necessities may be abused or feigned! And truly that were my case[2] if I should think so 'here;' and I hope none of you think so. I 'have to' say [*Says it now*]: that the wilful throwing away of this Government, such as it is, so owned by God, so approved by men, so testified to (in the fundamentals of it) as is before mentioned, 'were a thing which,'—and that in relation 'not to *my* good, but' to the good of these Nations and 'of' Posterity,—I can sooner be willing to be rolled into my grave and buried with infamy, than I can give my consent unto! [*Never!—Do you catch the tone of that voice, reverberating, like thunder from the roof of the Painted Chamber, over the heads of Bradshaw, Haselrig, Scott and Company; the aspect of that face, with its lion-mouth, and mournful eyes,—kindled now and radiant all of it, with sorrow, with rebuke, and wrathful defiance?—Brad-*

[1] ["The Lord's Providence, appearing evils, appearing good," *pamphlet.*]
[2] To be legal, and carnal and stupid. ["Truly I should be so," *ibid.*]

shaw and Company look on it unblanched; but will be careful not to provoke such a one. There lie penalties in him!]

You have been called hither together to save a nation,—nations. You had the best people, indeed, in the Christian world 'put' in your trust, when you came hither. You had the affairs of these nations[1] delivered over to you in peace and quietness; you were, and we all were, put into an undisturbed possession, nobody making title to us. Through the blessing of God, our enemies were hopeless and scattered. We had peace at home; peace almost with all 'our' neighbours round about, apt[2] 'otherwise' to take advantages where God did administer them. 'These things we had, few days ago, when you came hither. And now?'—To have our peace and interest, whereof those were our hopes[3] the other day, thus shaken, and 'put' under such a confusion; and we [*Chiefly "I"*] rendered hereby almost the scorn and contempt of those strangers [*Dutch Ambassadors and the like*] that are amongst us to negotiate their masters' affairs; to give *them* opportunity to see our nakedness as they do, a people that have been unhinged this twelve-years day,[4] and 'are' unhinged still,—as if scattering, division and confusion should come upon us like things we desired:[5] 'these,' which are the greatest plagues 'that' God ordinarily lays upon nations for sin!—I would be loath to say they are matters of our desire,[6] but if not, 'then' why not the matter of our care, as wisely as by our utmost endeavours we might, to *avoid* them![7] Nay if[8] by such actings as these 'now' are, these poor nations shall be thrown into heaps of confusion, through blood, and ruin, and trouble[9] 'and' upon the saddest account that ever was; if

[1] ["you had affairs and these nations," *pamphlet.*] [2] ["fit," *ibid.*]
[3] ["that had those hopes," *ibid.*] [4] An old phrase; 'day' emphatic.
[5] ["as if it were desired," *pamphlet.*]
[6] Politely oblique for 'your desire,' [but both *pamphlet* and *Parl. Hist.* have not "desire" but "delight."]
[7] ["so wisely as we ought by uttermost endeavours to avoid," *pamphlet.*]
[8] ["when," *ibid.*]
[9] 'what shall we then say?' his Highness means, but does not complete the sentence,—as is sometimes his habit. [But he does finish it. "If by such actings

breaking 'and confusion' should come upon us;—and all because we would not settle when we might, when God put it into our hands (your affairs now almost settled everywhere): and to have all recoil upon us; and[1] we ourselves 'to be' shaken in our affections, loosened from all known and public interests:—as I said before, who shall answer for these things to God?

Who can answer for these things to God, or to men? 'To men'—to the people that sent you hither; who looked for refreshment from you; who looked for nothing but peace and quietness, and rest and settlement? And when we shall come to give an account to them, we shall be able to say, "Oh, we "have quarrelled for and we contested for the *Liberty of England;* "'and went to confusion, for that!'—'Now,' Wherein, for- "sooth, for the Liberty of the people?" I appeal to the Lord, that the desires and endeavours 'we have had ——Nay' and the things themselves will speak for themselves—that the Liberty of England, the Liberty of the people; the avoiding of tyrannous impositions either upon men as men, or Christians as Christians; —is made so safe by this Act of Settlement, that it will speak sufficiently for itself. And when it shall appear 'to the world' what 'really' hath been said and done 'by all of us,' and what our 'real' transactions have been—for God can discover; and no privilege [*What! Not even Privilege of Parliament?*] will hinder the Lord from discovering; no privilege, or condition of men can hide from the Lord: He can and will make all manifest, if He see it for His glory![2]—and when these 'things, as I say,' shall by the Providence of God be manifested; and the people shall come and say, "Gentlemen, what condition are we "in? We hoped for light; and behold darkness, obscure dark- "ness! We hoped for rest after ten-years Civil Wars, we are "plunged into deep confusion again!"—Ay; we know these

as these are, these poor nations shall be thrown into heaps of confusion . . . who shall answer for these things to God?"]

[1] ["as I have mentioned to you," *pamphlet.*]

[2] 'Privilege' of Parliament, in those days, strenuously forbids *reporting;* but it will not serve in the case referred to!

consequences will come upon us, if God Almighty shall not find out some way to prevent them.

I had this thought within myself, that it had not been dishonest nor dishonourable, nor against true Liberty, no not 'the liberty' of Parliaments,—when a Parliament was so chosen 'as you have been,' in pursuance of, in comformity to, and with such an approbation and consent to the 'Instrument of' Government so that he that runs might read by what Authority you came hither—that an owning of your call and of the authority bringing you hither, might have been required before your entrance into the House. [*Deep Silence in the audience.*] But this was declined, and hath not been done, because I am persuaded scarce any man could doubt you came with contrary minds. And I have reason to believe the people that sent you least doubted thereof at all. And therefore I must deal plainly with you: What I forbore upon a just confidence at first, you necessitate me unto now; [*Paleness on some faces*] that seeing the authority which called you [1] is so little valued, and so much slighted,—till some 'such' assurance be given and made known, that the fundamental interest be settled and approved according to the proviso of the Government contained in the 'writ of' return, and such a consent testified as will make it appear that the same is accepted—I HAVE CAUSED A STOP TO BE PUT TO YOUR ENTRANCE INTO THE PARLIAMENT HOUSE. [*You understand that, my honourable friends?*]

I am sorry, I am sorry, and I could be sorry to the death, that there is cause for this! But there is cause: and if things be not satisfied that are reasonably demanded, I, for my part, shall do that which becomes *me*, seeking my counsel from God.—There is therefore somewhat [*A bit of written Parchment!*] to be offered to you that, I hope, will 'answer,' being understood with the qualifications that I have told you of,—'namely, of' reforming 'as to' circumstantials, and agreeing in the substance and fundamentals, that is to say, in the Form of the Government

[1] ["calling you," *pamphlet.*]

'now' settled, as it is expressly stipulated in the indenture "not to be altered."[1] The making of your minds known in that by giving your assent and subscription to it, is that 'means' that will let you in, to act those things as a Parliament which are for the good of the people. And this thing [*The Parchment!*], 'when once it is' shown to you and signed as aforesaid, doth determine the controversy; and may give a happy progress and issue to this Parliament. [*Honourable gentlemen look in one another's faces,—find general blank.*]

The place where you may come thus and sign, as many as God shall make free thereunto, is in the Lobby without the Parliament Door. [*My honourable friends, you know the way, don't you?*]— —

The 'Instrument of' Government doth declare that you have a legislative power without a negative from me. As the Government doth express 'it,' you may make any laws; and if I give not my consent, within twenty days, to the passing 'of' your laws, they are *ipso facto* laws, whether I consent or no,—if not contrary to the 'Frame of' Government. You have an absolute legislative power in all things that can possibly concern the good and interest of the public; and I think you may make these nations happy by this settlement. And I, for my part, shall be willing to be bound more than I am, in anything that I may be convinced of 'that it' may be for the good of the people, in preservation of the Cause and Interest so long contended for.*

[1] ["fundamentals (which is the Government settled as it is expressed in the Indenture) not to be altered," *pamphlet*. The indentures meant, are those included in the returns to the writs sent to the sheriffs. See p. 379 above.]

* Old Pamphlet, brother to the foregoing (E. 812 (11)), reprinted in *Parliamentary History*, xx. 349-69. [Goddard gives a summary of this speech, which ends as follows: (The Protector told us) "that those pitiful forwardnesses and peevishnesses which were abroad he valued no more than the motes in the sun; but that the Parliament should now dispute his office under whose authority we were then met, was a great astonishment to him. That he was unwilling to break privileges, but necessity had no law. He told us he had ordered the Parliament doors to be locked up and guarded, and had appointed an officer to take subscriptions to a recognition of his authority, which, being done, might give us entrance" (Burton, i. xxxiv.).

Bordeaux's short report of this speech was as follows: "Le Protecteur . . .

Go your ways, my honourable friends, and sign, so many of you as God hath made free thereunto! The place, I tell you, is in the Lobby without the Parliament Door. The 'Thing,' as you will find there, is a bit of Parchment with these words engrossed on it: '*I do hereby freely promise, and engage myself, to be true and 'faithful to the Lord Protector and the Commonwealth of England, 'Scotland and Ireland; and shall not* (*according to the tenor of the 'Indenture whereby I am returned to serve in this present Parliament*) '*propose, or give my consent, to alter the Government as it is settled 'in a Single Person and a Parliament.*'[1] Sign that, or go home again to your countries.

Let honourable gentlemen therefore consider what they will do!—'About a Hundred signed directly, within an hour.' Guibon Goddard and all the Norfolk Members (except one, who was among the direct Hundred) went and 'had dinner together,' to talk the matter over;—mostly thought it would be better to sign; and did sign, all but some two. The number who have

parlant à eux en la mesme manière que le premier jour de la Assemblée, mais en de termes bien differends, après une exageration de ses services; des offres qu'il avoit souvent faictes de se retirer . . . de la mauvoise conduite du précédent Parlement; des desseigns qu'il avoit de se rendre perpetuel; du préjugé qu'un tel Gouvernement apporteroit au peuple, comme aussy des grands advantages que ses soings et ceux du Conseil avoient apportez à l'Angleterre—déclara qu'ayant esté convié par beaucoup de gens de bien, dont mesmes quelques uns faisoient parti de ce corps, de prendre le gouvernement des affaires . . . tous lesquelz consentements lui donnoient un tiltre plus légitime que n'estoit le droit des succession des royz: il estoit resolu de conserver jusqu'au tombeau son authorité, qui lui estoit plus chère que sa vie, et de ne point souffrir qu'elle feust affoiblie par ceux qui, soubz un prétexte de religion et de liberté, ne songoient qu'a leur grandeur particulière, et a plonger la nation dans de nouveaux troubles, designant les Presbyteriens: n'y que le Parlement touchast au présent Gouvernement en la forme qu'il est estably, à la milice à la religion, et se perpétuast, n'y qu'aucun deputé y prist séance devant que d'avoir soubscript l'Acte qui leur seroit presente; les assurant d'une entière liberté dans leures autres desliberations." These concluding words throw light on the last phrase of Oliver's speech. Having ended, the Protector retired, Bordeaux says, before any one had time to make a reply. (*Bordeaux to Brienne*, Sept., 14-24, *Record Office Transcripts*.)

Pell, writing from Switzerland, says that he has caused the information he has received concerning the Protector's speech "to be sent to several persons in High Dutch, to dash the false news written from Cologne, of violence and disorder then used." *Lansdowne MS.*, 745, f. 23 b. In another letter, he writes, that he hears from England "that if my Lord Protector's speech be printed, some passages shall be left out, as not fit to be seen by the eyes of all the world, though very convenient for the ears of the Parliament."]

[1] Whitlocke, p. 587. [All that was asked by this, as Dr. Gardiner points out, was "that the representatives should take upon themselves personally the engagement which had been taken for them by their constituencies at the time of their election." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 33.]

signed this first day, we hear, is a Hundred-and-twenty, a Hundred-and-thirty, nay a Hundred-and-forty.[1] Blank faces of honourable gentlemen begin to take meaning again,—some mild, some grim. Tomorrow being Fastday, there is an adjournment. The recusants are treated 'with all tenderness;' most of them come in by degrees: 'Three-hundred before the month ends.'[2]

Deep Republicans, Bradshaw, Haselrig, Thomas Scott and the like, would not come in; still less would shallow noisy ones, as Major Wildman;—went home to their countries again, their blank faces settling into permanent grim. My Lord Protector molested no man for his recusancy; did indeed take that absence as a comparative favour from the parties. Harrison and other suspect persons are a little looked after: the Parliament resumes its function as if little had happened. With a singular acquiescence on the part of the Public, write our correspondents, Dutch and other. The Public, which I have known rebel against crowned Kings for twitching the tippet of a Parliament, permits this Lord Protector to smite it on the cheek, and say, "Have a care, wilt thou!" Perhaps this Lord Protector is believed to mean better than the King did? There is a difference in the objects of men, as the Public understands;—a difference in the men too for rebelling against! At any rate, here is singular submission everywhere; and my Lord Protector getting ready a powerful Sea-Armament, neither his Parliament nor any other creature can yet guess for what.[3]

[1] Goddard, Whitlocke, Letter in Thurloe.

[2] [The Dutch ambassadors writing on Sept. $\frac{15}{5}$, after narrating the views of the Parliament, go on to say, "But these considerations being made known unto his Highness, they were no wise pleasing unto him, tending to the unsettlement of the present government; and in a few days, the deliberations fell into extremes, and in the meantime it is said that another party, called the Anabaptists, under the direction of Harrison, was busy to get the hands to a petition to present to the Parliament; so that his Highness was moved thereby to secure Harrison at his house in the country, and to remedy what was acting in the Parliament and to send for the members," &c. Some 145, the ambassadors say, "signed presently, and the next day [Next day but one, they mean—'next day' was Fastday] some 50 more. There are others, without doubt, who after some consideration, will do as the rest have done, sign and sit in parliament, as they ought; and not stand without at the door and be laughed at." Thurloe, ii. 606.

Whitlocke writing on Oct. 6, says 300; but on Oct. 27 Thurloe wrote to Pell that not above 30 in the whole 460 had refused. (*Lansdowne MS.*, 751, f. 205.).]

[3] Dutch Ambassadors, French, &c., in Thurloe, ii. 606, 613, 638 (15th, 18th Sept.; 9th Oct.).—See also Appendix, No. 30. [A correspondent of Mazarin's writes on this same $\frac{1}{21}$ September, that the Protector in the Parliament has been declared "to have sole power of our armies, both by sea and land, to the end

Goddard's report of this Parliament is distinct enough; brief, and not without some points of interest; 'the misfortune is,' says one Commentator, 'he does not give us *names*.' Alas, a much greater misfortune is, the Parliament itself is hardly worth naming! It did not prove a successful Parliament;—it held on by mere Constitution-building; and effected, so to speak, nothing. Respectable Pedant persons; never doubting but the Ancient sacred Sheepskins would serve for the New Time, which also has its sacredness; thinking, full surely, constitutional logic was the thing England now needed of them! Their History shall remain blank, to the end of the world. I have read their Debates, and counsel no other man to do it. Wholly upon the 'Institution of Government,' modelling, new-modelling of that: endless anxious spider-webs of constitutional logic; vigilant checks, constitutional jealousies, &c. &c. To be forgotten by all creatures.[1]

They had a Committee of Godly Ministers sitting in the Jerusalem Chamber; a kind of miniature Assembly of Divines; intent upon 'Scandalous Ministers and Schoolmasters,' upon tender consciences, and the like objects: but there were only Twenty in this Assembly; they could hardly ever get fairly under way at all;—and have left in English History no trace that I could see of their existence, except a very reasonable Petition, noted in the Record, That the Parliament would be pleased to advance them a little money towards the purchase of fire and candle,—in these cold dark months. The Parliament, I hope, allowed them coals and a few tallow-lights; but neither they nor it could accomplish anything towards the Settling of a Godly Ministry in England: my Lord Protector and *his* Commissions will have to settle that too; an object dear to all good men. The Parliament spent its time in constitutional jangling, in vigilant contrivance of balances, checks, and that species of entities. With difficulty could, at rare intervals, a hasty stingy vote, not for the indispensable Supplies, but for some promise of them, be wrung from it. An unprofitable Parliament.

his designs may be kept secret. They are still raising of men here for the fleet, whose design none knows but his Highness; the Parliament itself is not acquainted with it: a very strange thing! Our kings have submitted to the Parliament; at present no such thing; his enterprises are only known to himself; he doth in this as he did with his business in Scotland and Ireland; he did his work, and spoke afterwards." Thurloe, ii. 606.]

[1] [Many interesting notices of this Parliament are to be found in Bordeaux's despatches, especially in relation to the question of the succession and the attitude of the Protector's family and friends.]

For the rest, they had Biddle the Socinian before them; a poor Gloucester Schoolmaster once, now a very conspicuous Heresiarch, apparently of mild but entirely obstinate manners,—poor devil: him they put into the Gatehouse; him and various others of that kidney. Especially 'Theauro John, who laid about him with a drawn sword at the door of the Parliament House one day,'[1]—a man clearly needed to be confined. 'Theauro John:' his name had originally been John Davy, if I recollect;[2] but the Spirit, in some preternatural hour, revealed to him that it ought to be as above. Poor Davy: his labours, life-adventures, financial arrangements, painful biography in general, are all unknown to us; till, on this 'Saturday 30th December 1654,' he very clearly 'knocks loud at the door of the Parliament House,' as much as to say, "What is this *you* are upon?" and 'lays about him with a drawn sword;'—after which all again becomes unknown. Seemingly a kind of Quaker. Does the reader know James Nayler, and the devout women worshipping him? George Fox, in his suit of leather, independent of mankind, looks down into the soft Vale of Belvoir, native 'Vale of Bever:' Do not the whispering winds and green fields, do not the still smoke-pillars from these poor cottages under the eternal firmaments, say in one's heart, "George, canst thou do nothing for us? George, wilt thou not help us from the wrath to come?" George finds in the Vale of Bever 'a very tender people.' In fact, most singular Quakerisms, frightful Socinianisms, and other portents, are springing up rife in England.

Oliver objected, now and always, to any very harsh punishment of Biddle and Company, much as he abhorred their doctrines. Why burn, or brand, or otherwise torment them, poor souls? They, wandering as we all do, seeking for a door of hope into the Eternities, have, being tempted of the Devil as we all likewise are, *missed* the door of hope; and gone tumbling into dangerous gulfs,—dangerous, but not yet beyond the mercy of God. Do not burn them. They meant, some of them, *well;* bear, visibly to me, the scars of stern true battle against the Enemy of Man. Do not burn them;—lock them up, that they may not mislead others. On frugal wholesome diet in Pendennis Castle, or

[1] Whitlocke, p. 592. See Goddard (in *Burton*, i. Introd. cxxvi.).

[2] [His name was John Tawney. See *A Perfect Account*, No. 209 (E. 823 (4)) "formerly a goldsmith near Temple Bar, and known by the name of John Tawney." Also *Mercurius Fumigosus*, No. 32 [*ibid* (3) "A plot, a plot, old Nick is dead; John Tawney did him kill."]

Elizabeth Castle in Jersey, or here in the Clink Prison at London, they will not cost you much, and may arrive at some composure. Branding and burning is an ugly business;—as little of that as you can.

Friday, 29th September 1654. His Highness, say the old Lumber-Books, went into Hyde Park; made a small picnic dinner under the trees, with Secretary Thurloe, attended by a few servants;—was, in fact, making a small pleasure excursion, having in mind to try a fine team of horses, which the Earl or Duke of Oldenburg had lately sent him. Dinner done, his Highness himself determined to drive,—two in hand I think, with a postilion driving other two. The horses, beautiful animals, tasting of the whip, became unruly; galloped, would not be checked, but took to plunging; plunged the postilion down; plunged or shook his Highness down, 'dragging him by the foot for some time,' so that 'a pistol went off in his pocket,' to the amazement of men. Whereupon? Whereupon—his Highness got up again, little the worse; was let blood; and went about his affairs much as usual![1] Small anecdote, that figures, larger than life, in all the Books and Biographies. I have known men thrown from their horses on occasion, and less noise made about it, my erudite friend! But the essential point was, his Highness wore a pistol.—Yes, his Highness is prepared to defend himself; has men, and has also truculent-flunkeys, and devils and devil's-servants of various kinds, to defend himself against;—and wears pistols, and what other furniture outward and inward may be necessary for the object. Such of you as have an eye that way can take notice of it!—

Thursday, 16th November 1654. On the other hand, what a glimpse into the interior domesticities of the Protector Household have we in the following brief Note! Amid the darkness and buzzard dimness, one light-beam, clear, radiant, mournfully beautiful, like the gleam of a sudden star, disclosing for a moment many things to us! On Friday, Secretary Thurloe writes incidentally: 'My Lord Protector's Mother, of Ninety-four years old, died

[1] Thurloe, i. 652, 3; Ludlow, ii. 508. [On this incident, see Mr. Firth's article on "Cromwell's views on Sport" in *Macmillan's Magazine*, October 1894. Also Bordeaux's letter of Oct. 2-12 (*Record Office Transcripts*) and the satirical verses printed in the *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on the Portland MSS.*, vol. i. p. 678. Bordeaux says that the Protector had taken the coachman's place "pour mieux rescognoitre les jeunes chevaulx." He ends his narrative: "de tout cet accident, il ne luy reste que quelques meurtrissures à l'estomac, qui l'ont obligé de se faire saigner, et de garder sa chambre." It proved, however, that there was also a wound in the leg; and it was many days before the Protector could leave his room.]

'the last night, and a little before her death gave my Lord her 'blessing, in these words: "The Lord cause His face to shine 'upon you; and comfort you in all your adversities; and enable 'you to do great things for the glory of the Most High God, and 'to be a relief unto His People. My dear Son, I leave my heart 'with thee. A good night!"'[1]—and therewith sank into her long sleep. Even so. Words of ours are but idle. Thou brave one, Mother of a Hero, farewell!—Ninety-four years old,[2] the royalties of Whitehall, says Ludlow very credibly, were of small moment to her: 'at the sound of a musket she would often be 'afraid her Son was shot; and could not be satisfied unless she 'saw him once a day at least.'[3] She, old, weak, wearied one, she cannot help him with his refractory Pedant Parliaments, with his Anabaptist plotters, Royalist assassins, and world-wide confusions; but she bids him, Be strong, be comforted in God. And so Good night! And in the still Eternities and divine Silences —Well, *are* they not divine?—[4]

December 26th, 1654.[5] The refractory Parliament and other dim confusions still going on, we mark as a public event of some significance, the sailing of his Highness's Sea-Armament. It has long been getting ready on the Southern Coast; sea-forces, land-forces; sails from Portsmouth on Christmas morrow, as above marked.[6]—None yet able to divine whither bound; not even the Generals, Venables and Penn, till they reach a certain latitude. Many are much interested to divine! Our Brussels Correspondent writes long since, 'The Lord Protector's Govern-

[1] Thurloe to Pell, 17th November 1654: [signed with the alias "Adrian Peters" *Lansdowne MS.* 751, f. 213] in Vaughan's *Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell* (London, 1839), i. 81.

[2] [Mrs. Cromwell's real age when she died appears to have been 89. See Chester's *Registers of Westminster Abbey*, 521, note 3; and an epitaph at the British Museum, signed J. L., and printed in 1655. (669 f. 19, No. 41).]

[3] Ludlow, ii. 488.

[4] [All through this autumn, negotiations were going on in relation to a treaty with France. A speech of the Protector's to Bordeaux, narrated by the ambassador at some length, will be found in the Supplement, No 93. Four other letters come in here, one on behalf of the town of Marlborough, devastated by a great fire, and three to Admiral Penn, then making ready for the Hispaniola expedition (Supplement, Nos. 91, 94-96). Also a speech to the Committee for Retrenching the Forces (No. 92). There is a fourth letter to Penn, written a few weeks later (No. 97).]

[5] [On December 23, Augustine Garland "moved to have my Lord Protector crowned, which motion was seconded by Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, Mr. Hen. Cromwell and others, but waived—nothing was done in it more." (*Newsletter*, *Clarke Papers*, vol iii. 16.).]

[6] Penn's Narrative, in Thurloe, iv. 28.

'ment makes England more formidable and considerable to all 'Nations than ever it has been in my days.'[1]

LETTERS CXCVI., CXCVII

HERE are Two small Letters, harmlessly reminding us of far interests and of near;—otherwise yielding no new light; but capable of being read without commentary. Read them; and let us hasten to dissolve the poor Constitutioning Parliament, which ought not to linger on these pages, or on any page.

LETTER CXCVI

To Richard Bennet, Esq., Governor of Virginia: These

Whitehall, 12th January 1654.

SIR,

Whereas the differences betwixt the Lord Baltimore and the inhabitants of Virginia, concerning the bounds by them respectively claimed, are depending before us and our Council, and yet undetermined; and that as we are credibly informed, you have, notwithstanding, lately gone into his plantation in Maryland, and countenanced some people there in opposing the Lord Baltimore's officers; [whereby, and with other forces from Virginia, you have much disturbed that Colony and people, to the endangering of tumults and a great deal of bloodshed there, if not timely prevented:

Therefore, at the request of the Lord Baltimore, and divers other persons of quality here, who are engaged by great adventures in his interest there],[2] for preventing of disturbances or tumults, we do will and require you, and all others deriving any authority from you, to forbear disturbing the Lord Baltimore, or his officers or people in Maryland; and to permit all things to remain as they were there before any disturbance or alteration

[1] Thurloe, i. [ii.] 160 (11th March 1653-4).

[2] [The words in brackets underlined, apparently for deletion, and the following six words, preceded by "Therefore," entered in margin.]

made by you, or 'by' any other upon pretence of any authority from you, till the said Differences above mentioned be determined by us here, and that we give farther order therein.

We rest your loving friend,

OLIVER P.*

Commissioners, it would appear, went out to settle the business; got it, we have no doubt, with due difficulty settled. See Letter CCIII.,—26th September 1655, 'To the Commissioners of Maryland.'

LETTER CXCVII

HERE again, while the Pedant Parliament keeps arguing and constitutioning, are discontents in the Army that threaten to develop themselves. Dangerous fermentings of Fifth-Monarchy and other bad ingredients, in the Army and out of it; encouraged by the Parliamentary height of temperature. Charles Stuart, on the word of a Christian King, is extensively bestirring himself. Royalist preparations, provisions of arms; Anabaptist Petitions: abroad and at home very dangerous designs on foot: but we have our eye upon them.

The Scotch Army seems, at present, the questionablest. 'The pay of the men is thirty weeks in arrears,' for one thing; the Anabaptist humour needs not that addition! Colonel Alured, we saw, had to be dismissed the Service, last year; Overton and others were questioned, and not dismissed. But now some desperate scheme has risen among the Forces in Scotland, of deposing General Monk, of making Republican Overton Commander,—and so marching off, all but the indispensable Garrison-troops, south into England *there* to seek pay and other redress.[1] This Parliament, now in its Fourth Month, supplies no money; nothing but constitutional debatings. My Lord Protector had need be watchful! He again, in this December, summons Overton from Scotland; again questions him;—sees good, this

* Thurloe, i. 724. The Signature only is Oliver's; signature, and sense. Thurloe has jotted on the back of this: 'A duplicate also hereof was writ, signed by his Highness.' [Draft, much corrected. Signature not Oliver's.]

[1] *Postea*, Speech IV.; and Thurloe, iii. 110, &c. [See letter to Wilks; Supplement No. 98.]

time, to commit him to the Tower,[1] and end his military services. The Army, in Scotland and elsewhere, with no settlement yet to its vague fermenting humours, and not even money to pay its arrears, is dangerous enough.

Of Adjutant-General Allen whom this Letter concerns, it may be proper to say that Ludlow in mentioning him has mistaken his man. The reader recollects, a good while ago, Three Troopers, notable at the moment, who appeared once before the Long Parliament, with a Petition from the Army, in the year Forty-seven? Their names were Allen, Sexby, Sheppard: Ludlow will have it, the Trooper Allen was this Adjutant-General Allen;[2] which is a mistake of Ludlow's.[3] Trooper Sexby we did since see, as Captain Sexby, after Preston Fight; and shall again, in sad circumstances see: but of Trooper Allen there is no farther vestige anywhere except this imaginary one; of Trooper Sheppard not even an imaginary vestige. They have vanished, these two; and Adjutant-General Allen, vindicating his identity such as it is, enters here on his own footing. A resolute devout man, whom we have seen before; the same who was deep in the Prayer-Meeting at Windsor years ago;[4] this is his third, and we hope his last appearance on the stage of things.

Allen has been in Ireland, since that Prayer-Meeting; in Ireland and elsewhere, resolutely fighting, earnestly praying, as from of old; has had many darkenings of mind; expects, for almost a year past, 'little good from the Governments of this world,' one or the other. He has honoured, and still would fain honour, 'the Person now in chief place,' having seen in him much 'uprightheartedness to the Lord;' must confess, however, 'the late Change hath more stumbled me than any ever did;'—and on the whole knows not what he will resolve upon.[5] We find he has resolved on quitting Ireland, for one thing; has come over to 'his Father-

[1] 16th January 1654-5 (Overton's Letter, Thurloe, iii. 110).

[2] Ludlow, i. 189: 'Edward Sexby,' 'William Allen;' but in the name of the third Trooper, which is not 'Philips' but *Sheppard*, he is mistaken (*Commons Journals*, 30th April 1647); and as to 'Adjutant-General Allen' and the impossibility of his identity with this William Allen, see vol. i. pp. 252, 307.

[3] [The balance of evidence, however, is entirely in favour of the correctness of Ludlow's statement. See a discussion of the question by Mr. Firth in the *Clarke Papers* (vol. i. p. 432). The name on p. 252 proves nothing. Carlyle prints it "Adjutant" Allen, but the original, in Cromwell's own writing, has only "Mr."]

[4] Vol. i. p. 307.

[5] Two intercepted Letters of Allen's (Thurloe, ii. 214, 5), 'Dublin, 6th April 1654.'

in-law Mr. Huish's in Devonshire:'—and, to all appearance, is not building established-churches there! 'Captain Unton Crook,' of whom we shall hear afterwards, is an active man, son of a learned Lawyer;[1] very zealous for the Protector's interest;—zealous for his own and his Father's promotion, growls Ludlow. Desborow, who fitted out the late mysterious Sea-Armament on the Southern Coast (not too judiciously, I doubt), is Commander-in-chief in those parts.

'*For Captain Unton Crook, at Exeter: These*'

Whitehall, 20th January 1654.

SIR,

Being informed by a letter of yours and General Disbrowe, also by a letter from the High Sheriff of Devon, that Adjutant-General Allen doth very ill offices by multiplying dissatisfactions in the minds of men with the present Government, I desire you and the High Sheriff to make diligent inquiry after him, and try to the uttermost what can be made out of his practicing in this kind, and to give me speedy notice thereof. Not doubting of your care herein, I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER P.

If he be gone out of the country, learn whither he is gone, and send me word by the next post.*

Allen was not gone out of the Country; he was seized by Crook 'in his Father-in-law Mr. Huish's house,' on the 31st of January 1654-5; his papers searched, and himself ordered to be and continue prisoner, at a place agreed upon,—Sand in Somersetshire,—'under his note of hand.' So much we learn from the imbroglios of *Thurloe*;[2] where also are authentic Depositions concerning Allen, 'by Captains John Copleston and the said Unton Crook;'

[1] Made Sergeant Crook in 1655 (Heath, p. 693). [Grandson of a very learned lawyer indeed—Sir John Crook, Recorder of London, Speaker of the House of Commons, Justice of Common Pleas.]

[2] iii. 143; see pp. 140, 1.

* *Lansdowne MSS.* 1236, fol. 109. Superscription torn off;—only the Signature is in Oliver's hand: Address supplied here by inference.

and two Letters of Allen's own,—one to the Protector; and one to 'Colonel Daniel Axtel' (the Regicide Axtel), 'Dr. Philip Carteret, or either of them,' enclosing that other Letter, and leaving it to them to present it or not, he himself thinking earnestly that they should. Both of these Letters, as well as Unton Crook's to the Protector, and the authentic Deposition of Copleston and Crook against Allen, are dated February 7th, 1654-5.

The witnesses depose,[1] That he has bragged to one 'Sir John Davis Baronet,' of an interview he had with the Protector not long since,—wherein he, Allen, told the Protector a bit of his mind; and left him in a kind of huff, and even at a nonplus; and so came off to the West Country in a triumphant manner. Farther he talks questionable things of Ireland, of discontents there, and in laud of Lieutenant-General Ludlow; says, There is plenty of discontent in Ireland; he himself means to be there in February, but will first go to London again. The Country rings with rumour of his questionable speeches. He goes to 'meetings' about Bristol, whither many persons convene,—for Anabaptist or other purposes. Such meetings are often on week-days. Questionabler still, he rides thither 'with a vizard or mask over his face;' 'with glasses over his eyes,'—barnacles, so to speak! Nay, questionablest of all, riding, 'on Friday the 5th of last month,' month of January 1654-5, 'to a meeting at Luppit near Honiton, Devon,' there rode also (but not I think to the same place!) a Mr. Hugh Courtenay, once a flaming Royalist Officer in Ireland, and still a flaming zealot to the lost Cause; who spake nothing all that afternoon but mere treason, of Anabaptists that would rise in London, of &c. &c. Allen, as we say, on the last morning of January was awoke from sleep in his Father-in-law Mr. Huish's, by the entrance of two armed troopers; who informed him that Captain Crook and the High Sheriff were below, and that he would have to put on his clothes, and come down.

Allen's Letter to the Lord Protector, from Sand in Somersetshire, we rather reluctantly withhold, for want of room. A stubborn, sad, stingily respectful piece of writing: Wife and baby terribly ill off at Sand; desires to be resigned to the Lord, 'before whom both of us shall ere long nakedly appear;'—petitions that at least he might be allowed 'to attend ordinances;' which surely would be reasonable! Are there not good

[1] Thurloe, iii. 140.

horses that require to be ridden with a dexterous bridle-hand,—delicate, and yet hard and strong? Clearly a strenuous Anabaptist, this Allen; a rugged, true-hearted, not easily governable man; given to Fifth-Monarchy and other notions, though with a strong head to control them. Fancy him duly cashiered from the Army, duly admonished and dismissed into private life. Then add the Colonel Overtons and Colonel Alureds, and General Ludlows and Major-General Harrisons, and also the Charles Stuarts and Christian Kings;—and reflect once more what kind of task this of my Lord Protector's is, and whether he needs refractory Pedant Parliaments to worsen it for him![1]

SPEECH IV

Finding this Parliament was equal to nothing in the Spiritual way but tormenting of poor Heretics, receiving Petitions for a small advance towards coal and candle; and nothing in the Temporal, but constitutional air-fabrics and vigilant checkings and balancings,—under which operations such precious fruits at home and abroad were ripening,—Oliver's esteem for this Parliament gradually sank to a marked degree. Check, check,—like maladroit ship-carpenters hammering, adzing, sawing at the Ship of the State, instead of diligently caulking and paying it; idly gauging and computing, nay, recklessly tearing up and remodelling;—when the poor ship could hardly keep the water as yet, and the Pirates and Sea-Krakens were gathering round! All which most dangerous, not to say half-frantic operations, the Lord Protector discerning well, and swallowing in silence as his hest was,—had for a good while kept his eye upon the Almanac, with more and more impatience for the arrival of the Third of February. That will be the first deliverance of the poor labouring Commonwealth, when at the end of Five Months we send these Parliament philosophers home to their countries again. Five Months by the Instrument they have to sit;—O fly, lazy Time; it is yet but Four Months and— — Somebody

[1] [For the position and views of the Fifth Monarchy men, in regard to Oliver and his government, see Spittlehouse's pamphlet, mentioned p 346 above; a letter from Thurloe to Monck, *Clarke Papers*, ii. 242, and also two other letters, *ibid.*, Introduction, xxxii., xxxiv. And for Cromwell's lament over the divisions amongst godly men, and the discontents in Scotland, see Supplement, No. 98.]

suggested, Is not the Soldier-month counted by Four Weeks? Eight-and-twenty days are a Soldier's Month: they have, in a sense, already sat five months, these vigilant Honourable Gentlemen![1]

Oliver Protector, on Monday morning, 22d of January 1654-5, surprises the Constitutioning Parliament with a message to attend him in the Painted Chamber, and leave 'Settling of the Government' for a while. They have yet voted no Supplies; nor meant to vote any. They thought themselves very safe till February 3d, at soonest. But my Lord Protector, from his high place, speaks, and dissolves.[2]

Speech Fourth, 'printed by Henry Hills, Printer to his Highness the Lord Protector,' is the only one of these Speeches, concerning the reporting, printing or publishing of which there is any visible charge or notice taken by the Government of the time. It is ordered in this instance, by the Council of State, That nobody except Henry Hills or those appointed by him shall presume to print or reprint the present Speech, or any part of it. Perhaps an official precaution considered needful; perhaps also only a matter of copyright; for the Order is so worded as not to indicate which.[3] At all events, there is no trace of the Report having been anywhere interfered with;

[1] [See *A Perfect Account* (E. 823, 4) and *Mercurius Politicus* (E. 823, 5). The latter states that if the Bill of the government is not approved the Parliament will rise "at the time limited in the Almanack account," *i.e.*, "the 3rd of February next, or by the month the 20th of January instant." This last date, counting from Monday to Monday, should be January the 22; but perhaps the writer took it that when the House rose on Saturday the 20, it would have sat twenty entire weeks.]

[2] ["Before he dissolved them," Thurloe wrote to Pell, "he declared at large, in a speech of two hours long, the reasons of his so doing, wherein he gave so great satisfaction that most men are contented with it. The truth is, there was so little consistency and agreement amongst themselves, and so violent and strong parties contradicting each other, that it was scarce possible for them to come to any resolution among themselves that might be for public good. In all the time they sat, they prepared not any one act to present to his Highness, nor not so much as for raising money for paying the army, which they suffered to go upon free quarter, to the discontenting of all the people." (Vaughan's *Protectorate*, i. 118). In a later letter, Thurloe maintains that "their death was not untimely and violent, but natural," and declares that in most things they and the Protector were well agreed, their great fault being "their slowness and dilatoriness, which the present constitution of the nation could not bear" (*ibid.*, 125).]

[3] ["Published to prevent mistakes and false copies," the title-page of the pamphlet says. It was issued under Cromwell's own auspices. An item in a news-letter from George Downing mentions that "His Highness not having time to peruse his speech and correct it is the reason why it is not yet published." *Clarke Papers*, vol. iii. p. 21. Downing also gives two summaries of the "very excellent speech," *ibid.*, pp. 19, 20.]

which seems altogether a spontaneous one; probably the product of Rushworth or some such artist.[1]

The Speech, if read with due intensity, can be understood; and what is equally important, be believed; nay, be found to contain in it a manful, great and valiant meaning,—in tone and manner very resolute, yet very conciliatory; intrinsically not ignoble but noble. For the rest, it is, as usual, sufficiently incondite in phrase and conception; the hasty outpouring of a mind which is *full* of such meanings. Somewhat difficult to read. Practical Heroes, unfortunately, as we once said, do not speak in blank-verse; their trade does not altogether admit of that! Useless to look here for a Greek Temple with its porticoes and entablatures, and *styles*. But the Alp Mountain, with its chasms and cataracts and shaggy pine-forests, and huge granite masses rooted in the Heart of the World: this too is worth looking at, to some. I can give the reader little help; but will advise him to try.[2]

GENTLEMEN,

I perceive you are here as the House of Parliament, by your Speaker whom I see here, and by your faces which are in a great measure known to me. [*Doubtless we are here, your Highness.*]

When I first met you in this room, it was to my apprehension the hopefullest day that ever mine eyes saw, as to considerations of this world. For I did look at, as wrapt up in you together with myself, the hopes and the happiness of,—though not of the greatest,—yet a very great and the best people in the world. And truly and unfeignedly I thought so: as a people that have the highest and clearest profession amongst them of the greatest glory, to wit Religion: as a people that have been, like other nations, sometimes up and sometimes down in our honour in the world, but yet never so low but we might measure with other nations: and a people that have had a stamp upon them from God [*Hah!*]; God having, as it were, summed up

[1] See Burton's *Diary*.

[2] [As Cromwell corrected this himself, it has here been restored to its original form. Carlyle did not know that Cromwell had revised it, but he evidently felt its superiority to most of the others, for he altered it much less than the rest.]

all our former honour and glory in the things that are of glory to nations, in an epitome, within these ten or twelve years last past! So that we knew one another at home, and are well known abroad.

And if I be not very much mistaken, we were arrived,—as I, and truly as I believe many others, did think,—at a very safe port; where we might sit down and contemplate the dispensations of God, and our mercies; and might know our mercies not to have been like to those of the ancients,—who did make out their peace and prosperity, as they thought, by their own endeavours; who could not say, as we, that all ours were let down to us from God Himself; whose appearances and providences amongst us are not to be outmatched by any story. [*Deep silence; from the old Parliament, and from us.*] Truly this was our condition. And I know nothing else we had to do, save as Israel was commanded in that most excellent Psalm of David:[1] "The things which we have heard and known, and our fathers "have told us, we will not hide them from their children; "showing to the generation to come the praise of the Lord, and "His strength, and His wonderful works which He hath done. "For He established a Testimony in Jacob, and appointed a "Law in Israel; which He commanded our fathers that they "should make known to their children; that the generation to "come might know them, even the children which should be "born, who should arise and declare them to *their* children: "that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the "works of God, but keep His commandments."

This I thought had been a song and a work worthy of England, whereunto you might have happily invited them, had you had hearts unto it. [*Alas!*] You had this opportunity fairly delivered unto you. And if a history shall be written of these times and transactions, it will be said, it will not be denied, but that these things that I have spoken are true. [*No response from the*

[1] Psalm lxxviii. 3-7.

Moderns : mere silence, stupor, not without sadness.] This talent was put into your hands. And I shall recur to that which I said at first: I came with very great joy and contentment and comfort, the first time I met you in this place. But we and these nations are, for the present, under some disappointment. If I had purposed to have played the orator, which I never did affect, nor do, nor I hope shall [*Hear !*], I doubt not but upon easy suppositions, which I am persuaded every one among you will grant, we did meet upon such hopes as these.

I met you a second time here: and I confess, at that meeting I had much abatement of my hopes; though not a total frustration. I confess that that which damped my hopes so soon was somewhat that did look like a parricide. It is obvious enough unto you that the management of affairs did savour of a not owning,—too-too much savour, I say, of a not owning of the authority that called you hither. But God left us not without an expedient that gave a second possibility—shall I say a possibility? it seemed to me a probability,—of recovering out of that dissatisfied condition we were all then in, towards some mutuality of satisfaction. And therefore by that Recognition [*The Parchment we had to sign : Hum-m !*], suiting with the Indenture that returned you hither, to which afterwards also was added your own Declaration,[1] conformable to, and in acceptance of, that expedient:—whereby,[2] you had, though with a little check, another opportunity renewed unto you to have made this nation as happy as it could have been, if everything had smoothly run on from that first hour of your meeting. And indeed,—you will give me liberty of my thoughts and hopes,—I did think, as I have formerly found in that way that I have been engaged as a soldier, that some affronts put upon us, some disasters at the first, have made way for great and happy successes;[3] and I did not at all despond but the stop put upon you would, in like

[1] *Commons Journals* (vii. 368), 14th Sept. 1654.
[2] ["whereby" here has the force of "thereby."]
[3] Characteristic sentence, and sentiment;—not to be meddled with.

manner, have made way for a blessing from God; that interruption being, as I thought, necessary to divert you from destructive and violent proceedings to give time for better deliberations; whereby leaving the Government as you found it, you might have proceeded to have made those good and wholesome laws which the people expected from you, and might have answered the grievances, and settled those other things proper to you as a Parliament: for which you would have had thanks from all that entrusted you. [*Doubtful "Hum-m-m!" from the Old Parliament.*]

What hath happened since that time I have not taken public notice of, as declining to intrench on Parliament privileges. For sure I am you will all bear me witness, that from your entering into the House upon the Recognition, to this very day, you have had no manner of interruption or hindrance of mine in proceeding to that blessed issue [that] the heart of a good man could propose to himself, to this very day. You see you have me very much locked up, as to what you have transacted among yourselves, from that time to this. [*"None dare report us, or whisper what we do."*] But something I shall take liberty to speak of to you.

As I may not take notice what you have been doing, so I think I have a very great liberty to tell you that I do not know what you have been doing! [*With a certain tone; as one may hear!*] I do not know whether you have been alive or dead. I have not once heard from you all this time; I have not: and that you all know.[1] If that be a fault that I have not, surely it

[1] [This was not strictly true, for more than one deputation had gone to him from Parliament. For instance, on Nov. 15, it was reported in the House of Commons that a sub-committee had been sent to the Protector on the question of the abatement of the forces, but that his Highness's answer had not yet been received. (*Commons Journals*, vii. 385.) Also, on Nov. 17, "a Report was made from the Committee which was appointed to advise with the Protector about an expedient upon those articles of religion which refer to Indemnity and toleration: the substance whereof was to this purpose, that the Lord Protector was wholly dissatisfied with the thing, and had no propensity or inclination to it: and that the Parliament had already taken the Government abroad (in pieces was meant) and had altered and changed it in the other articles as they pleased, without his advice: and therefore it would not become him to give any advice at all singly and apart as to this article. But he commended the work, wished well to it, and told them

hath not been mine! If I have had any melancholy thoughts, and have sat down by them, why might it not have been very lawful for me to think that I was a person judged unconcerned in all these businesses?[1] I can assure you I have not 'so' reckoned myself; nor did I reckon myself unconcerned in you. And so long as any just patience could support my expectation, I would have waited to the uttermost to have received from you the issues of your consultations and resolutions. I have been careful of your safety, and the safety of those that you represent, to whom I reckon myself a servant.

But what messages have I disturbed you withal? What injury or indignity hath been done, or offered, either to your persons or to any privileges of Parliament, since you sat? I looked at myself as strictly obliged by my oath,—since your recognising the Government in the authority of which you were called hither and sat,—to give you all possible security, and to keep you from any unparliamentary interruption. Think you I could not say more upon this subject, if I listed to expatiate thereupon? But because my actions plead for me, I shall say no more of this. [*Old Parliament dubiously rolls its eyes.*] I say, I have been caring for you, 'for' your quiet sitting; caring for your privileges, as I said before, that they might not be interrupted; have been seeking of God, from the great God, a blessing upon you, and a blessing upon these nations. I have been consulting, if possibly I might in anything promote, in my place, the real good of this Parliament, of the hopefulness of which I have said so much unto you. And I did think it to be my business rather to see the utmost issue, and what God would produce by you, than unseasonably to intermeddle with you.

But, as I said before, I have been caring for you, and for the peace and quiet of these nations: indeed I have; and that

that the sooner they could despatch the whole, it would be the better for the service, or to that effect." (Burton, i. lxxix.).]

[1] ["although I knew more about them than you did," Bordeaux puts in here. See his report, p. 430 below, *note.*]

I shall a little presently manifest unto you. And it leadeth me to let you know somewhat, that I fear, I fear, will be, through some interpretation, a little too justly put upon you; whilst you have been employed as you have been, and,—in all that time expressed in the Government, in that Government, I say in that Government,—'have' brought forth nothing that you yourselves say can be taken notice of without infringement of your privileges![1] I will tell you somewhat, that, if it be not news to you, I wish you had taken very serious consideration of. If it be news, I wish I had acquainted you with it sooner. And yet if any man will ask me why I did it not, the reason is given already: because I did make it my business to give you no interruption.

There be some trees that will not grow under the shadow of other trees: There be some that choose,—a man may say so by way of allusion,—to thrive under the shadow of other trees. I will tell you what hath thriven, I will not say what you have cherished, under your shadow; that were too hard. Instead of peace and settlement, instead of mercy and truth being brought together, righteousness and peace kissing each other, by reconciling the honest people of these nations, and settling the woful distempers that are amongst us;—which had been glorious things and worthy of Christians to have proposed,—weeds and nettles, briers and thorns, have thriven under your shadow! Dissettlement and division, discontent and dissatisfaction, together with real dangers to the whole, has been more multiplied within these five months of your sitting, than in some years before! Foundations have also been laid for the future renewing the troubles of these nations by all the enemies of them[2] abroad and at home. Let not these words seem too

[1] An embarrassed sentence; characteristic of his Highness. "You have done "nothing noticeable upon this 'Somewhat' that I am about to speak of,—nor, "indeed, it seems upon *any* Somewhat;—and *this* was one you may, without "much 'interpretation,' be blamed for doing nothing upon." 'Government' means *Instrument of Government:* 'the time expressed' therein is *Five Months*,—now, by my way of calculating it, expired! Which may account for the embarrassed iteration of the phrase, on his Highness's part.

[2] ["it," *pamphlet.*]

sharp: for they are true as any mathematical demonstrations are, or can be. I say, the enemies of the peace of these nations abroad and at home, the discontented humours throughout these nations,—which I think no man will grudge to call by that name, or to make to allude to briers and thorns,—they have nourished themselves under your shadow! [*Old Parliament looks still more uneasy.*]

And that I may clearly be understood: they have taken the opportunities from your sitting, from the hopes they had, which with easy conjecture they might take up and conclude that there would be no settlement; and therefore they have framed their designs, preparing for the execution of them accordingly. Now whether,—which appertains not to me to judge of, on their behalf,—they had any occasion ministered for this, and from whence they had it, I list not to make any scrutiny or search. But I will say this: I think they had it[1] not from me. I am sure they had not. From whence they had it, is not my business now to discourse: but *that* they had, is obvious to every man's sense. What preparations they have made, to execute in such a season as they thought fit to take their opportunity from: that I know, not as men know things by conjecture, but by certain demonstrable knowledge, that they have been for some time past furnishing themselves with arms; nothing doubting but that they should have a day for it; and verily believing that, whatsoever their former disappointments were, they should have more done for them by and from our own divisions, than they were able to do for themselves. I have[2] not, and I desire to be understood so, that, in all I have to say of this subject, you will take it that I have no reservation in my mind,—to mingle things of guess and suspicion with things of fact: but the things I am telling of are fact; things of evident demonstration.

These weeds, briers and thorns, they have been preparing,

[1] ["them," *pamphlet.*] [2] ["do," *ibid.*]

and have brought their designs to some maturity, by the advantages given to them, as aforesaid, from your sittings and proceedings. [*"Hum-m-m!"*] But by the waking eye that watched over that Cause that God will bless, they have been, and yet are, disappointed. [*Yea!*] And having mentioned that Cause, I say, that slighted Cause,—let me speak a few words in behalf thereof; though it may seem too long a digression. Whosoever despiseth it, and will say, It is *non causa pro causâ*, the all-searching eye before mentioned will find out that man; and will judge him, as one that regardeth not the works of God nor the operations of his hands; [*Moderns look astonished*] for which God hath threatened that He will cast men down, and not build them up. [He] that because he can dispute, will tell us he knew not where the Cause began, nor where it is, but modelleth it according to his own intellect, and submits not to the appearances of God in the world; therefore he lifts up his heel against God, and mocketh at all His providences, laughing at the observations, made up not without reason and the Scriptures, but by the quickening and teaching Spirit which gives life to the other; calling such observations "enthusiasms:" such men, I say, no wonder if they "stumble and fall backwards, and be broken and snared and taken,"[1] by the things of which they are so maliciously and wilfully ignorant! The Scriptures say, the Rod has a voice,[2] and He will make Himself known by the judgments which He executeth.[3] And do we not think He will, and does, by the providences of mercy and kindness which He hath for His people and for their just liberties; "whom He loves as the apple of His eye?" Doth He not by them manifest Himself? And is He not thereby also seen giving kingdoms for them, "giving men for them, and people for their lives,"—as it is

[1] Isaiah xxviii. 13. A text that had made a great impression upon Oliver: see Letter to the General Assembly, p. 79, above.

[2] [*i.e.*, God speaks by His chastisements. But this is not an exact quotation of any verse of Scripture. Probably Oliver was thinking of the words in Micah vi. 9. "The Lord's voice crieth unto the city . . . hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it."]

[3] [Psalm ix. 16.]

in the forty-third of Isaiah?[1] Is not this as fair a lecture and as clear speaking, as anything our dark reason, left to the letter of the Scriptures, can collect from them? By this voice has God spoken very loud on the behalf of His people, by judging their enemies in the late war, and restoring them a liberty to worship, with the freedom of their consciences, and freedom in their estates and persons when they do so. And thus we have found the Cause of God by the works of God, which are the testimony of God, upon which rock whosoever splits shall suffer shipwreck.

But it is your[2] glory,—and it is mine, if I have any in the world concerning the interest of those that have an interest in a better world,—it is my glory that I know a Cause which yet we have not lost; but do hope we shall take a little pleasure rather to lose our lives than lose! [*Hah!*] But you will excuse this long disgression.

I say unto you, whilst you have been in the midst of these transactions, that party, that Cavalier party,—I could wish some of them had thrust-in here, to have heard what I say,—the Cavalier party have been designing and preparing to put this nation in blood again, with a witness. But because I am confident there are none of that sort here, therefore I shall say the less to that. Only this I must tell you: they have been making great preparations of arms; and I do believe 'it' will be made evident to you that they have raked out many thousands of arms, even all that this City could afford, for divers months last past. But it will be said, "may we not arm ourselves for the defence of our houses? Will anybody find fault for that?" Not[3] for that. 'But' the reason for their doing so hath been as explicit, and under as clear proof, as the fact of doing so. For which I hope, by the justice of the land, some will, in the face of the nation, answer it with their lives: and then the business will be pretty well out of doubt. Banks of money have been framing, for

[1] Isaiah xliii. 3, 4: Another prophecy of awful moment to his Highness: see Speech I., p. 296, above.

[2] ["our," *pamphlet.*]

[3] ["no," *ibid.*]

these and other such like uses. Letters have been issued with privy-seals, to as great persons as most are in the nation, for the advance of moneys,—which have been discovered to us by the persons themselves. Commissions for regiments of horse and foot, and command of castles, have been likewise given from Charles Stuart, since your sitting. And what the general insolences of that party have been, the honest people have been sensible of, and can very well testify.

It hath not been only thus. But as in a quinsy or pleurisy, where the humour fixeth in one part, give it scope, it will gather to that place, to the hazarding of the whole: and it is natural to do so till it destroy nature in that person on whomsoever this befalls, so likewise will *those* diseases take accidental causes of aggravation of their distemper. And this was that which I did assert, that they have taken accidental causes for the growing and increasing of those distempers, as much as would have been in the natural body if timely remedy were not applied. And indeed things were come to that pass,—in respect of which I shall give you a particular account,—that no mortal physician, if the Great Physician had not stepped in, could have cured the distemper. Shall I lay this upon your account, or my own? I am sure I can lay it upon God's account that if He had not stepped in, the disease had been mortal and destructive!

And what is all this? Truly I must needs say: A company of men still like briers and thorns; and worse, if worse can be, of another sort than those before mentioned to you, have been and yet are endeavouring to put us into blood and into confusion; more desperate and dangerous confusion than England ever yet saw. [*Anabaptist Levellers.*] And I must say, as when Gideon commanded his son to fall upon Zeba and Zalmunna and slay them, they thought it more noble to die by the hand of a man than of a stripling, which shows there is some contentment in the hand by which a man falls: so is it some satisfaction, if a Commonwealth must perish, that it perish by men, and not by the hands of persons differing little from beasts! That if it

must needs suffer, it should rather suffer from rich men than from poor men, who, as Solomon says, "when they oppress, leave nothing behind them, but are as a sweeping rain."[1] Now such as these also are grown up under your shadow. But it will be asked, what have they done? I hope, though they pretend Commonwealth's interest, they have had no encouragement from you; but that, as before, 'have' rather taken it than that you have administered any cause unto them for so doing, from delays, from hopes that this Parliament would not settle, from pamphlets mentioning strange votes and resolves of yours; which I hope did abuse you! Thus you see that, whatever the grounds were, these have been the effects. And thus I have laid these things before you; and you and others will be easily able to judge how far you are concerned.

And what have these men done? They have also laboured to pervert, where they could, and as they could, the honest-meaning people of the nation. They have laboured to engage some in the army:—and I doubt that not only they, but some others also, very well known to you, have helped in this work of debauching and dividing the Army. They have, they have! [*Overton, Allen and Company, your Highness*?] I would be loath to say who, where, and how? much more loath to say they were any of your own number; but I can say: endeavours have been 'made' to put the Army into a distemper, and to feed that which is the worst humour in the Army, which, though it was not a mastering humour, yet these took their advantage from delay of the Settlement, and the practices before mentioned, and stopping the pay of the Army, to run us into free-quarter, and to bring us into the inconveniences most to be feared and avoided.[2] What if I am able to make it appear in fact, That some amongst you have run into the City of London, to persuade to Petitions and Addresses to you for reversing your own votes that you have

[1] [Proverbs xxviii. 3.]

[2] [Bordeaux has "the pay of the militia was curtailed on purpose only to bring about confusion and disorder in the State, by obliging the soldiers to take free quarters." See note, p. 431 below.]

passed?[1] Whether these practices were in favour of your liberties, or tended to beget hopes of peace and settlement from you; and whether debauching the Army in England, as is before expressed, and starving it, and putting it upon free-quarter, and occasioning and necessitating the greatest part thereof in Scotland to march into England, leaving the remainder thereof to have their throats cut there; and kindling by the rest a fire in our own bosoms, were for the advantage of affairs here, let the world judge![2]

This I tell you also: That the correspondency held with the interest of the Cavaliers, by that party of men called Levellers, and who call themselves Commonwealth's-men,—whose Declarations were framed to that purpose, and ready to be published at the time of their common rising; whereof we are possessed, and for which we have the confession of themselves now in custody, who confess also they built their hopes upon the assurance they had of the Parliament's not agreeing 'to' a settlement:—whether these humours have not nourished themselves under your boughs, is the subject of my present discourse; and I think I shall say not amiss, if I affirm it to be so. [*His Highness looks animated!*] And I must say it again, that that which hath been their advantage, thus to raise disturbance, hath been by the loss of those

[1] [In a letter concerning the Fifth Monarchy men, found by Mr. Firth amongst the *Thurloe MSS.*, is a passage which explains this allusion. "A petition I understand is prepared in the Common Council of this City to encourage the Parliament about settling Church government, etc. And I have it from a good hand that *O. P.* sent for a certain citizen, desiring a sight of that petition; which having read, he said, 'I think we must labour to have Col. Pride's Common Council again, for these will undo all.' One answered, 'You, my Lord, called that a Lev[elli]ng Common Council, but we shall never have so good again.' He replied, 'Where shall we have men of a universal spirit? Every one desires to have liberty, but none will give it.'" *Clarke Papers*, ii. xxxv.]

[2] ["This seems to point to a connexion in Oliver's mind between the want of pay in the army in Scotland, and the scheme of sending 3,000 men under Overton into England. With respect to the delay of voting supplies, the fact cannot be denied. In this case, however, it would have been easy to borrow money on so good a security, so that the army need not have suffered much." As to the further question of whether Parliament held back supplies to assure the confirmation of its constitutional bill, Dr. Gardiner believes "that every member of the House was perfectly aware that the consequence of a refusal of supplies would be—not surrender, but dissolution." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 97.]

golden opportunities which God had put into your hands for settlement. Judge you whether these things were thus, or no, when you first sat down. I am sure things were not thus! There was a very great peace and sedateness throughout these nations; and great expectations of a happy settlement, which I remembered to you at the beginning of my Speech and hoped that you would have entered on your business as you found it. [*"Hum-m-m! We had a Constitution to make!"*]

There was a Government in the possession of the people,—I say a Government in the possession of the people, for many months. It hath now been exercised near fifteen months: and if it were needful that I should tell you how it came into their possession, and how willingly they received it; how all Law and Justice were distributed from it, in every respect, as to life, liberty and estate; how it was owned by God, as being the dispensation of His providence after twelve years war; and sealed and witnessed unto by the people,—I should but repeat what I said in my last Speech made unto you in this place: and therefore I forbear.

When you were entered upon this Government, ravelling[1] into it, you know I took no notice what you were doing. [*Nor will now, your Highness; let the Sentence drop!*] If you had gone upon that foot of account, to have made such good and wholesome provisions for the good of the people of these nations, for the settling of such matters in things of Religion as would have upheld and given countenance to a godly ministry, and yet would have given a just liberty to godly men of different judgments,—men of the same faith with them that you call the orthodox ministry in England, as it is well known the Independents are, and many under the form of Baptism, who are sound in the faith, only may perhaps be different in judgment in some lesser matters, yet, as true Christians, both looking to[2] salvation only by faith in the blood of Christ, men professing the fear of God, and having recourse to the name of God as to a strong tower,—I say you

[1] [Perhaps should be "really."] [2] ["at," *pamphlet.*]

might have had opportunity to have settled peace and quietness amongst all professing godliness; and might have been instrumental, if not to have healed the breaches, yet to have kept the godly of all judgments from running one upon another; and by keeping them from being overrun by a common enemy, 'have' rendered them and these nations both secure, happy and well satisfied. [*And the Constitution? Hum-m-m!*]

Are these things done; or anything towards them? Is there not yet upon the spirits of men a strange itch? Nothing will satisfy them unless they can put their finger upon their brethren's consciences, to pinch them there. To do this was no part of the contest we had with the common adversary. For Religion was not the thing at first contested for,[1] but God brought it to that issue at last; and gave it unto us by way of redundancy; and at last it proved that which was most dear to us. And wherein consisted this more than in obtaining that liberty from the tyranny of the Bishops to all species of Protestants to worship God according to their own light and consciences, for want of which many of our brethren forsook their native countries to seek their bread from strangers, and to live in howling wildernesses [*Our poor Brethren of New England!*]; and for which also many that remained here were imprisoned and otherwise abused, and made the scorn of the nation. Those that were sound in the faith, how proper was it for them to labour for liberty, for a just liberty, that men should not be trampled upon for their consciences! Had not they laboured, but lately, under the weight of persecutions? And was it fit for them to sit heavy upon others? Is it ingenuous to ask liberty, and not to give it? What greater hypocrisy than for those who were oppressed by the Bishops to become the greatest oppressors themselves, so soon as their yoke was removed? I could wish that they who call for liberty now also had not too much of that spirit, if the power were in their hands! As for profane persons, blasphemers, such as preach sedition; the contentious

[1] Power of the Militia was the point upon which the actual War began. A statement not false; yet truer in form than it is in essence.

railers, evil-speakers, who seek by evil words to corrupt good manners; persons of loose conversation,—punishment from the civil magistrate ought to meet with them. Because, if these pretend conscience, yet walking disorderly and not according but contrary to the Gospel, and even to natural light, they are judged of all, and their sins being open, make them subjects of the Magistrate's sword, who ought not to bear it in vain. The discipline of the Army was such, that a man would not be suffered to remain there, of whom we could take notice he was guilty of such practices as these.

And therefore how happy would England have been, and you and I, if the Lord had led you on to have settled upon such good accounts as these are, and to have discountenanced such practices as the other, and left men in disputable things free to their own consciences; which was well provided for by the 'Instrument of' Government; and liberty left to provide against what was apparently evil. Judge you, whether the contesting for things that were provided for by this Government hath been profitable expense of time, for the good of these nations; by means whereof you may see you have wholly elapsed your time, and done just nothing!—I will say this to you, in behalf of the Long Parliament: that, had such an expedient as this Government been proposed to them; and that they could have seen the Cause of God thus provided for; and had by debates been enlightened in the grounds by which the difficulties might have been cleared and the reason of the whole enforced—the circumstances of time and persons, with the temper and disposition of the people, and affairs both abroad and at home when it was undertaken well weighed—as well as they were thought to love their seats, I think in my conscience, that they would have proceeded in another manner than you have done, and not have exposed things to those difficulties and hazards they now are at; nor given occasion to leave the people so dissettled as now they are, who, I dare say, in the soberest and most judicious part of them, did expect, not a questioning, but a doing of things in pursuance

of the Government. And if I be not misinformed, very many of you came up with this satisfaction; having had time enough to weigh and consider the same.

And when I say "such an expedient as this Government is" —wherein I dare assert there is a just liberty to the people of God, and the just rights of the people in these nations provided for,—I can put the issue thereof upon the clearest reason, whatsoever any go about to suggest to the contrary, but this not being the time and place of such an averment. For satisfaction's sake herein, enough is said in a book entituled '*A True State of the Case of the Commonwealth*,' published in January 1653.[1] And for myself, I desire not to keep it an hour longer than I may preserve England in its just rights, and may protect the people of God in such a just liberty of their consciences as I have already mentioned. And therefore if this Parliament have judged things to be otherwise than as I have stated them, it had been huge friendliness between persons who had such a reciprocation, and in so great concernments to the public, for them to have convinced me in what particulars therein my error lay! Of which I never yet had a word from you! But if, instead thereof, your time has been spent in setting up somewhat else, upon another bottom than this stands 'upon,'—that looks as if a laying grounds for a quarrel had rather been designed than to give the People settlement. If it be thus, it's well your labours have not arrived to any maturity at all! [*Old Parliament looks agitated; agitated, yet constant!*]

This Government called you hither; the constitution whereof being so limited,—a Single Person and a Parliament. And this was thought most agreeable to the general sense of the nation; —having had experience enough by trial of other conclusions;

[1] Read it he who wants satisfaction: 'Printed by Thomas Newcomb, London, 1653-4.' [*King's Pamphlets*, (E. 728 (5)). It was written by Marchmont Nedham, but Dr. Gardiner calls it "an Oliverian pamphlet," and it was strongly in favour of the Protector]—wrote with great spirit of language and subtilty of argument,' says the *Parliamentary History* (xx. 419). [Which says also "from many passages therein, it seems highly probable that Cromwell was not a little concerned in the penning it."]

judging this most likely to avoid the extremes of Monarchy on the one hand, and of Democracy on the other;—and yet not to found *Dominium in Gratiâ*. [*Your Highness does not claim to be here as Kings do, By Grace, then? No!*] And if so, then certainly to make it more than a notion, it was requisite that it should be as it is in the 'Frame of' Government; which puts it upon a true and equal balance. It has been already submitted to the judicious, honest people of this nation, whether the balance be not equal. And what their judgment is, is visible by submission to it; by acting upon it; by restraining their Trustees from meddling with it. And it neither asks nor needs any better ratification! [*Hear!*] But when Trustees in Parliament shall, by experience, find any evil in any parts of the 'Frame of' Government, referred by the Government itself to the consideration of the Protector and Parliament,—of which 'evil or evils' Time itself will be the best discoverer:—how can it be reasonably imagined that a person or persons, coming in by election, and standing under such obligations, and so limited, and so necessitated by oath to govern for the people's good, and to make their love, under God, the best underpropping and his best interest to him[self]:—how can it, I say, be imagined that the present or succeeding Protectors will refuse to agree to alter any such thing in the Government that may be found to be for the good of the people, or to recede from anything which he might be convinced casts the balance too much to the Single Person? And although, for the present, the keeping-up and having in his power the Militia seems the most hard, yet if it should be yielded up at such a time as this, when there is as much need to keep this Cause by it (which is most evident [ly] at this time impugned by all the enemies of it), as there was to get it—what would become of all! Or if it should not be equally placed in him and the Parliament, but yielded up at any time,[1]—it determines his power either for doing the good he ought, or

[1] [*i.e.*, if the power is to be determined at the end of five years.]

hindering Parliaments from perpetuating themselves, or from imposing what Religions they please on the consciences of men, or what Government they please upon the nation, thereby subjecting us to dissettlement in every Parliament, and to the desperate consequences thereof. And if the nation shall happen to fall into a blessed peace, how easily and certainly will their charge be taken off, and their forces be disbanded! And then where will the danger be to have the Militia thus stated?—What if I should say: if there should be a disproportion, or disequality as to the power, it is on the other hand![1]

And if this be so, wherein have you had cause to quarrel? What demonstrations have you held forth to settle me to your opinion? 'I' would you had made me so happy as to let me have known your grounds! I have made a free and ingenuous confession of my faith to you, and I could have wished it had been in your hearts to have agreed that some friendly and cordial debates might have been toward mutual conviction. Was there none amongst you to move such a thing; no fitness to listen to it; no desire of a right understanding? If it be not folly in me to listen to town-talk, such things have been proposed, and rejected, with stiffness and severity, once and again. Was it not likely to have been more advantageous to the good of this nation? I will say this to you for myself;—and to that I have my conscience as a thousand witnesses, and I have my comfort and contentment in it; and I have the witness of divers here, that I think truly 'would' scorn to own me in a lie:—that I would not have been averse to any alteration, of the good of which I might have been convinced, although I could not have agreed to the taking it off the foundation on which it stands; namely, the acceptation and consent of the people. [*"Our sanction not needed, then!"*]

I will not presage what you have been about, or doing, all

[1] ["In other words, Cromwell did not in his heart believe that any Parliament was to be trusted. He may have been right, but then this meant a deadlock." Morley's *Cromwell*, p. 396.]

this time, nor do I love to make conjectures. But I must tell you this: that as I undertook this Government in the simplicity of my heart and as before God, and to do the part of an honest man, and to be true to the interest which in my conscience 'I think' is dear to many of you;—though it is not always understood what God in His wisdom may hide from us, as to peace and settlement:—so I can say that no particular interest, either of myself, estate, honour, or family, are, or have been, prevalent with me to this undertaking. For if you had, upon the old Government,[1] offered to me this one, this one thing,—I speak as thus advised, and before God, as having been to this day of this opinion; and this hath been my constant judgment, well known to many who hear me speak:—if, this one thing had been inserted, that one thing, that this Government should have been and placed in my family hereditarily, I would have rejected it;[2] and I could have done no other according to my present conscience and light. I will tell you my reason;—though I cannot tell what God will do with me, nor you, nor the nation, for throwing away precious opportunities committed to us—This hath been my principle; and I liked it, when this Government came first to be proposed to me, that it puts us off that hereditary way. Well looking that as God had declared what Government He had delivered over to the Jews, and placed it upon such persons as had been instrumental for the conduct and deliverance of His people; and considering that promise in *Isaiah*, "that God would give Rulers as at the first, and Judges as at the beginning,"[3] I did not know but that God might begin, and, though, at present with a most unworthy person, yet, as to the future, it might be after this manner; and I thought this might usher it in! [*A noble thought, your Highness!*] I am speaking as to my judgment

[1] Means 'the existing Instrument of Government' without modification of yours.

[2] The matter in debate, running very high at this juncture, in the Parliament, was with regard to the Single Person's being *hereditary*. Hence partly the Protector's emphasis here.

[3] [Isaiah i. 26.]

against making it hereditary: to have men chosen, for their love to God, and to Truth and Justice; and not to have it hereditary. For as it is in *Ecclesiastes:* "Who knoweth whether he may beget a fool or wise?"[1] Honest or not, whatever they be, 'they' must come in, upon that account; because the Government is made a patrimony. And this I do perhaps declare with too much earnestness, as being my own concernment; and know not what place it may have in your hearts, and 'in those' of the good people in the nation. But however it be, I have comfort in this my truth and plainness.

I have thus told you my thoughts; which truly I have declared to you in the fear of God, as knowing He will not be mocked; and in the strength of God, as knowing and rejoicing that I am kept in my speaking; especially when I do not form or frame things without the compass of integrity and honesty; 'so' that my own conscience gives me not the lie to what I say. And then in what I say, I can rejoice.

Now to speak a word or two to you of that I must profess in the name of the same Lord and wish that there had been no cause that I should have thus spoken to you! And though I have told you that I came with joy the first time; with some regret the second; yet[2] now I speak with most regret at all! I look upon you as having among you many persons that I could lay down my life individually for. I could, through the grace of God, desire to lay down my life for you, so far am I from having an unkind or unchristian heart towards you in your particular capacities! I have that indeed as a work most incumbent upon me; I consulted what might be my duty in such a day as this; casting up all considerations. I must confess, as I told you, that I did think occasionally, this nation had suffered extremely in the respects mentioned; as also in the disappointments of their expectations of that justice which was due to them by your sitting

[1] [Ecclesiastes ii. 19. Possibly Oliver here altered his original words. Bordeaux's report has "often the children of great men have not the fear of God before their eyes."]

[2] ["that," *pamphlet.*]

thus long. And what have you brought forth? I did not nor cannot comprehend what it is. I would be loath to call it a Fate; that were too paganish a word. But there is something in it, that we have not our expectations.

I did think also, for myself, that I am like to meet with difficulties; and that this nation will not, as it is fit it should not, be deluded with pretexts of necessity in that great business of raising of money; and were it not that I can make some dilemmas upon which to resolve some things of my conscience, judgment and actions, I should sink at the very prospect of my encounters. Some of them are general, some are more special. [*Hear the "dilemmas."*] Supposing this Cause or this business must be carried on, either it is of God or of man. If it be of man, I would I had never touched it with a finger. [*Hear!*] If I had not had a hope fixed in me that this Cause and this business is of God, I would many years ago have run from it. If it be of God, He will bear it up. [*Yea!*] If it be of man, it will tumble; as everything that hath been of man since the world began hath done. And what are all our Histories, and other traditions of actions in former times, but God manifesting Himself, that He hath shaken, and tumbled down, and trampled upon, everything that He had not planted? [*Yes, your Highness; such is, was and forever will be, the History of Man, deeply as we poor Moderns have now forgotten it: and the Bible of every Nation is its Own History; if it have, or had, any real Bible!*] And as this is, so 'let' the All-wise God deal with it. If this be of human structure and invention, and 'if' it be an old plotting and contrivance to bring things to this issue, and that they are not the births of Providence, —then they will tumble. But if the Lord take pleasure in England, and if He will do us good, He is able to bear us up! Let the difficulties be whatsoever they will, we shall in His strength be able to encounter with them. And I bless God I have been inured to difficulties; and I never found God failing when I trusted in Him. I can laugh and sing, in my heart, when I speak of these things to you or elsewhere. And though some

may think it is an hard thing without Parliamentary authority to raise money upon this nation; yet I have another argument to the good people of this nation, if they would be safe, and have no better principle: whether they prefer the having of their will though it be their destruction, rather than comply with things of necessity?[1] That will excuse me. But I should wrong my native country to suppose this, for I look at the people of these nations as the blessing of the Lord: and they are a people blessed by God. They have been so; and they will be so, by reason of that immortal seed which hath been, and is, among them: those regenerated ones in the land, of several judgments; who are all the flock of Christ, and lambs of Christ, though perhaps under many unruly passions, and troubles of spirit, whereby they give disquiet to themselves and others: yet they are not so to God as to us. He is a God of other patience, and He will own the least of truth in the hearts of His people. And the people being the blessing of God, they will not be so angry but they will prefer their safety to their passions, and their real security to forms, when necessity calls for supplies. Had they not well been acquainted with this principle, they had never seen this day of Gospel liberty.

But if any man shall object, "It is an easy thing to talk of necessities when men create necessities: would not the Lord Protector make himself great and his family great? Doth not he make these necessities? And then he will come upon the people with this argument of necessity!"—This were something hard indeed. But I have not yet known what it is to make necessities, whatsoever the judgments or thoughts of men are. And I say this, not only to this Assembly, but to the world, that man liveth not that can come to me and charge me with

[1] [One wonders if no echoes from the past years sounded in Oliver's ears as he spoke. He claimed the right to levy money without consent of Parliament; he claimed the right to control the Militia. And yet he had sat in the House and heard Eliot's burning words in support of the Petition of Right—that later *Magna Carta* which declared that no man should be taxed without consent of Parliament—and in this very speech he alludes to the struggle over the Militia which precipitated the Civil War.]

having, in these great Revolutions, made necessities. I challenge even all that fear God. And as God hath said, "My glory I will not give unto another," [1] let men take heed and be twice advised how they call His Revolutions, the things of God, and His working of things from one period to another,—how, I say, they call them necessities of men's creation! For by so doing, they do vilify and lessen the works of God, and rob Him of His glory; which He hath said He will not give unto another, nor suffer to be taken from Him! We know what God did to Herod, when he was applauded and did not acknowledge God. And God knoweth what He will do with men, when they shall call His Revolutions human designs, and so detract from His glory; when they have not been forecast, but sudden Providences in things, whereby carnal and worldly men are enraged; and under and at which, many, 'and' I fear some good 'men,' have murmured and repined, because disappointed of their mistaken fancies. But still all these things [2] have been the wise disposings of the Almighty; though instruments have had their passions and frailties. And I think it is an honour to God to acknowledge the necessities to have been of God's imposing, when truly they have been so, as indeed they have, when we take our sin in our actings to ourselves; and much more safe than 'to' judge things so contingent, as if there were not a God that ruled the Earth!

We know the Lord hath poured this nation from vessel to vessel, till He poured it into your lap, when you came first together. I am confident it came so into your hands, 'and' was not judged by you to be from counterfeited or feigned necessity, but by Divine Providence and Dispensation. And this I speak with more earnestness, because I speak for God and not for men. I would have any man to come and tell of the transactions that have been, and of those periods of time wherein God hath made these Revolutions, and find where they can fix a feigned necessity! I could recite particulars, if either my strength would serve me

[1] [Isaiah xlii. 8.] [2] ["but still they," *pamphlet.*]

to speak, or yours to hear. If that you would revolve the great Hand of God in His great Dispensations, you would find that there is scarce a man that fell off, at any period of time when God had any work to do, that can give God or His work at this day a good word.

"It was," say some, "the cunning of the Lord Protector,"—I take it to myself,—"it was the craft of such a man, and his plot, that brought it about!" And, as they say in other countries, "There are five or six cunning men in England that have skill; they do all these things." Oh, what blasphemy is this! Because men that are without God in the world, and walk not with Him, know[1] not what it is to pray or believe, and to receive returns from God, and to be spoken unto by the Spirit of God, who speaks without a written Word sometimes, yet according to it! God hath spoken heretofore in divers manners. Let Him speak as He pleaseth. Hath He not given us liberty, nay is it not our duty to go to the Law and to the Testimonies? And there we shall find that there have been impressions, in extraordinary cases, as well without the written Word as with it. And therefore there is no difference in the thing thus asserted from truths generally received,—except we will exclude the spirit; without whose concurrence all other teachings are ineffectual. [*Yea, your Highness; the true God's-Voice, Voice of the Eternal, is in the heart of every Man;—there, wherever else it be.*] He doth speak to the hearts and consciences of men; and leadeth them to His Law and Testimonies, and there He speaks to them: and so gives them double teachings. According to that of Job: "God speaketh once, yea twice;" and to that of David[2]: "God hath spoken once, yea twice have I heard this." These men that live upon their *mumpsimus* and *sumpsimus*[3] [*Bulstrode looks astonished*],

[1] ["and know," *pamphlet.*] [2] [Job xxxiii. 14; Psalm lxii. 11.]

[3] [Cromwell's allusion is to the old tale of an ignorant priest who, in reciting his breviary, always said *mumpsimus* instead of *sumpsimus*, and when corrected, declared that he would not change his old *mumpsimus* for their new *sumpsimus*. Henry VIII., referred to the same story in his speech to his last Parliament: "I see and hear daily that you of the clergy preach one against another, teach one contrary to

their Masses and Service-books, their dead and carnal worship,—no marvel if they be strangers to God, and to the works of God, and to spiritual dispensations. And because *they* say and believe thus, must we do so too? We, in this land, have been otherwise instructed; even by the word, and works, and Spirit of God.

To say that men bring forth these things when God doth them,—judge you if God will bear this? I wish that every sober heart, though he hath had temptations upon him of deserting this cause of God, yet may take heed how he provokes and falls into the hands of the living God by such blasphemies as these, according to the tenth of the *Hebrews:* "If we sin "wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the "truth, there remains no more sacrifice for sin." It was spoken to the Jews that, having professed Christ, apostatised from Him. What then? Nothing but a fearful "falling into the hands of "the Living God!"—They that shall attribute to this or that person the contrivances and production of those mighty things God hath wrought in the midst of us; and 'fancy' that they have not been the Revolutions of Christ Himself, upon whose shoulders the government is laid,—they speak against God, and they fall under His hand without a Mediator. That is, if we deny the Spirit of Jesus Christ the glory of all His works in the world; by which He rules kingdoms, and doth administer, and is the rod of His strength,[1]—we provoke the Mediator: and He may say: I will leave you to God, I will not intercede for you; let Him tear you to pieces! I will leave thee to fall into God's hands; thou deniest me my sovereignty and power committed to me; I will not intercede nor mediate for thee; thou fallest

another, inveigh one against another, without charity or discretion. Some be too stiff in their old *mumpsimus*, others be too busy and curious in their new *sumpsimus*." Hall's *Chronicle*, p 865, ed. 1809.]

[1] [*i.e.*, the sceptre of His power. Oliver is apparently thinking of the 110th Psalm: "The Lord said unto my Lord, sit thou at my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion; rule thou in the midst of thine enemies. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."]

into the hands of the Living God!—Therefore whatsoever you may judge men for, and say, "this man is cunning, and politic, "and subtle," take heed again, I say, how you judge of His Revolutions as the product of men's inventions! I may be thought to press too much upon this theme. But I pray God it may stick upon your hearts and mine. The worldly-minded man knows nothing of this, but is a stranger to it; and because of this, his atheism, and murmurings at instruments, yea repining at God Himself. And no wonder; considering the Lord hath done such things amongst us as have not been known in the world these thousand years, and yet notwithstanding is not owned by us!

There is another necessity, which you have put upon us and we have not sought,—I appeal to God, Angels and men,—if I shall raise money according to the Article of the Government which had power to call you thither; and did;—and instead of seasonable providing for the Army, you have laboured to overthrow the Government, and the Army is now upon free-quarter! And you would never so much as let me hear a tittle from you concerning it. Where is the fault? Has it not been as if you had had a purpose to put this extremity upon us and the nation? I hope this was not in your minds. I am not willing to judge so: but such is the state unto which we are reduced. By the designs of some in the Army who are now in custody, it was designed to get as many of them as [they] could,—through discontent for want of money, the Army being in a barren country, near thirty weeks behind in pay, and upon other specious pretences,—to march for England out of Scotland; and, in discontent, to seize their General there [*General Monk*], a faithful and honest man, that so another [*Colonel Overton*] might head the Army. And all this opportunity taken from your delays. Whether will this be a thing of feigned necessity? What could it signify, but that the Army are in discontent already; and we will make them live upon stones; and we will make them cast off their governors and discipline? What can be said to this?

I list not to unsaddle myself, and put the fault upon others' backs. Whether it hath been for the good of England, whilst men have been talking of this thing or the other [*Building Constitutions*], and pretending liberty and a many good words,—whether it has been as it should have been? I am confident you cannot think it has. The nation will not think so. And if the worst should be made of things, I know not what the Cornish men nor the Lincolnshire men may think, or other counties; but I believe they will all think they are not safe. A temporary suspension of caring for the greatest liberties and privileges (if it were so, which is denied) would not have been of that damage that the not providing against free-quarter hath run the nation upon. And if it be my liberty to walk abroad in the fields, or to take a journey, yet it is not my wisdom to do so when my house is on fire!

I have troubled you with a long Speech; and I believe it may not have the same resentment [1] with all that it hath with some. But because that is unknown to me, I shall leave it to God; and conclude with that: that I think myself bound,—in my duty to God and the people of these nations, to their safety and good in every respect,—I think it my duty to tell you that it is not for the profit of these nations, nor fit for the common and public good, for you to continue here any longer. And therefore I do declare unto you, That I do dissolve this Parliament.*

[1] Means 'sense excited by it.' [Or, more generally, acceptation.]

* *Old Pamphlet* [E. 826 (22)] reprinted in *Parliamentary History*, xx. 404-431. [According to Bordeaux, the ending of the speech was not so abrupt as this. The following is his report of it to Brienne: "Il leur a reproché le peu de fruit que le peuple avoit receu de leur séance, depuis cinq mois, le mépris qu'ils avoient faict de sa personne, ne luy donnant aucune part des affaires, quoy qu'il en feust mieux informé qu'eux. Il s'est aussy plaint de ce que, au lieu de suivre le chemin qu'il leur avoit tracé dès le commencement, la plupart d'entre eux en avoient pris d'autre escarté, et n'avoient travaillé qu'à la division: mesme que soubz leur ombre il s'estoit formés de nouvelles conspirations dans toutes les provinces d'Angleterre, contre le gouvernement et sa propre personne: que la pluspart d'entre eux, Presbytériens, n'avoient aucunement considéré les intérestz des Indépendans et consciences tendres qui ont rendu de si grands services à la Republique, pendant

So ends the first Protectorate Parliament; suddenly, very unsuccessfully. A most poor hidebound Pedant Parliament; which reckoned itself careful of the Liberties of England; and was careful only of the Sheepskin Formulas of these; very blind to the Realities of these! Regardless of the facts and clamorous necessities of the Present, this Parliament considered that its one duty was to tie up the hands of the Lord Protector well; to give him no supplies, no power; to make him and keep him the bound vassal and errand-man of this and succeeding Parliaments. This once well done, they thought all was done:—Oliver thought far otherwise. Their painful new-modelling and rebuilding of the Instrument of Government, with an eye to this sublime object, was pointing towards completion, little now but the key-stones to be let in:—when Oliver suddenly withdrew the centres! Constitutional arch and ashlar-stones, scaffolding, workmen, mortar-troughs and scaffold-poles sink in swift confusion; and

ces derniers temps, et que la solde de la milice avoit esté retranchée à dessein, seulement de faire naistre une confusion et désordre dans l'Estat en nécessitant les soldatz à prendre des quartiers, faute de payer. Il s'est aussy défendu d'avoir jamais eu pensée d'establir la succession dans sa famille, protestant que quand le Parlement l'auroit résolu, qu'il n'y eust jamais donné les mains, sçachant que souvent les enfans des plus grandz personnages n'ont pas la crainte de Dieu devant les yeux. Et enfin, après s'estre emporté aux larmes, comme pour la cause de Dieu contre les Léveleurs, de la faction desquels sont tous les officiers de l'armée qui disapprouvent son gouvernement, avoir tesmoigné que son plus grand regret estoit de se voir obligé à faire des levées sur le peuple sans la consentement du Parlement et s'en estre aussy tost consolé par l'espérance que les gens de bien l'approuveroient, protestant néantmoins que quand ils y trouveroient à redire son dessein estoit de les sauver malgré eux: il a declaré aux dicts députéz que le Parlement estoit résolu, la séance ne devant estre que de cinq mois, suivant la style d'Angleterre, qui les faict de quatre semaines chacun: que si quelqu'un des membres avoit des raisons à dire contre le gouvernement estably, il estoit prest à le convaincre.

"Mais tous se sont retirez sans répliquer, et quoy que par ceste action, le peuple se voye soubz un gouvernement extraordinaire, néantmoins il ne paroist aucune esmotion; ce qui n'est pas étrange, partie de l'armée estant entrée dans Londres soubz la pretexte de la conspiration découverte.

Mais beaucoup s'étonnent de la rupture du Parlement et de ce que le P. n'a pas préferé une puissance rendu légitime par son approbation à celle qu'il exercera désormais contre les loix, et le consentement du peuple, qui ne peut voir qu'avec regrét ses privileges et sa liberté renversé. La puissance de l'armée estouffera présentement son ressentiment, et sans doubte pour l'adoucir, ce Régime taschera de luy procurer d'autres avantages par l'establissement de la Paix avec les voisins."

On the same day he wrote to Mazarin:—

"Il n'est pas si facile de pénétrer dans les motifs de ceste dissolution, le Parlement n'ayant point plus limité sa puissance que l'acte de l'armée. Quelques uns croyent que l'article qui déclare le gouvernement electif le choquoit; et d'autres que la derniere déliberation de ce corp qui avoit ordonné que son acte seroit grossoyé devant que de lui estre présenté estoit plus injurieuse, en ce qu'elle establissoit une independence dans le Parlement de son authorité." *Record Office Transcripts.*]

disappear, regretted or remembered by no person,—not by this Editor for one.[1]

By the arithmetical account of heads in England, the Lord Protector may surmise that he has lost his Enterprise. But by the real divine and human worth of thinking-souls in England, he still believes that he has it; by this, and by a higher mission too;—and "will take a little pleasure to lose his life" before he loses it! He is not here altogether, to count heads, or to count costs, this Lord Protector; he is in the breach of battle; placed there, as he understands, by his Great Commander: whatsoever his difficulties be, he must fight them, cannot quit them; must fight there till he die. This is the law of his position, in the eye of God, and also of men. There is no return for him out of this Protectorship he has got into! Called to this post as I have been, placed in it as I am, "To quit it, is what I will be willing to be rolled into my grave, and buried with infamy, before I will consent unto!"—

[1] [This is what the "Sea King" (as Carlyle calls him), Blake, had to say on the subject. "You inform me of the dissolution of the Parliament, with the grounds and consequents of it. I was not much surprised with the intelligence; the slow proceedings and awkward motions of that assembly giving great cause to suspect it would come to some such period; and I cannot but exceedingly wonder that there should yet remain so strong a spirit of prejudice and animosity in the minds of men who profess themselves most affectionate patriots as to postpose (*sic*) the necessary ways and means for preservation of the commonwealth, especially in such a time of concurrence of the mischievous plots and designs, both of old and new enemies, tending all to the destruction of the same." Blake to Thurloe, March 14, 1654-5. (Thurloe, iii. 232.).]

PART IX

THE MAJOR-GENERALS

1655-1656

CHRONOLOGICAL

The Plots and perils to the Commonwealth which my Lord Protector spoke of to his honourable Members, were not an imagination, but a very tragic reality. Under the shadow of this Constitutioning Parliament strange things had been ripening: without some other eye than the Parliament's, Constitution and Commonwealth in general had been, by this time, in a bad way! A universal rising of Royalists combined with Anabaptists is in a real state of progress. Dim meetings there have been of Royalist Gentlemen, on nocturnal moors, in this quarter and in that, 'with cart-loads of arms,'—terrified at their own jingle, and rapidly dispersing again till the grand hour come. Anabaptist Levellers have had dim meetings, dim communications; will prefer Charles Stuart himself to the traitor Oliver, who has dared to attempt actual 'governing' of men. Charles Stuart has come down to Middleburg, on the Dutch coast, to be in readiness; 'Hyde is cock-sure.'[1] From the dreary old *Thurloes*, and rubbish-continents, of Spy Letters, Intercepted Letters, Letters of Intelligence; where, scattered at huge intervals, the History of England for those years still lies entombed, it is manifest enough what a winter and spring this was in England. A Protector left without supplies, obliged to cut his Parliament adrift, and front the matter alone; England, from end to end of it, ripe for an

[1] Manning's Letter, in Thurloe, iii. 384.

explosion; for a universal blazing-up of all the heterogeneous combustibilities it had; the Sacred Majesty waiting at Middleburg, and Hyde cock-sure![1]

Nevertheless it came all to nothing;—there being a Protector in it. The Protector, in defect of Parliaments, issued his own Ordinance, the best he could, for payment of old rates and taxes;[2] which as the necessity was evident, and the sum fixed upon was low, rather lower than had been expected, the Country quietly complied with. Indispensable supply was obtained: and as for the Plots, the Protector had long had his eye on them, had long had his nooses around them;—the Protector strangled them everywhere at the moment suitablest for him, and lodged the ringleaders of them in the Tower. Let us, as usual, try to extricate a few small elucidative facts from the hideous old Pamphletary Imbroglio, where facts and figments, ten thousand facts of no importance to one fact of some, lie mingled, like the living with the dead, in noisome darkness all of them: once extricated, they may assist the reader's fancy a little. Of Oliver's own in reference to this period, too characteristic a period to be omitted, there is little or nothing left us: a few detached Letters, hardly two of them very significant of Oliver; which cannot avail us much, but shall be inserted at their due places.[3]

[1] [In an article which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* of April 1886, Mr. [now Sir] Reginald Palgrave contended that the insurrection of March 1655 was a bogus one, got up by Cromwell to serve his own ends. For the arguments against this theory, see Mr. Firth's articles in the *English Historical Review* for 1888 (p. 323) and 1889 (pp. 313, 525).]

[2] [A news-letter by Downing dated Feb. 13, 1654-5, says, "Sithence my last, the enclosed order and declaration for the next three months assessment was published. His Highness, by not making it an ordinance, hath modestly denied to assume the legislature of the nation, though satisfied by many able judges and lawyers he may legally do it." *Clarke Papers*, iii. 22.]

[3] [For a letter to Ireland, dated January 24 see Supplement, No. 99. There is a short utterance of Cromwell's just at this time, preserved amongst the *Clarke MSS.* On Wednesday, February 8, "The members that served in the late Parliament for Scotland, came to take their leaves of his Highness, and laying down the heavy grievance of that nation by reason of a very numerous army, his Highness told them that the reason thereof was because the ministry did preach up the interest of Charles Stuart and did much inveigh against the present authority, so that there was a necessity of their continuance, but if they could propose any expedient with a salvo to the security of that nation, he was willing to answer their desires therein. Whereupon the said members are now considering of an expedient." *Clarke Papers*, vol. iii. p. 22.

There are also a few other brief notices of the Protector:—

"Westminster, February 13. By this time the last design of the Cavaliers was come to a ripeness, for yesterday they intended to have taken away the life of his Highness, this day to rise in all the western parts, to-morrow in all the northern parts of the nation. Hereupon his Highness dispersed all officers in

February 12th, 1654-5. News came this afternoon that Major John Wildman, chief of the *frantic* Anabaptist Party, upon whom the Authorities have had their eye of late, has been seized at Exton, near Marlborough, in Wilts; 'by a party of Major Butler's horse.' In his furnished lodging; 'in a room up stairs;' his door stood open: stepping softly up, the troopers found him leaning on his elbow, dictating to his clerk 'A Declaration of the free 'and well-affected People of England now in Arms' (or shortly to be in Arms) 'against the Tyrant Oliver Cromwell':[1] a forcible piece, which still can be read, but only as a fragment, the zealous Major never having had occasion to finish it. They carried him to Chepstow Castle; locked him up there: and the free and well-affected People of England never got to Arms against the Tyrant, but were only in hopes of getting. Wildman was in the last Parliament; but could not sign the Recognition; went away in virtuous indignation, to act against the Tyrant by stratagem henceforth. He has been the centre of an extensive world of Plots this winter, as his wont from of old was: the mainspring of Royalist Anabaptistry, what we call the *frantic* form of Republicanism, which hopes to attain its object by assisting even Charles Stuart against the Tyrant Oliver. A stirring man; very flamy and very fuliginous: perhaps, since Freeborn John was sealed up in Jersey, the noisiest man in England. The turning of the key on him in Chepstow will be a deliverance to us henceforth.

We take his capture as the termination of the Anabaptist-Royalist department of the Insurrection. Thurloe has now got all the threads of this Wildman business in his hand: the ring-

town to their commands abroad, called in hither the forces that came lately out of Ireland, tripled the guards and scoured the city and four miles round with horse, and secured the last night most of the horse in the city and suburbs, until their owners give a good account of themselves. . . . This day his Highness made a large and satisfactory speech to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and many of the Common Council, of the real ground of this new intended war, and afterwards read Charles Stuart's letter and many material depositions for proving thereof, as also Major Wildman's draft of a declaration (shewing the grounds of the same) when he was taken Saturday last." See also Whitlocke's *Memorials*, ed. 1732, p. 18.

"February 24. His Highness and several of his Council went Thursday last to Hampton Court to celebrate the nuptials of one of his nieces [Robina Sewster] married to Judge Lockhart of Scotland."

"March 31. Yesternight Mr. Oates [army plotter] was with his Highness, who gave him only a sharp reproof for his folly upon promise of his faithful deportment for the future." *Clarke Papers* vol. iii. p. 22, 23, 31.]

[1] Whitlocke, p. 599; *Cromwelliana*, p. 151.

leaders are laid in prison, Harrison, Lord Grey of Groby and various others; kept there out of harm's way; dealt with in a rigorous, yet gentle, and what we must call great and manful manner. It is remarked of Oliver that none of this Party was ever brought to trial: his hope and wish was always that they might yet be reconciled to him. Colonel Sexby, once Captain Sexby, Trooper Sexby, our old acquaintance, one of Wildman's people,—has escaped on this occasion: better for himself had he been captured now, and saved from still madder courses he got into.[1]

Sunday, March 11th, 1654-5, in the City of Salisbury, about midnight, there occurs a thing worth noting. What may be called the general outcome of the Royalist department of the Insurrection. This too over England generally has, in all quarters where it showed itself, found some 'Major Butler' with due 'troops of horse' to seize it, to trample it out, and lay the ring-leaders under lock and key. Hardly anywhere could it get the length of fighting: too happy if it could but gallop and hide. In Yorkshire, there was some appearance, and a few shots fired; but to no effect: poor Sir Henry Slingsby, and a Lord Malevrier,[2] and others were laid hold of here; of whom the Lord escaped by stratagem; and poor Sir Henry lies prisoner in Hull,—where it will well behove him to keep quiet if he can! But on the Sunday night above mentioned, peaceful Salisbury is awakened from its slumbers by a real advent of Cavaliers. Sir Joseph Wagstaff, 'a jolly knight' of those parts, once a Royalist Colonel; he with Squire or Colonel Penruddock, 'a gentleman of fair fortune,' Squire or Major Grove, also of some fortune,[3] and about Two-hundred others, did actually rendezvous in arms about the big Steeple, that Sunday night, and ring a loud alarm in those parts.

It was Assize-time; the Judges had arrived the day before.[4] Wagstaff seizes the Judges in their beds, seizes the High Sheriff, and otherwise makes night hideous;—proposes on the morrow to

[1] [For the Protector's letters and instructions to Cols. Crowne, Desborow, Philip Jones and Berry, see Supplement, No. 100 (1-4).]

[2] [This was Sir Richard Mauleverer.]

[3] [Grove probably had but little fortune. He compounded with the Wiltshire committee, but only for his personalty, having no real estate. Col. Penruddock and his father, Sir John, had compounded also; the son's fine being fixed at 1000*l.* and the father's at 890*l.*; afterwards reduced to 750*l.* and 490*l.* respectively. The father obtained better terms as being included in the articles of Oxford. (See *Cal. of Committee for Compounding*, pp. 77, 1054.).]

[4] [The judges were Chief Justice Rolle and Baron Nicholas. The High Sheriff was John Dove.]

hang the Judges, as a useful warning, which Mr. Hyde thinks it would have been; but is overruled by Penruddock and the rest. He orders the High Sheriff to proclaim King Charles; High Sheriff will not, not though you hang him; Town-crier will not, not even he though you hang him. The Insurrection does not speed in Salisbury, it would seem. The Insurrection quits Salisbury on Monday night, hearing that troopers are on foot; marches with all speed towards Cornwall, hoping for better luck there. Marches;—but Captain Unton Crook,[1] whom we once saw before, marches also in the rear of it; marches swiftly, fiercely; overtakes it at South Molton in Devonshire 'on Wednesday about ten at night,' and there in few minutes puts an end to it. 'They fired out of windows on us,' but could make nothing out of it. We took Penruddock, Grove, and long lists of others:[2] Wagstaff unluckily escaped.[3] The unfortunate men were tried, at Exeter, by a regular assize and jury;[4] were found guilty, some of High Treason, some of 'Horse-stealing:' Penruddock and Grove, stanch Royalists both and gallant men, were beheaded; several were hanged; a great many 'sent to Barbadoes;'—and this Royalist conflagration too, which should have blazed all over England, is entirely damped out, having amounted to smoke merely, whereby many eyes are bleared! Indeed so prompt and complete is the extinction, thankless people begin to say there had never been anything considerable to extinguish. Had they stood in the middle of it,—had they seen the nocturnal rendezvous at Marston Moor, seen what Shrewsbury, what Rufford Abbey, what North Wales in general, would have grown to on the morrow,—in that case, thinks the Lord Protector not without some indignation, they had known![5] Wagstaff has escaped, and Wilmot Earl of Rochester so-called; right glad to be beyond seas

[1] [Of Berry's regiment. He was at Exeter, with his troop.]

[2] [Thurloe gives a list of the prisoners taken (iii. 306). See also Hatsel's letter from Exeter, *Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1655, p. 99.]

[3] Crook's Letter, 'South Molton, 15th March 1654, two or three in the morning' (*King's Pamphlets*, small 4to, No. 637, § 15) [E. 830]. *State Trials*, v. 767 *et seqq.*; Whitlocke, p. 601; Thurloe, iii. 365, 384, 391, 445; *Cromwelliana*, pp. 152-3.—Official Letters in reference to this Plot, Appendix, No. 28 (4).

[4] [It was however not very easy to get together juries that could be trusted to convict the prisoners. "I resolve," wrote Sheriff Dove to Thurloe, "that not one man shall be returned in the one or other juries but such as may be confided in, and of the honest, well-affected party to his Highness and the present government, if there be but enough to be found of them throughout the whole county, which I hope there is." (Thurloe, iii. 318.).]

[5] *Postea*, Speech V.

again ; and will look twice at an Insurrection before they embark in it in time coming.

A terrible Protector this ; no getting of him overset ! He has the ringleaders all in his hand, in prison or still at large ;—as they love their estates and their life, let them be quiet. He can take your estate :—is there not proof enough to take your head, if he pleases ? He dislikes shedding blood ; but is very apt 'to *barbadoes*' an unruly man,—has sent and sends us by hundreds to Barbadoes, so that we have made an active verb of it : 'Barbadoes you.'[1] Safest to let this Protector alone ! Charles Stuart withdraws from Middleburg into the interior obscurities ; and Mr. Hyde will not be so cock-sure another time. Mr. Hyde, much pondering how his secret could have been let out, finds that it is an underling of his, one Mr. Manning, a gentleman by birth, 'fond of fine clothes,' and in very straitened circumstances at present, who has been playing the traitor. Indisputably a traitor : wherefore the King in Council has him doomed to death ; has him shot, in winter following, 'in the Duke of Neuburg's territory.'[2] Diligent Thurloe finds others to take his place.[3]

[1] Intercepted Letters, Thurloe, iii. [The shipping of prisoners to Barbados was not a device of the Commonwealth alone. Mr. Firth remarks that it was "a method of treating criminals much in favour during the seventeenth century. Condemned felons and vagrants were from the time of James I. frequently sent to serve for a fixed space of time in the American or West Indian Colonies. . . . Succeeding governments adopted the same expedient. After the suppression of the rising in Scotland in 1666 a number of the rebels were sentenced to transportation ; 841 persons who had taken part in Monmouth's insurrection and 638 of the Jacobite prisoners of 1715 were similarly punished (*Eng. Hist. Review*, 1889, p. 335). Their lot in many cases was a very hard one, for the fact that they were bound only for a certain time, made their masters work them harder than if they had been slaves. But apparently, if they had money to do so, they could redeem themselves upon landing in the island. In June 1655, Governor Searle wrote thanking the Protector for orders sent in response to his complaint that hitherto, "notorious delinquents and offenders . . . have gone off this place and returned back into their own countries" without his being able to stop them ; for some were able, by payment (to those who had "farmed" them), to free themselves entirely from their term of service, whilst others, having served their time, had now freedom to stay or depart "by the laws and customs of the place." The Protector had now, it appears from Searle's letter, sent orders by which dangerous persons were to be prevented from leaving the island.]

[2] Clarendon, iii. 752 ; Whitlocke, p. 618 (Dec. 1655) ; Ludlow, ii. 608.

[3] [Mr. Firth mentions three sources of intelligence possessed by Cromwell ; spies, his own officials, and the statements of prisoners. Intercepted letters are, no doubt, included in the second of these.—Manning's own correspondence with Thurloe did not begin until March 1655. A long letter from him, giving the names of the principal royalists engaged in the rising, is printed in Thurloe (vol. iii. p. 338). See also the series of letters amongst the State Papers calendared in the volume for 1655.]

May 28th, 1655.[1] Desborow, who commands the Regular Troops in that insurrectionary Southwest region, is, by Commission bearing date this day, appointed *Major-General* of the Militia-forces likewise, and of all manner of civic and military forces at the disposal of the Commonwealth in those parts. Major-General over six counties specified in this Document; with power somewhat enlarged, and not easy to specify,—power in fact to look after the peace of the Commonwealth there, and do what the Council of State shall order him.[2] He coerces Royalists; questions, commits to custody suspected persons; keeps down disturbance by such methods as, on the spot, he finds wisest. A scheme found to answer well. The beginning of a universal Scheme of MAJOR-GENERALS, which develops itself into full maturity in the autumn of this year; the Lord Protector and his Council of State having well considered it in the interim, and found it the feasiblest; if not *good*, yet best.

By this Scheme, which we may as well describe here as afterwards, All England is divided into Districts;[3] Ten Districts, a Major-General for each; let him be a man most carefully chosen, a man of real wisdom, valour and veracity, a man fearing God and hating covetousness; for his powers are great. He looks after the Good of the Commonwealth, spiritual and temporal, as he finds wisest. Ejects, or aids in ejecting, scandalous ministers; summons disaffected, suspected persons before him; demands an account of them; sends them to prison, failing an account that satisfies him;[4]—and there is no appeal except to the Protector in Council. His force is the Militia of his Counties; horse and foot,[5] levied and kept in readiness for the occasion; especially troops of horse. Involving, of course, new expense;—which we decide that the Plotting Royalists, who occasion it, shall pay. On all Royalist disaffected Persons the Major-General therefore, as

[1] [Before this, come several letters in the Supplement, Nos. 101-105.]

[2] Thurloe, iii. 486.

[3] [Ten in the original list, named on August 9; but an eleventh was subsequently added to it.]

[4] [On June 27, Berry sends an account from Lincoln of what he has done. If it falls short of what his Highness expects, he can only say that the counties are large and his helpers very few. But "the hearts of the enemy are fallen, and a word commands them, and all would be well here, had we a few honest men to bear rule and lead the people. Our ministers are bad, our magistrates idle and the people all asleep, only these present actings have a little wakened (them)." Thurloe, iii. 590.]

[5] [They were all horse, except 200 foot at Norwich. See *S. P. Dom.*, *Interregnum*, I. 76, p. 613.]

his first duty, is to lay an *Income-tax of Ten per-cent.*; let them pay it quietly, or it may be worse for them. They pay it very quietly.[1] Strange as it may seem, the Country submits very quietly to this arrangement;—the Major-Generals being men carefully chosen. "It is an arbitrary Government!" murmur many. Yes; arbitrary, but beneficial. These are powers unknown to the English Constitution, I believe; but they are very necessary for the Puritan English Nation at this time. With men of real wisdom, who do fear God and hate covetousness, when you can find such men, you may to some purpose entrust considerable powers![2]

It is in this way that Oliver Protector coerces the unruly elements of England; says to them: "Peace, ye! With the aid of Parliament and venerable Parchment, if so may be; without it, if so may not be,—I, called hither by a very good Authority, will hold you down. Quiet shall you, for your part, keep yourselves; or be 'barbadoesed,' and worse. Mark it; not while I live shall you have dominion, you nor the Master of you!"—Cock-matches, Horse-races and other loose assemblages are, for limited times, forbidden; over England generally, or in Districts where it may be thought somewhat is a-brewing. Without cock-fighting we can do; but not without Peace, and the absence of Charles Stuart and his Copartneries. It is a Government of some arbitrariness.

And yet singular, observes my learned friend, how popular it seems to grow. These considerable infringements of the constitutional fabric, prohibition of cockfights, amercings of Royalists, taxing without consent in Parliament, seem not to awaken the indignation of England; rather almost the gratitude and confidence of England. Next year, we have 'Letters of great appear-'ances of the Country at the Assizes; and how the Gentlemen

[1] [Not so very quietly; witness the number of petitions and appeals against it amongst the papers of the Committee for Compounding. In fact it probably greatly increased the feeling of insecurity on the part of the Royalist gentry and made them more eager for a change. On their voluntary composition, they had been promised freedom for the future. Now—and this seemed to them especially hard—the "particulars of estates" given in by themselves, were used as the basis of this new assessment. Naturally, the decimation tax was popular with the other side. "The business of taxing the cavalier party is of wonderful acceptation to all the Parliament party," as Thurloe wrote to Henry Cromwell. (Thurloe, iv. 321.).]

[2] [For an account of the Major-Generals, see Mr. Rannie's article in the *Eng. Hist. Review*, 1895 (p. 471). Also Gardiner's *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 172 *et seq.*]

'of the greatest quality served on Grand Juries; which is fit to 'be observed.'[1]

We mention, but cannot dwell upon it, another trait belonging to those Spring Months of 1655: the quarrel my Lord Protector had in regard to his Ordinance for the Reform of Chancery. Ordinance passed merely by the Protector in Council; never confirmed by any Parliament; which nevertheless he insists upon having obeyed. How our learned Bulstrode, learned Widdrington, two of the Keepers of the Great Seal, durst not obey; and Lisle the other Keeper durst;—and Old-Speaker Lenthall, Master of the Rolls, "would be hanged at the Rolls Gate before he would obey." What profound consults there were among us; buzz in the Profession, in the Public generally. And then how Oliver Protector, with delicate patient bridle-hand and yet with resolute spur, made us all obey, or else go out of that,—which latter step Bulstrode and Widdrington, with a sublime conscientious feeling, preferred to take, the big heart saying to itself, "I have lost a thousand pounds a-year!" And Lenthall, for all his bragging, was not hanged at the Rolls Gate; but kept his skin whole, and his salary whole, and did as he was bidden. The buzz in the Profession, notwithstanding much abatement of fees, had to compose itself again.[2]—Bulstrode adds, some two months hence, 'The Protector being good-natured, and sensible of his harsh proceeding against Whitlocke and Widdrington,' made them Commissioners of the Treasury, which was a kind of compensation. There, with Montague and Sydenham, they had a moderately good time of it; but saw, not without a sigh, the Great Seal remain with Lisle who durst obey, and for colleague to him a certain well-known Nathaniel Fiennes, a shrewd man, Lord Say and Sele's son,—who knew nothing of that business, says Bulstrode, nay Lisle himself knew nothing of it till he learned it from *us*.[3] Console thyself, big heart. How seldom is sublime virtue rewarded in this world!

June 3d, 1655. This day come sad news out of Piedmont;[4]

[1] Whitlocke, p. 624 (April 1656).

[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 602-8. [3] *Ibid.*, p. 608.

[4] [Carlyle forgets that Bordeaux dated New Style, and that June 3 would be May 24 English style; but as the commissioners mentioned the matter to the French ambassador on May 16, the first news must have reached England before that day. Dr. Gardiner believes that it arrived not later than May 12th. The Piedmont business was bad enough, but not quite so bad as represented here, for the Protestants had pushed down from the mountain valleys to which alone their toleration applied; had settled in Lucerna and other towns, and in 1650 had, Dr. Gardiner says, "no

confirmation of bad rumours there had been, which deeply affects all pious English hearts, and the Protector's most of all. It appears the Duke of Savoy had, not long since, decided on having certain poor Protestant subjects of his converted at last to the Catholic Religion. Poor Protestant people, who dwell in the obscure Valleys 'of Lucerna, of Perosa and St Martin,' among the feeders of the Po, in the Savoy Alps: they are thought to be descendents of the old Waldenses; a pious inoffensive people; dear to the hearts and imaginations of all Protestant men. These, it would appear, the Duke of Savoy, in the past year, undertook to himself to get converted; for which object he sent friars to preach among them. The friars could convert nobody; one of the friars, on the contrary, was found assassinated,—signal to the rest that they had better take themselves away. The Duke thereupon sent other missionaries: six regiments of Catholic soldiers; and an order to the People of the Valleys either to be converted straightway, or quit the country at once. They could not be converted all at once: neither could they quit the country well: the month was December; among the Alps; and it was their home for immemorial years! Six regiments, however, say they must; six Catholic regiments;—and three of them are Irish, made of the banished *Kurisees* we knew long since; whose humour, on such an occasion, we can guess at! It is admitted they behaved 'with little ceremony;' it is not to be denied they behaved with much bluster and violence: ferocities, atrocities, to the conceivable amount, still stand in authentic black-on-white against them. The Protestants of the Valleys were violently driven out of house and home, not without slaughters and tortures by the road;—had to seek shelter in French Dauphiné or where they could; and, in mute or spoken supplication, appeal to all generous hearts of men. The saddest confirmation of the actual banishment, the actual violences done, arrives at Whitehall this day, 3d June 1655.[1]

Pity is perennial: "Ye have *compassion* on one another,"—is it

less than eleven temples—as their places of worship were styled—in places where they were forbidden even to take up their abode." When the Duke, or rather his mother, the Duchess Christina, determined to enforce the law, and ordered the reformed families back to their hill valleys, the Protestants made sufficient show of resistance to give the Duchess an excuse for sending troops against them, and then the massacre began. For an account of it, see *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 406 *et seq.*]

[1] Letter of the French Ambassador (in Thurloe, iii. 470).

not notable, beautiful? In our days too, there are Polish Balls and such like: but the pity of the Lord Protector and Puritan England for these poor Protestants among the Alps is not to be measured by ours. The Lord Protector is melted into tears, and roused into sacred fire. This day the French Treaty, not unimportant to him, was to be signed:[1] this day he refuses to sign it till the King and Cardinal undertake to assist him in getting right done in those poor Valleys.[2] He sends the poor exiles 2,000*l.* from his own purse; appoints a Day of Humiliation and a general Collection over England for that object;—has, in short, decided that he will bring help to these poor men; that England and he will see them helped and righted. How Envoys were sent; how blind Milton wrote Letters to all Protestant States, calling on them for coöperation; how the French Cardinal was shy to meddle, and yet had to meddle, and compel the Duke of Savoy, much astonished at the business, to do justice and *not* what he liked with his own: all this, recorded in the unreadablest stagnant deluges of old Official Correspondence,[3] is very certain, and ought to be fished therefrom and made more apparent.

In all which, as we can well believe, it was felt that the Lord Protector had been the Captain of England, and had truly expressed the heart and done the will of England;—in this, as in some other things. Milton's Sonnet and Six Latin Letters are still readable; the Protector's Act otherwise remains mute hitherto. Small damage to the Protector, if no other suffer thereby! Let it stand here as a symbol to us of his Foreign Policy in general; which had this one object, testified in all

[1] [That is, May 24 old style. All that Thurloe told Bordeaux was that the Protector "had resolved first, before he would sign, to send an express to the King" of France on behalf of the Vaudois, knowing the influence he had over the Duke of Savoy. Sam. Morland was sent to King Louis, who promised to intercede, but would not threaten, and indeed the Protector asked no more, "for," as Dr. Gardiner remarks, "the doctrine that each prince was responsible to no external power for his treatment of religious questions arising in his own dominions . . . was even accepted by Oliver himself, who would not have hesitated to give a sharp answer to any foreign ambassador who ventured to question his right to deal at his own pleasure with the Irish Catholics." The Duchess defended her conduct, and at first declined to concede anything. "Her position was simply that the Vaudois, by refusing to obey legal orders to depart from the places in which the edicts had forbidden them to settle, had committed an act of rebellion which had been legitimately punished." But she afterwards yielded, and an amnesty was proclaimed. See *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 418.]

[2] Thurloe, *ubi supra.*

[3] *Ibid.* (much of vol. iii.); Vaughan's *Protectorate*, etc.

manner of negotiations and endeavours, noticed by us and not noticed, To make England Queen of the Protestant world; her, if there were no worthier Queen. To unite the Protestant world of struggling Light against the Papist world of potent Darkness. To stand upon God's Gospel, as the actual intrinsic Fact of this Practical Earth; and defy all potency of Devil's Gospels on the strength of that. Wherein, again Puritan England felt gradually that this Oliver *was* her Captain; and in heart could not but say, Long life to him; as we do now.

Let us note one other small private trait of Oliver in these months; and then hasten to the few Letters we have. Dull Bulstrode has jotted down: 'The Protector feasted the Commissioners for Approbation of Ministers.'[1] Means the Commission of Triers;[2] whom he has to dinner with him in Whitehall. Old Sir Francis, Dr. Owen and the rest. 'He sat at table with them; and was cheerful and familiar in their company:' Hope you are getting on, my friends: how this is, and how that is? 'By such kind of little caresses,' adds Bulstrode, 'he gained much upon many persons.' Me, as a piece of nearly matchless law-learning and general wisdom, I doubt he never sufficiently respected; though he knew my fat qualities too, and was willing to use and recognise them!—

LETTERS CXCVIII.—CCIII

Six Letters of somewhat miscellaneous character;[3] which we must take in mass, and with no word of Commentary that can be spared. Straggling accidental lightbeams, accidentally preserved to us, and still transiently illuminating this feature or that of the Protector and his business,—let them be welcome in the darkness for what they are.

LETTER CXCVIII

Besides the great Sea-Armament that sailed from Portsmouth last December, and went Westward, with sealed orders, which

[1] Whitlocke, April 1655. [2] *Antea*, p. 324.
[3] [For two other short letters written about this time, see Supplement, Nos. 106, 107.]

men begin to guess were for the Spanish West Indies,—the Protector had another Fleet fitted out under Blake, already famous as a Sea-General; which has been in the Mediterranean, during these late months;[1] exacting reparation for damages, old or recent, done to the English Nation or to individuals of it, by the Duke of Florence or by others; keeping an eye on Spain too, and its Plate Fleets, apparently with still ulterior objects.

The Duke of Florence has handsomely done justice;[2] the Dey of Tunis was not so well advised, and has repented of it. There are Letters, dated March last[3] though they do not come till June: 'Letters that General Blake demanding at Tunis reparation for 'the losses of the English from Turkish Pirates, the Dey answered 'him with scorn, and bade him behold his Castles.' Blake did behold them; 'sailed into the Harbour within musket-shot of them; 'and though the shore was planted with great guns, he set upon 'the Turkish ships, fired nine of them,' and brought the Dey to reason, we apprehend.[4]

To General Blake, 'at Sea'

Whitehall, 13th June 1655.

SIR,

I have received yours of the 25th of March,[5] which gives an account of the late transactions between yourself

[1] [The fleet had gone out in the autumn of 1654, and in the spring of this present year Blake had succeeded in freeing many Christian slaves at Algiers. A copy of the Protector's Instructions to him in relation to this matter was made by Nicholas after the Restoration and is amongst the Algiers State Papers. The date is given as July 1656, but this is manifestly incorrect, and should no doubt be 1654. Another copy, apparently taken from this one, and with the same mistake of date, is to be found in one of the Charles II. entry books (No. 4, p. 17).]

[2] [Carlyle gives this probably on Ludlow's authority, but Prof. Laughton says that the assertion is "entirely unsupported by exact evidence, and is virtually contradicted by Blake's silence in his extant letters from Leghorn." (*Dictionary of National Biography*, art. "Robert Blake.") See also *Eng. Hist. Review*, 1899, p. 109.]

[3] [But see note 5, below.]

[4] Whitlocke, p. 608 (8th June 1655).

[5] [This date is puzzling. On March 14, Blake sent a despatch to Thurloe, in which he states that they dare not at present attack the fleet at Tunis (partly because they are short of supplies), and so have withdrawn, but intend to return as soon as possible and put an end to the business. On April 18-28 he wrote again, speaking of the letter of March 14, as his last (there having been no opportunity of sending to England since), and giving an account of the firing of the ships. The attack was resolved upon on April 3, and carried out on April 4. It is to this latter despatch that Cromwell must refer. Both are printed in Thurloe (vol. iii. pp. 232, 390).]

and the Governors of Tunis, concerning the losses which the English have sustained by the piracies of that place; and 'of' the success it hath pleased God to give in the attempt you made upon their shipping, after their positive refusal to give you satisfaction upon your just demands. And as we have great cause to acknowledge the good hand of God towards us in this action, who, in all the circumstances thereof (as they have been represented by you), was pleased to appear very signally with you; so I think myself obliged to take notice of your courage and good conduct therein, and do esteem that you have done therein a very considerable service to this Commonwealth.

I hope you have received the former despatches which were sent unto you by the way of Legorne, for your coming into Cadiz Bay with the fleet, as also those which were sent by a ketch immediately from hence; whereby you had also notice of three-months provisions then preparing to be sent, and 'which' have since been sent away, under the convoy of the frigates the *Centurion* and *Dragon;*[1] and 'I' hope they are safely arrived with you, they sailing from hence about the 28th of April.

With this comes further Instructions concerning your disposing of the Fleet for the future, whereunto we do refer you. Besides which, we, having taken into consideration the present design we have in the West Indies, have judged it necessary, That not only the King of Spain's fleets coming from thence be intercepted (which as well your former Instructions as those now sent unto you authorise and require you to do), but that we endeavour also, as much as in us lies, to hinder him from sending any relief or assistance thither. You are therefore, during your abode with the Fleet in those seas, to inform yourself, by the best means you can, concerning the going of the King of Spain's fleet for the West Indies; and shall, according to such information as you can gain, use your best endeavours to intercept at sea, and fight with and take them, or otherwise to fire and sink them; as also

[1] [See *Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1655, pp. 55, 76, 462.]

any other of his ships which you shall understand to be bound for the West Indies with provisions of war, for the aid and assistance of his subjects there; carrying yourself towards other of his ships and people as you are directed by your general Instructions.

'I rest,

'Your loving friend,

'OLIVER P.' *

The Sea-Armament *was* for the West Indies, then: good news of it were welcome!

Here is a short Letter of Blake's to the Protector, dated just the day before; in cipher;—which the reader, having never perhaps seen another Letter of Blake's, will not be displeased with. Unimportant; but bringing the old Seas, with their Puritan Sea-kings, with their 'Plate Fleets,' and vanished populations and traffics, bodily before us for moments.

"George, 12th June 1655.

"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR HIGHNESS,—The secret Instructions sent "by your Highness, referring me to a former Instruction, touch- "ing the Silver Fleet of Spain coming from America, I have "received; and shall carefully observe the same. We had in- "formation at Cadiz that the Fleet was expected about a month "or five weeks hence. We are now off Cape Mary's, intending "to spread with our Fleet what we can, and to range this sea, "according to the wind and the information we can get; plying "over likewise towards Cape Sprat, it being their most likely and "usual course. They of Cadiz are very distrustful of us; and "there being four galeons designed for the Mediterranean, and "six for New Spain, it is doubtful how they may be employed.

"We shall use our best endeavours to put the Instructions in "execution, as God shall afford us an opportunity; desiring your "Highness to rest assured of our diligence, and of the integrity "of,—your most humble and faithful servant,

"ROBERT BLAKE." [1]

* Thurloe, iii. 547. [The answer to this letter is in the same volume (p. 611). Same day, letter to Poet Waller, Appendix, No. 28, 7.]

[1] *Ibid.*, iii. 541.

June 13th is Wednesday. On the morrow is universal Fast-Day, Humiliation and Prayer, and public Collection of Money for the Protestants of Piedmont. A day of much pious emotion in England; and of liberal contribution, which continued on the following days. 'Clerks come to every man's house,' says a disaffected witness; 'come with their papers, and you are forced to contribute.' The exact amount realised I never could very authentically learn.[1] The Dutch Ambassador says 100,000*l.* The disaffected witness says, 'London City itself gave half-a-million,'—or seemed as it would give. 'The Ministers played their part to the full,'—the Ministers and the People and their Ruler. No French Treaty signed or signable till this thing be managed. At length the French were obliged to manage it; 9th September of this same year the thing was got managed;[2]—and by and by was got improved and still better managed, the Protector continuing all his days to watch over it, and over other similar things as they occurred, and to insist on seeing justice done respecting them.[3]

LETTER CXCIX

The scheme of Major-Generals for England is not yet come to maturity; but it is coming: new occasional arrests and *barbadoes*-ings continue, as the threads of old Plots are traced farther and farther. Monk keeps Scotland quiet; the hydra is for the present well under foot.

Meanwhile Henry Cromwell is despatched for Ireland, to see with his own eyes how matters stand there. A reverend godly

[1] [The amount subscribed was 38,232*l.* After expending all that seemed necessary, 17,872*l.* remained, which was put out at interest to provide pensions or meet any other like demands. (See Dr. W. A. Shaw's article in the *English Historical Review*, Oct. 1894, p. 662.)]

[2] See Thurloe, iii. 549, 623, 745, &c.

[3] [But "though Oliver had to some extent got his way, he was far from satisfied either with the extent of the concessions or with the way in which they had been made. On September 10, he ordered Downing (whom he had sent to support Morland) to return home to give an account of the situation, resolving at the same time to hold back from the negotiation with Bordeaux till this matter had been cleared up. A little further consideration, however, convinced him that it was useless to protest further against a settlement which had been accepted by the Vaudois themselves," and on September 19, a hint was given to Bordeaux that if he demanded it, the discussion on the treaty would be resumed. *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 421.]

Mr. Brewster, hardly known to us otherwise, is also proceeding thither; with whom the Lord Protector thinks good to salute his Son-in-law, Fleetwood, the Lord Deputy, Ireton's successor in Ireland. Henry Cromwell was there once before, on a somewhat similar mission, and acquitted himself well.[1] His title, this second time, is Major-General of the Army in Ireland. He is to command the forces in Ireland; one easily believes farther, he is to observe well and report faithfully how affairs are; and do his best to assist in rectifying them. Lord Deputy Fleetwood is by some thought to be of too lax temper for his place: he, with his Ludlows, Axtels and discontented Republicans, not to speak of other businesses, would need energy, if he have it not. Rumour has even arisen that Henry Cromwell is now sent to supersede him; which, however, the Protector expressly contradicts.[2]

The rumour nevertheless proved, if not true, yet prophetic of the truth. Henry Cromwell acquitted himself well this second time also; being, as we judge, a man of real insight, veracity and resolution; very fit for such a service. Many of his Letters, all creditable to him, are in *Thurloe:* 'Petitions' from certain Irish parties come likewise to view there, That *he* might be appointed Deputy; which Petitions are, for the present, carefully 'suppressed,' yet have in the end to be complied with;—they and the nature of the case, we suppose, require compliance. Some fifteen months hence, Henry is appointed Lord Deputy;[3] Fleetwood, in some handsome way, recalled. In which situation Henry continues till the end of the Protectorate, making really an honourable figure; and then, the scene having altogether changed, retires from it into total obscurity, still in a very manful, simple and noble way.[4]

'My dear Biddy,' in this Letter, is Bridget Fleetwood, whom

[1] March 1653-54 (Thurloe, ii. 149).

[2] [It was probably understood pretty well that it was to be so, although not by Cromwell's wishes; or yet definitely stated. But Fleetwood, writing to Thurloe on July 11, after Henry Cromwell's arrival, speaks of certain things to be settled before he leaves, as if he did not expect to return. From this letter, it would appear that Oliver's injunction to his daughter to "be cheerful" is partly in allusion to the state of her health. (See Thurloe, iii. 632.) Dr. Gardiner says that this letter testified to the Protector's embarrassment. "Though he had no wish to deprive his son-in-law of his high dignity as Lord Deputy, he would be glad if he would voluntarily abandon the personal fulfilment of its duties." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 338.]

[3] 21st November 1657 (Thurloe, vi. 632).

[4] His Letter to Clarendon, in Thurloe, i. 763; see also *Tanner MSS.*, li. 71, a prior Letter to Speaker Lenthall.

we once saw as Bridget Ireton ;[1] who,for her religious and other worth, is 'a joy to my heart.' Of 'Mr. Brewster,' and the other reverend persons, Spiritual Fathers, held in such regard by the Lord Protector as is due to Spiritual Fatherhood, and pious nobleness of Intellect under whatever guise, I can say nothing ; they are Spiritual Great-*grand*-fathers of ours, and we have had to forget them ! Some slight notices of Brewster, who I think was a Norfolk man, and more of Cradock, who was Welsh,—zealous Preachers both,—are in the *Milton State-Papers :* [2] they prove the fervent zeal, faith and fearlessness of these worthies ;—not necessary to extract in this place. Cradock writes to Cromwell in 1652 that his heart overflows with prayers and praise to God for sending such a man ; that he has often stept aside to pray for him, in some thicket or ditch by the wayside, while travelling along, and thinking of him ;—which Dryasdust Nicols, the Editor of these *Milton State-Papers,* considers a very ludicrous proceeding.[3] Godly 'Mr. Tillinghurst,' so noble a phenomenon to Oliver and Fleetwood, is to us fallen altogether silent :—seemingly some godly Preacher, of very modest nature ; who, in his old days, being brought once before the Lord Protector, cried it was a 'shame' to trouble any Lord Protector, or Sovereign Person, with the like of him ! The venerable hoary man. And godly Mr. Troughton[4] or 'Throughton,' too, was there. O Tillinghurst, O Troughton, how much lies buried ![5]

[1] Vol. i. p.

[2] pp. 85, 158, etc. [A letter from Brewster to Thurloe, dated Alby, June 18th, is in Thurloe (iii. 559). He asks if the recommendation be yet made to the Deputy of Ireland "which his Highness intended," as he means to "hasten after my Lord Henry" before he sails, and therefore the readiness of his "advance money" and the Protector's recommendation would be a great furtherence to him. "Our troops," he concludes, "are in great forwardness and like to be suddenly in a posture ; the contributions for the Protestants have been cheerfully managed in these parts." In the orders of Council on June 6th there is mention of a paper received from Brewster and other "ministers going for Ireland," and also of their certificates. (*Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1655, p. 199.) On July 18th Brewster announces that he overtook the Lord Henry at Chester and has got safely with him to Dublin.]

[3] [He does not say so.]

[4] [Mr. Troughton is perhaps the William Troughton, minister at Salisbury, mentioned in Dr. W. A. Shaw's *History of the English Church, etc.*, 1640-1660, ii. 597.]

[5] Buried but indisputable traces of this Tillinghurst, certain authentic, still legible entries concerning him, in one of which Brewster too is named, have been detected by a friendly eye in the Record-Book of the Independent Church at Great Yarmouth ; where Tillinghurst, it clearly enough appears, was Minister from 1651 to 1654, and much followed and valued as a Preacher and Spiritual Guide in those parts. Brewster, likewise an Independent, was of Alby in the same neighbourhood. *Ms. Excerpts penes me.* (Note to the Third Edition).

'To the Lord Fleetwood, Lord Deputy of Ireland'

'Whitehall,' 22d June 1655.

DEAR CHARLES,

I write not often: at once I desire thee to know I most dearly love thee, and indeed my heart is plain to thee as thy heart can well desire: let nothing shake thee in this. The wretched jealousies that are amongst us, and the spirit of calumny, turns all into gall and wormwood. My heart is for the people of God: that the Lord knows, and I trust will in due time manifest; yet thence are my wounds; which though it grieves me, yet through the grace of God doth not discourage me totally. Many good men are repining at everything; though indeed very many good 'are' well satisfied, and satisfying daily. The will of the Lord will bring forth good in due time.

It's reported that you are to be sent for, and Harry to be Deputy, which truly never entered into my heart. The Lord knows, my desire was for him and his brother to have lived private lives in the country: and Harry knows this very well, and how difficultly I was persuaded to give him his commission for his present place. This I say as from a simple and sincere heart. The noise of my being crowned &c. are like[1] malicious figments.

Use this bearer, Mr. Brewster, kindly. Let him be near you: indeed he is a very able holy man; trust me you will find him so. He was a bosom-friend of Mr. Tillinghurst; ask him of him; you will thereby know Mr. Tillinghurst's spirit. This gentleman brought him to me a little before he died, and Mr. Cradock;—Mr. Throughton, a godly minister being by, with 'Mr. Tillinghurst' himself, who cried "shame!"

Dear Charles, my dear love to thee; 'and' to my dear Biddy, who is a joy to my heart, for what I hear of the Lord in her. Bid her be cheerful, and rejoice in the Lord once and again: if

[1] [Carlyle altered this to "similar."]

she knows the Covenant thoroughly,[1] she cannot but do 'so.' For that transaction is without her; sure and stedfast, between the Father and the Mediator in His blood: therefore, leaning upon the Son, or looking to Him, thirsting after Him, embracing Him, we are His seed; and the Covenant is sure to all the seed. The compact is for the seed: God is bound in faithfulness to Christ, and in Him to us: the Covenant is without us; a transaction between God and Christ.[2] Look up to it. God engageth in it to pardon us; to write His law in our heart; to plant His fear 'so' that we shall never depart from Him. We, under all our sins and infirmities, can daily offer a perfect Christ; and thus we have peace and safety, and apprehension of love, from a Father in Covenant, who cannot deny Himself. And truly in this is all my salvation; and this helps me to bear my great burdens.

If you have a mind to come over with your dear wife &c., take the best opportunity for the good of the public and your own convenience. The Lord bless you all. Pray for me, that the Lord will direct, and keep me His servant. I bless the Lord I am not my own; but my condition to flesh and blood is very hard. Pray for me; I do for you all. Commend me to all friends.

I rest,

Your loving father,

Oliver P.*

Courage, my brave Oliver! Thou hast but some three years more of it, and then the coils and puddles of this Earth, and of its poor unthankful doggery of a population, are all behind thee; and Carrion Heath, and Chancellor Hyde, and Charles Stuart the Christian King, can work their will; for thou hast done with it, thou art above it in the serene azure forevermore!

Fleetwood, I observe, did come over: in January next we find the 'Lord Deputy' busy here in London with Bulstrode, and

[1] Covenant of Grace; much expounded, and insisted on, by Dr. Owen, among others; and ever most fundamental of God's Arrangement, according to the theory of Oliver.

[2] The reader who discerns no spiritual meaning in all this, shall try it again, if I may advise him.

* Thurloe, iii. 572.

others of the Treasury, on high matters of State.[1] He did not return to Ireland; got into Major-Generalings, into matters of State, on this side the Channel; and so ended his Deputyship; —dropping without violence, like fruit fully ripe; the management of Ireland having gradually all shifted into Henry Cromwell's hand in the interim.

LETTER CC[2]

HERE, fluttering loose on the dim confines of Limbo and the Night-realm, is a small Note of Oliver's, issuing one knows not whence, but recognisable as his, which we must snatch and save.[3] A private and thrice-private Note, for Secretary Thurloe; curiously disclosing to us, as one or two other traits elsewhere do, that, with all his natural courtesies, noble simplicities and affabilities, this Lord Protector knew on occasion the word-of-command too, and what the meaning of a Lord Protector, King, or Chief Magistrate in the Commonwealth of England was.

'Margery Beacham,' Wife of William Beacham, Mariner, lives, the somnolent Editors do not apprise us where,—probably in London or some of the Out Ports; certainly in considerable indigence at present. Her poor Husband, in the course of 'many services to the Commonwealth by sea and land,' has quite lost the use of his right arm; has a poor 'Pension of Forty shillings allowed him from Chatham;' has Margery, and one poor Boy Randolph, 'tractable to learn,' but who can get no schooling out of such an income. Wherefore, as seems but reasonable, Margery petitions his Highness that the said Randolph might be admitted 'a Scholar of Sutton's Hospital, commonly called the Charterhouse,' in London.[4]

His Highness, who knows the services of William Beacham, and even 'a secret service' of his not mentioned in the Petition or Certificates, straightway decides that the Boy Beacham is

[1] Whitlocke, p. 618 (7th Jan. 1655-6).

[2] [See also letter to Monck, July 26th (on the reduction of the forces in Scotland) and two other short letters, Supplement, Nos. 108-110.]

[3] [It is extremely doubtful whether the letter *is* Cromwell's. Carlyle evidently could only accept it by cutting out what he calls "impertinent interpolations." He says these are in all the copies "exactly indicated," (see note below), but neither by Howard, Scatcherd or in *The Annual Register* are they indicated at all. Mr. Firth believes it to be an eighteenth century forgery. See his paper in the *Academy*, Nov. 12, 1892.]

[4] Her Petition printed, without date, in Scatcherd, &c. *ubi infra*.

clearly a case for Sutton's Bounty, and that the Commissioners of the same shall give it him. But now it seems the Chief Commissioner, whose name in this Note stands —— *Blank Blank*, is not so prompt in the thing; will consider it, will &c. Consider it? His Highness dockets the Petition, 'We *refer* this to the Commissioners for Sutton's Hospital: 28th July 1655;' and instructs Thurloe to inform Blank Blank that he had much better not consider it, but do it! Which there is no doubt Blank Blank now saw at once to be the real method of the business.

'To Mr. Secretary Thurloe'

'Whitehall,' 28th July 1655.

You receive from me, this 28th instant, a petition of Margery Beacham, desiring the admission of her son into the Charterhouse; whose Husband[1] was employed one day in an important secret service, which he did effectually, to our great benefit and the Commonwealth's.

I have wrote under it a common reference to the Commissioners; but I mean a great deal more: That it shall be done, without their debate or consideration of the matter. And so do you privately hint to ——— ———. I have not the particular shining bauble [or feather in my cap] for crowds to gaze at or kneel to, but [I have power and resolution for foes to tremble at] To be short, I know how to deny petitions; and, whatever I think proper, for outward form, to refer to any officer or office, I expect that such my compliance with custom shall be [also] looked upon as an indication of my will and pleasure to have the thing *done*. [See therefore that the boy is admitted.]

Thy true friend,

OLIVER P.*

[The Petition is a brief relation of a fact without any flattery.][2]

[1] 'who' in the hasty Original, as if Margery's self or Son were meant. [The "original" has "I know the man, who."]

[2] [The passages in square brackets were omitted by Carlyle.]

* Scatcherd's *History of Morley* (Leeds, 1830), p. 332. Printed there, and in *Annual Register* (for 1758, p. 268), and elsewhere; without commentary, or indication Whence or How,—with several impertinent interpolations which are excluded here. In the *Annual Register*, vague reference is made to a Book called *Collection*

LETTER CCI

We fear there is little chance of the Plate Fleet this year; bad rumours come from the West Indies too, of our grand Armament and Expedition thither. The Puritan Sea-king meanwhile keeps the waters; watches the coasts of Spain;—which, however, are growing formidable at present.

The 'Person bound for Lisbon' is Mr. Meadows, one of Secretary Thurloe's Under-secretaries; concerning whom and whose business there will be farther speech by and by.[1] Of the 'Commissioners of the Admiralty' we name only Colonel Montague of Hinchinbrook, who is getting very deep in these matters, and may himself be Admiral one day.

To the General of the Fleet, 'General Blake, at Sea'

'Whitehall,' 30th July 1655.

Sir,

We have received yours of the 4th, as also that of the 6th instant,[2] both at once; the latter signifying the great preparations which are making against you.

of Letters &c. 'compiled by Leonard Howard, D.D.,' who seems to be the first publisher of this Note; author, I suppose, of the impertinent interpolations, which vary in different copies, but being exactly indicated in all, are easily thrown out again as here. In Howard's Book (a disorganic Quarto, London, 1753; one volume published, a second promised but nowhere discoverable), which is credibly described to me as 'one of the most confused farragos ever printed,' search for this Note has been made, twice, to no purpose; and with little hope of elucidation there, had the Note been found. By internal evidence a genuine Note [*sic*]; and legible as we have it.

[Carlyle's agent apparently only looked at the first edition of Dr. Howard's *Collection*, of which there is only an imperfect copy at the British Museum. The letter will be found in the second edition (B.M. press mark G. 15341). The two volumes were duly published, and although the book (like so many others of that time) has no index, it has a table of contents, which enables the reader easily to find what he wants.]

[1] [The person bound for Lisbon was Thomas Maynard. See Blake's letter of August 31 (Thurloe, iii. 752) and *Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1655, pp. 329, 512. In this last entry he is expressly stated to have sailed in the *Nantwich*. Maynard was afterwards English consul at Lisbon, appointed by the merchants and confirmed by Cromwell, but (as Lord Clarendon stated), "by his Majesty's leave and direction, therefore nothing upon that account ought to be a reproach to him." It was, however, made very much a reproach by a rival candidate, who endeavoured to get him dismissed, but did not succeed. See *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on the Heathcote MSS.* (pp. 24, 66). A great many of Maynard's letters are still extant, partly amongst the Heathcote (*i.e.*, Fanshaw) papers and partly amongst the *Portugal State Papers* at the Public Record Office.]

[2] [Both printed in Thurloe (iii. pp. 611, 620).]

Some intelligence of that nature is also come to us from another hand, which hath occasioned us to send away this despatch unto you, immediately upon the receipt of yours, to let you know That we do not judge it safe for you, whilst things are in this condition, to send away any part of the Fleet, as you were directed by our Instructions of the 13th of June;[1] and therefore, notwithstanding those orders, you are to keep the whole Fleet with you, until you have executed the Secret Instructions,[2] or find the opportunity is over for the doing thereof.

We think it likewise requisite that you keep with you the two frigates which conveyed the victuals to you; as also the *Nantwich,* which was sent to you with a person bound for Lisbon with our instructions to that King. And for the defects of the Fleet, the Commissioners of the Admiralty shall take care thereof; and be you confident that nothing shall be omitted which can be done here for your supply and encouragement.

I beseech the Lord to be present with you. I rest,

Your very loving friend,

OLIVER P.*

Copied 'in Secretary Thurloe's hand;' who has added the following Note: 'With this Letter was sent the intelligence of the 'twenty ships coming across the Straits, and of the thirty-one 'ships and eight fire-ships . . . in Cadiz;'—dangerous ships and fire-ships, which belong all now to the vanished generations: and have sailed, one knows not whence, one knows not whither!

COMPLIMENT

PRECISELY in those same summer days there has come a brilliant Swedish gentleman, as Extraordinary Ambassador to

[1] *Antea,* Letter CXCVIII.

[2] In Blake's Letter, *antea*;—they concern the 'Silver Fleet' most likely.

* Thurloe, iii. 688.

this Country from the King of Swedeland.[1] A hot, high-tempered, clear-shining man; something fierce, metallic, in the lustre of him. Whose negotiations, festivities, impatiences, and sudden heats of temper, occupy our friend Bulstrode almost exclusively for a twelvemonth. We will say only, He has come hither to negotiate a still stricter league of amity between the two Countries; in which welcome enterprise the Lord Protector seems rather to complicate him by endeavouring to include the Dutch in it, the Prussians and Danes in it,—to make it in fact a general League, or basis for a League, of Protestants against the Power of Rome, and Antichristian Babylon at large;[2] which in these days, under certain Austrian Kaisers, Spanish Kings, Italian Popes, whose names it may be interesting not to remember, is waxing very formidable. It was an object the Protector never ceased endeavouring after; though in this, as in other instances, with only partial, never with entire success.

Observe however, as all Old London observes, on the night of Saturday, July 28th, 1655, the far-shining Procession by torch-light. Procession 'from Tower-wharf to the late Sir Abraham Williams's in Westminster;' this brilliant Swedish Gentleman with numerous gilt coaches and innumerable outriders and on-lookers, making his advent then and thus; Whitlocke, Montague, Strickland (for we love to be particular) officially escorting him. Observe next how he was nobly entertained three days in that Williams House, at the Protector's charges; and on the third day had his audience of the Protector; in a style of dignity worth noting by Bulstrode. Sir Oliver Fleming; 'galleries full of ladies,' 'Lifeguards in their gray frock-coats with velvet welts;' lanes of gentlemen, seas of general public: conceive it all; truly dignified, decorous; scene 'the Banqueting House of Whitehall, hung with arras:' and how at the upper end of the room the Lord Protector was seen standing 'on a footpace and carpet, with a chair of state behind him;' and how the Ambassador saluted thrice as he advanced, thrice lifting his noble hat and feathers, as the Protector thrice lifted his; and then—Bulstrode shall give the rest:

[1] [This was Mons. De Bonde. But before this, Sweden had sent an envoy, M. Coyet, who landed in England on March 7. On June 15, during an audience given to Coyet, Oliver "burst forth into a eulogy of the great Gustavus Adolphus, relating how he had welcomed the news of his successes with tears of joy in his eyes, and how he had mourned for his death as if he had been himself a Swede." *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 431.]

[2] [For an account of Oliver's views, as expressed to Bonde, see *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 434.]

'After a little pause, the Ambassador put off his hat, and 'began to speak, and then put it on again: and whensoever, in 'his speech, he named the King his master, or Sweden, or the 'Protector, or England, he moved his hat: especially if he 'mentioned anything of God, or the good of Christendom, he 'put off his hat very low; and the Protector still answered him 'in the like postures of civility. The Ambassador spake in the 'Swedish language; and after he had done, being but short, his 'Secretary Berkman did interpret it in Latin to this effect'—— Conceivable, without repetition, to ingenious readers. A stately, far-shining speech, done into Latin; 'being but short.'

And now 'after his Interpreter had done, the Protector stood 'still a pretty while; and, putting off his hat to the Ambassador, 'with a carriage full of gravity and state, he answered him in 'English to this effect:'

My Lord Ambassador, I have great reason to acknowledge, with thankfulness, the respects and good affection of the King your master towards this Commonwealth, and towards myself in particular. Whereof I shall always retain a very grateful memory; and shall be ready upon all occasions to manifest the high sense and value I have of his Majesty's friendship and alliance.

My Lord, you are welcome into England; and during your abode here, you shall find all due regard and respect to be given to your person, and to the business about which you come. I am very willing to enter into a nearer and more strict alliance and friendship with the King of Swedeland, as that which, in my judgment, will tend much to the honour and commodity of both Nations, and to the general advantage of the Protestant Interest. I shall nominate some Persons to meet and treat with your Lordship, upon such particulars as you shall communicate to them.

After which, Letters were presented, *etceteras* were transacted, and then with a carriage full of gravity and state, they all withdrew to their ulterior employments, and the scene vanishes.[1]

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 609, 10.

LETTER CCII[1]

It is too sad a truth, the Expedition to the West Indies has failed! Sea-General Penn, Land-General Venables have themselves come home, one after the other, with the disgraceful news; and are lodged in the Tower, a fortnight ago, for quitting their post without orders. Of all which we shall have some word to say anon. But take first these glimpses into other matters, foreign and domestic, on sea and land,—as the Oblivions have chanced to leave them visible for us. 'Cascais Bay' is at the mouth of the Tagus: General Blake seems still king of the waters in those parts.

'To General Blake, at Sea'

Whitehall, 13th September 1655.

Sir,

We have received yours from Cascais Bay, of the 30th of August,[2] and were very sensible of the wants of the Fleet as they were represented by your last before; and had given directions for three-months provisions,—which were all prepared, and sent from Portsmouth, some time since, under the convoy of the *Bristol* Frigate. But the Commissioners of the Admiralty have had letters of yesterday that they are forced back

[1] [Two short notes, August 22 and 31, are in the Supplement, Nos. 111, 112.]

[2] [The letter of August 30 has apparently not been preserved, but is alluded to in a short note written by Blake on the following day, and printed in Thurloe (iii. 752). The "last before" is evidently that written in the last days of August (Thurloe, iii. 718). Blake's picture of the state of the fleet is indeed a gloomy one. "Our condition," he writes, "is dark and sad, and (without special mercy) like to be very miserable; our ships extreme foul, winter drawing on, our victuals expiring, all stores failing, our men falling sick through the badness of drink and eating their victuals boiled in salt water for two months space, the coming of a supply uncertain. . . . We have no place or friend, our recruits here slow and our mariners (which I most apprehend) apt to fall into discontents, through their long keeping abroad. Our only comfort is that we have a God to lean upon, although we walk in darkness and see no light. I shall not trouble your Highness with any complaints of myself, of the indisposition of my body or troubles of my mind; my many infirmities will one day, I doubt not, sufficiently plead for me or against me, so that I may be free of so great a burden."

The same letter gives a long account of the movements of the ships as regards the Spanish fleet, which he finally decided not to attack, as having no authority to do so, but rather the contrary. This Cromwell answers in the latter part of his letter.]

into Plymouth by contrary winds, and are there now attending for the first slack of wind, to go to sea again. And the Commissioners[1] of the Admiralty are required to quicken them by an express; although it is become very doubtful whether those provisions can come in time for supplying of your wants.

And for what concerns the fighting of the Fleet of Spain, whereof your said letter makes mention, we judge it of great consequence, and much for the service of the Commonwealth, that it were fought; as well in order to the executing your former Instructions, as for the preservation of our ships and interest in the West Indies: and our meaning was, by our former order, and still is, that the Fleet which shall come for the guarding of the Plate Fleet, as we conceive this doth, should be attempted. But in respect we have not certain knowledge of the strength of the Spanish Fleet, nor of the condition of your Fleet, which may alter every day,—we think it reasonable, at this distance, not to oblige you by any positive order to engage; but must, as we do hereby, leave it to you, who are upon the place, and know the state of those things, to handle the rein as you shall find your opportunity and the ability of the Fleet to be[2]—as we also do for your coming home, either for want of provisions or in respect of the season of the year, at such time as you shall judge it to be for the safety of the Fleet. And we trust the Lord will guide and be with you in the management of this thing.

Your very loving friend,

Oliver P.

[1] 'commands' in Thurloe.

[2] ["The Protector's reply was a model of the considerate treatment due to a faithful servant of his government. . . . How great was Oliver's disappointment at Blake's avoidance of an action may be gauged from the very date of his letter. On September 13, Penn and Venables were already before the Council, and the whole miserable story of the failure of the attack on San Domingo was publicly known. It would have been something to have been able to set off against that disaster a victory over a Spanish fleet, however profitless that victory might have been. When, therefore, Blake, having come to the conclusion that it would be ruinous to keep the sea longer, anchored in the Downs on October 6, the talk in London was that he would find his way to the Tower. Those who spread the rumour had little knowledge of Oliver's skill in the judgment of men." Gardiner's *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 396.]

'P.S.' In case your return should be so soon as that you should not make use of the provisions now sent you, or but little thereof, we desire you will cause them to be preserved, that they may be applied to other uses.*

LETTER CCIII

'To the Commissioners of Maryland'

Whitehall, 26th September 1655.

SIRS,

It seems to us by yours of the 29th of June, and by the relation we received by Colonel Bennet, that some mistake or scruple hath arisen concerning the sense of our letters of the 12th of January last,[1]—as if, by our letters, we had intimated that we would have a stop put to the proceedings of those Commissioners who were authorised to settle the Civil Government of Maryland, which was not at all intended by us; nor so much as proposed to us by those who made addresses to us to obtain our said letter: but our intention (as our said letter doth plainly import) was only, to prevent and forbid any force or violence to be offered by either of the Plantations of Virginia or Maryland, from one to the other, upon the differences concerning their bounds: the said differences being then under the consideration of Ourself and Council here. Which, for your more full satisfaction, we have thought fit to signify to you; and rest,

Your loving friend,

'Oliver P.' †

A very obscure American Transaction; sufficiently lucid for our Cisatlantic purposes; nay shedding a kind of light or twilight

* Thurloe, i. 724, in cipher [*deciphered*]; and seemingly of Thurloe's composition. [Signed by Oliver.]

† *Ibid.*, iv. 55.

[1] *Antea*, p. 397.

into extensive dim regions of Oblivion on the other side of the Ocean. Bancroft, and the other American authorities, who have or have not noticed this Letter, will with great copiousness explain the business to the curious.

The Major-Generals are now all on foot, openly since the middle of August last;[1] and an Official Declaration published on the subject. Ten military Major-Generals, Ten or finally Twelve[2] with militia-forces, horse and foot, at their beck; coercing Royalist Revolt, and other Anarchy; 'decimating' it, that is, levying Ten per-cent. upon the Income of it; summoning it, cross-questioning it,—peremptorily signifying to it that it will not be allowed here, that it had better cease in this Country. They have to deal with Quakers also, with Anabaptists, Scandalous Ministers, and other forms of Anarchy. The powers of these men are great: much need that they be just men and wise, men fearing God and hating covetousness;—all turns on that! They will be supportable, nay welcome and beneficial, if so. Insupportable enough, if not so:—as indeed what official person, or man under any form, except the form of a slave well-collared and driven by whips, is or ought to be supportable 'if *not* so?' We subjoin a list of their names, as historically worthy, known or unknown to the reader, here.[3]

[1] Order-Book of the Council of State; cited in Godwin (iv. 228).

[2] [Carlyle counts Dawkins as one of them. There were only eleven.]

[3] *General Desborow* has the Counties: Gloucester, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall.
Colonel Kelsey: Kent and Surrey.
Colonel Goffe: Sussex, Hants, Berks.
Major-General Skippon: London.
Colonel Barkstead (Governor of the Tower): Middlesex and Westminster.
Lord Deputy Fleetwood (who never returns to Ireland): Oxford, Bucks, Herts; Cambridge, Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk,—for these last four he can appoint a substitute (*Colonel Haynes*).
General Whalley: Lincoln, Notts, Derby, Warwick, Leicester.
Major Butler: Northampton, Bedford, Rutland, Huntingdon.
Colonel Berry (Richard Baxter's friend, once a Clerk in the Ironworks): Hereford, Salop, North Wales.
General (Sea-General) *Dawkins:* Monmouth and South Wales.
Colonel Worsley: Cheshire, Lancashire, Staffordshire.
The Lord Lambert: York, Durham, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Northumberland,—can appoint substitutes (*Colonel Robert Lilburn, Colonel Charles Howard*).
[Fleetwood, like Lambert, had two deputies, the reason no doubt being that as members of the Council of State their presence was needed in London, and their time much occupied. The deputy for the Eastern Counties was, as mentioned above, Major Hezekiah Haynes, appointed in October 1655. The

Soon after this Letter, 'in the month of October 1655,' there was seen a strange sight at Bristol in the West. A Procession of Eight Persons; one, a man on horseback, riding single; the others, men and women, partly riding double, partly on foot, in the muddiest highway, in the wettest weather; singing, all but the single-rider, at whose bridle splash and walk two women: "Hosannah! Holy, holy! Lord God of Sabaoth!" and other things, 'in a buzzing tone,' which the impartial hearer could not make out. The single-rider is a rawboned male figure, 'with lank hair reaching below his cheeks;' hat drawn close over his brows; 'nose rising slightly in the middle;' of abstruse 'down look,' and large dangerous jaws strictly closed; he sings not; sits there covered, and is sung-to by the others bare. Amid pouring deluges, and mud knee-deep: 'so that the rain ran in at their necks, and they vented it at their hose and breeches:' a spectacle to the West of England and Posterity! Singing as above; answering no question except in song. From Bedminster to Ratcliff Gate, along the streets, to the High Cross of Bristol: at the High Cross they are laid hold of by the Authorities;—turn out to be James Nayler and Company. James Nayler, 'from Andersloe' or Ardsley 'in Yorkshire,' heretofore a Trooper under Lambert; now a Quaker and something more. Infatuated Nayler and Company; given up to Enthusiasm,—to Animal-Magnetism, to Chaos and Bedlam in one shape or other! Who will need to be coerced by the Major-Generals, I think;—to be forwarded to London, and there sifted and cross-questioned.[1] Is not the Spiritualism of England developing itself in strange forms? The Hydra, royalist and sansculottic, has many heads.

George Fox, some time before this, had made his way to the Protector himself; to represent to him the undeserved sufferings of Friends,—and what a faithful people they were, though sansculottic, or wearing suits sometimes merely of perennial leather.

second, Major Wm. Packer, was not appointed until Feb. 6, 1665-6. He was to act as deputy in cos. Oxford and Herts, and jointly with Col. George Fleetwood in co. Bucks (See *Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1655-6, p. 164, and 1656-7, p. 153). Berry had co. Worcester, as well as those mentioned above. At first, no appointment seems to have been made for South Wales and Monmouth, but in January 1655-6 they were added to Berry's already large district, but with Colonel Rowland Dawkins and Lieut.-Col. John Nicholas as his deputies (See *Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1655-6, p. 102). Dawkins was never himself a Major-General, but the deputies were sometimes loosely called so, and probably he had a very free hand. He had been for some years governor of Carmarthen, and is sometimes styled governor of Tenby and Cardiff also. Nicholas was governor of Chepstow.]

[1] Examination of them (in *Harleian Miscellany*, vi. 424-39).

George's huge *Journal*, to our regret, has no dates; but his Interview with the Protector, once in these late months, is authentic, still visible to the mind.[1] George, being seized in Leicestershire, 'carried up to the Mews,' and otherwise tribulated by subaltern authorities, contrived to make the Protector hear some direct voice of him, appoint some hour to see him. 'It was on a morning:' George went; was admitted to the Protector's bedchamber, 'where one Harvey, who had been a little among Friends,' but had not proved entirely obedient,—the Harvey who will write us a very valuable little Pamphlet one day,[2] —was dressing him. "Peace be in this House!" George Fox 'was moved to say.' Peace, O George. 'I exhorted him,' writes George 'to keep in the fear of God, whereby he might 'receive Wisdom from God,' which would be a useful guidance for any Sovereign Person. In fact, I had 'much discourse' with him; explaining what I and Friends had been led to think 'concerning Christ and His Apostles' of old time, and His Priests and Ministers of new; concerning Life and concerning Death;—concerning this unfathomable Universe in general, and the Light in it that is from Above, and the Darkness in it that is from Below: to all which the Protector 'carried himself with much moderation.' Yes, George; this Protector has a sympathy with the Perennial; and feels it across the Temporary: no hulls, leathern or other, can entirely hide it from the sense of him. 'As I spake, he several 'times said, "That is very good," and, "That is true"'—Other persons coming in, persons of quality so-called, I drew back; lingered; and then was for retiring: 'he caught me by the hand,' and with moist-beaming eyes, 'said: "Come again to my house! 'If thou and I were but an hour of the day together, we should 'be nearer one to the other. I wish no more harm to thee than I 'do to my own soul."'—"Hearken to God's voice!" said George in conclusion: "Whosoever hearkens to *it*, his heart is not hardened;" *his* heart remains true, open to the Wisdoms, to the Noblenesses; with him it shall be well!—'Captain Drury' wished me to stay among the Lifeguard gentlemen, and dine with them; but I declined, not being free thereunto.[3]

[1] [Dr. Gardiner puts this interview to Feb. 26, 1655. For his arguments in support of this date, see *Commonwealth and Protectorate*, iii. 111, *note*.]

[2] Passages in his Highness's Last Sickness.

[3] *Fox's Journal* (Leeds, 1836), i. 265.

LETTERS CCIV.—CCVI

JAMAICA

We said already the grand Sea-Armament, which sailed from Portsmouth at Christmas 1654, had proved unsuccessful. It went westward; opened its Sealed Instructions at a certain latitude: found that they were instructions to attack Hispaniola, to attack the Spanish Power in the West Indies: it did attack Hispaniola, and lamentably failed; attacked the Spanish Power in the West Indies, and has hitherto realised almost nothing,—a mere waste Island of Jamaica, to all appearance little worth the keeping at such cost. It is hitherto the unsuccessfulest enterprise Oliver Cromwell ever had concern with. Desborow fitted it out at Portsmouth, while the Lord Protector was busy with his First refractory Pedant Parliament; there are faults imputed to Desborow: but the grand fault the Lord Protector imputes to himself, That he chose, or sanctioned the choice of, Generals improper to command it. Sea-General Penn, Land-General Venables, they were unfortunate, they were incompetent; fell into disagreements, into distempers of the bowels; had critical Civil Commissioners with them, too, who did not mend the matter. Venables lay 'six weeks in bed,' very ill of sad West-India maladies; for the rest, a covetous lazy dog, who cared nothing for the business, but wanted to be home at his Irish Government again. Penn is Father of Penn the Pennsylvanian Quaker; a man somewhat quick of temper, 'like to break his heart' when affairs went wrong; unfit to right them again. As we said, the two Generals came voluntarily home, in the end of last August, leaving the wreck of their forces in Jamaica; and were straightway lodged in the Tower for quitting their post.

A great Armament of Thirty, nay of sixty Ships; of Four-thousand soldiers, two regiments of whom were veterans, the rest a somewhat sad miscellany of broken Royalists, unruly Levellers, and the like, who would volunteer,—whom Venables augmented at Barbadoes, with a still more unruly set, to Nine-thousand: this great Armament the Lord Protector has strenuously hurled, as a sudden fiery bolt, into the dark Domdaniel of Spanish Iniquity in the far West; and it has exploded there, almost without effect. The Armament saw Hispaniola, and Hispaniola with fear and wonder saw it, on the 14th of April 1655: but the Armament, a

sad miscellany of distempered unruly persons, durst not land 'where Drake had landed,' and at once take the Town and Island: the Armament hovered hither and thither; and at last agreed to land some sixty miles off; marched therefrom through thick-tangled woods, under tropical heats, till it was nearly dead with mere marching; was then set upon by ambuscadoes; fought miserably ill, the unruly persons of it, or would not fight at all; fled back to its ships a mass of miserable disorganic ruin; and 'dying there at the rate of two-hundred a day,' made for Jamaica.[1]

Jamaica, a poor unpopulous Island, was quickly taken, as rich Hispaniola might have been, and the Spaniards were driven away: but to men in biliary humour it seemed hardly worth the taking or the keeping. 'Immense droves of wild cattle, cows and horses, run about Jamaica;' dusky Spaniards dwell in *hatos*, in unswept shealings; '80,000 hogs are killed every year for the sake of their lard, which is sold under the name of *hog's-butter* at Carthagena:' but what can we do with all that! The poor Armament continuing to die as if by murrain, and all things looking worse and worse to poor biliary Generals, Sea-General Penn set sail for home, whom Land-General Venables swiftly followed; leaving 'Vice-Admiral Goodson,' 'Major-General Fortescue,' or almost whosoever liked, to manage in their absence, and their ruined moribund forces to die as they could;—and are now lodged in the Tower, as they deserved to be. The Lord Protector, and virtually England with him, had hoped to see the dark empire of bloody Antichristian Spain a little shaken in the West; some reparation got for its inhuman massacrings and long-continued tyrannies,—massacrings, exterminations of us, 'at St. Kitts in 1629, at Tortuga in 1637, at Santa Cruz in 1650;' so, in the name of England, had this Lord Protector hoped; and he has now to take his disappointment.

The ulterior history of these Western Affairs, of this new Jamaica under Cromwell, lies far dislocated, drowned deep, in the Slumber-Lakes of *Thurloe* and Company; in a most dark, stupefied, and altogether dismal condition. A history, indeed, which, as you painfully fish it up and by degrees reawaken it to life, is in itself sufficiently dismal. Not much to be intermeddled with here. The English left in Jamaica, the English successfully sent thither, prosper as ill as need be; still die, soldiers and settlers of them, at

[1] Journal of the English Army in the West Indies: by an Eye-witness (in *Harl. Miscell.* vi. 372-390). A lucid and reasonable Narrative. [And see Venables' own narrative and other documents relating to the expedition edited by Mr. Firth for the Royal Historical Society, 1900.]

a frightful rate per day; languish, for most part, astonished in their strange new sultry element; and cannot be brought to front with right manhood the deadly inextricable jungle of tropical confusions, outer and inner, in which they find themselves. Brave Governors, Fortescue, Sedgwick, Brayne, one after the other, die rapidly, of the climate and of broken heart; their life-fire all spent there, in that dark chaos, and as yet no result visible. It is painful to read what misbehavour there is, what difficulties there are.[1]

Almost the one steady light-point in the business is the Protector's own spirit of determination. If England have now a 'West-India Interest,' and Jamaica be an Island worth something, it is to this Protector mainly that we owe it. Here too, as in former darknesses, 'Hope shines in him, like a pillar of fire, when it has gone out in all the others.' Having put his hand to this work, he will not for any discouragement turn back. Jamaica shall yet be a colony; Spain and its dark Domdaniel shall yet be smitten to the heart,—the enemies of God and His Gospel, by the soldiers and servants of God. It must, and it shall. We have failed in the West, but not wholly; in the West and in the East, by sea and by land, as occasion shall be ministered, we will try it again and again.

'On the 28th of November 1655, the Treaty with France is 'proclaimed by heralds and trumpets,' say the Old Newspapers.[2] Alliance with France, and *Declaration* against Spain,—within the tropics where there is never Peace, and without the tropics where Peace yet is, there shall now be War with Spain. Penn and Venables, cross-questioned till no light farther could be had from them, are dismissed; in Penn's stead, Montague is made Admiral.[3] We will maintain Jamaica, send reinforcement after reinforcement to it; we will try yet for the Spanish Plate Fleets; we will hurl yet bolt after bolt into the dark Domdaniel, and have no Peace with Spain. In all which, as I understand, the spirit of England, mindful of Armadas, and wedded once for all to blessed Gospel Light and Progress, and not to accursed Papal Jesuitry and Stagnancy, coöperates well with this Protector of the Commonwealth of England. Land-fighting too we shall by and by come upon; in all

[1] Thurloe, iii. iv.,—in very many places, all in a most unedited, confused condition. Luminous Notices too in Carte's *Ormond Papers*, ii. Long's *History of Jamaica* (London, 1774), i. 221 *et seqq.*, gives in a vague but tolerably correct way some of the results of Thurloe; which Bryan Edwards has abridged. Godwin (iv. 192-200) is exact, so far as he goes.

[2] In *Cromwelliana*, p. 134. [3] Jan. 1655-6 (Thurloe, iv. 338).

ways, a resolute prosecution of hostilities against Spain. Concerning the 'policy' of which, and real wisdom and unwisdom of which, no reader need consult the current Sceptical Red-tape Histories of that Period, for they are much misinformed on the matter.—

Here are Three Official Letters, or Draughts of Letters, concerning the business of Jamaica; which have come to us in a very obscure, unedited condition, Thomas Birch having been a little idle. Very obscure; and now likely to remain so, they and the others,—unless indeed Jamaica should produce a Poet of its own, pious towards the Hero-Founder of Jamaica, and courageous to venture into the Stygian Quagmires of *Thurloe* and the others, and vanquish them on his and its behalf!

Apparently these Official Letters are First-draughts, in the hand of Thurloe or some underling of his; dictated to him, as is like, by the Protector: they would afterwards be copied-fair, dated, and duly despatched; and only the rough originals, unhappily without date, are now left us. Birch has put them down without much criticism; the arrangement of some is palpably wrong. By the spelling and punctuation we judge them to be of Thurloe's handwriting; but the sense is clearly Oliver's, and probably, with some superficial polishings, the composition. They cannot, after much inquiry, be dated except approximately; the originals are gone with Birch,[1] who has not even told us in whose handwriting they were,[2] much less has tried to make any sense of them for himself, the idle ineffectual Editor! In fact, *Thurloe* in regard to these Jamaica businesses has had to go without editing; lies widespread, dislocated, dark; and, in this passage, read by Birch's light, is mere darkness visible. One of the Letters, we at length find, is even misaddressed,—seemingly by idle Birch, at random. Happily it is with the sense alone that we are much concerned; and that is in good part legible. Fancy Penn and Venables dismissed, after some light got out of them by cross-questioning; fancy 'Vice-'Admiral Goodson, Major-General Fortescue, Daniel Serle

[1] [There are about sixty volumes of the originals of the Thurloe Papers at the Bodleian (*Rawlinson MSS.* A.). This magnificent collection was found in the reign of William and Mary, hidden in the false ceiling of a garret in the chambers which had once been Thurloe's, in Lincoln's Inn. It changed hands several times, but was finally bequeathed to the Bodleian by Richard Rawlinson in 1755. Birch's great work had appeared some twelve years earlier.]

[2] [The first two are fair copies, the third a draft, all in Thurloe's hand.]

'Governor of Barbadoes,[1] and Major-General Sedgwick' new from England, made Commissioners, with Instructions,[2] with full power over Jamaica,—and then read.

LETTER CCIV

Vice-Admiral Goodson, as his title indicates, went out as second under Penn; whose place he now fills as chief. Letters of his in *Thurloe* indicate a thick blunt stout-hearted sailor character, not nearly so stupid as he looks; whose rough piety, sense, stoicism, and general manfulness grow luminous to us at last. The Protector hopes 'the Lord may have blessed Goodson to have lighted upon some of the Enemy's vessels, and burnt them;'—which is a hope fulfilled: for Goodson has already been at St. Martha on the Spanish Main, and burnt it; but got few 'ships,' nor any right load of plunder either; the people having had him in sight for six hours before landing, and run away with everything to the woods. He got 'thirty brass guns and two *bases*,' whatever these are. The rest of the plunder, being 'accurately sold at the mast of each ship' by public auction, yielded just 471*l.* sterling, which was a very poor return. At the Rio de Hacha ('Rio de hatch' as we here write it) 'the bay was so shoal' no great ships could get near; and our 'hoys' and small craft, on trying it, saw nothing feasible; wherefore we had drawn back again. Santa Martha, and plunder sold by auction to the amount above stated, was all we could get.[3]

To Vice-Admiral Goodson, at Jamaica

Whitehall, 'October [30] 1655.'[4]

Sir,

I have written to Major-General Fortescue divers advertisements of our purpose and resolution, the Lord

[1] [In Serle's case, it was a re-appointment, as he had been one of the former Commissioners.]

[2] Given in Thurloe, iv. 634. [3] Goodson's Letter, in *ibid.*, iv. 159 *et seqq.*

[4] [This letter is dated by Vice-Admiral Goodson's despatch of April 13 (Thurloe, iv. 694) which speaks of the Protector's letters of October 30, received by the *Marston Moor*. Compare also Goodson and Sedgwick's letter of Jan. 24 (Thurloe, iv. 455) in which they allude to Oliver's exhortation to the Sea and Land forces to prosecute their affairs with brotherly kindness. In this same letter they reply to the Protector's letter to Major-General Fortescue (now dead) as regards fortification, raising of horse, and a possible attempt upon Cuba.]

assisting, to prosecute this business; and you shall neither want bodies of men nor yet anything in our power for the carrying-on of your work. I have also given divers hints unto him of things which may probably be attempted, and should[1] be very diligently looked after by you both, but are left to your better judgments upon the place; wherein I desire you would consult together how to prosecute your affairs with that brotherly kindness that upon no colour whatsoever any divisions and distractions should be amongst you, but that you may have one shoulder for the work; which will be very pleasing to the Lord, and not unnecessary, considering what an enemy you are like to have to deal withal.

We hope that you have, with[2] some of those ships which came last, near twenty men-of-war; which I desire you to keep equipt, and to make yourselves as strong as you can to beat the Spaniard, who will doubtless send a good force into the Indies. I hope, by this time the Lord may have blessed you to have light upon some of their vessels, whether by burning them in their harbours or otherwise. And it will be worthy of you to improve your strength, what you can, both to weaken them by parcels, and to engage them as you have opportunity, which, at such a distance I may probably guess, would be best 'managed' by not suffering, if you can help it, the new Fleet, which comes from Spain, to go unfought, before they join with the ships that are to the leeward of you.

We are sending to you, with all possible speed, seven more stout men-of-war, some of them of forty guns, and the rest none under thirty, for your assistance. This ship[3] is sent before, with instructions, to encourage you to go on with the work; as also with instructions to Nevis, and the other Windward Islands, to bring so many of the Plantations off as are free to come, 'that they may settle with you at Jamaica.' And I desire you, with

[1] 'would' *in orig.*
[2] [Carlyle here inserted "you" but the sense is good without it.]
[3] [*i.e.*, the *Marston Moor* frigate.]

your lesser merchant-ships or such others as you can spare, to give them all possible assistance for their removal and transplantation, from time to time, as also all due encouragement to remove.

You will see by the enclosed what I have writ to Major-General Fortescue. And I hope your counsels will centre in that which may be for the glory of God and good of this nation. It is not to be denied but the Lord hath greatly humbled us in that sad loss sustained at Hispaniola; no doubt but we have provoked the Lord, and it is good for us to know so, and to be abased for the same. But yet certainly His name is concerned in this work; and therefore though we should, and we hope we do, lay our mouths in the dust, yet He would not have us despond, but I trust gives us leave to make mention of His name and of His righteousness, when we cannot make mention of our own. You are left there; and I pray you set up your banners in the name of Christ, for undoubtedly it is His cause. And let the reproach and shame that hath been for our sins, and through (also may we say) the misguidance of some, work up your hearts to a confidence in the Lord, and for the redemption of His honour from the hands of men who attribute their successes to their Idols, the work of their own hands. And though He hath torn us, yet He will heal us; though He hath smitten us, yet He will bind us up; after two days He will revive[1] us, in the third day He will raise us up, and we shall live in His sight.[2] The Lord Himself hath a controversy with your Enemies, even with that Roman Babylon, of which the Spaniard is the great underpropper. In that respect you fight the Lord's battles; and in this the Scriptures are most plain. The Lord therefore strengthen you with faith, and cleanse you from all evil: and doubt not but He is able, and I trust as willing, to give you as signal successes as He gave your enemies against you. Only the Covenant-fear of the Lord be upon you.[3]

[1] [Mis-printed "ruin" in Thurloe.] [2] Hosea, vi. 1, 2.
[3] No other fear; nor is there need of any other hope or strength!

If we send you not by this, yet I trust we shall by the next, our Declaration setting forth the justness of this war.

I remain,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER P.*

The *Declaration* here alluded to, of War with Spain, came out on Tuesday, 23d October 1655;[1] which with sufficient approximation dates this Letter for us.[2] By obscure intimations, allusions to events, and even by recurrence of phrases, the following Letter seems to have the same or a closely subsequent date; but no sense could be made of it till the Address, 'Major-General Fortescue, at Jamaica' (which, being nonsense, we have to impute to Birch), was erased,—was altered, by dim lights[3] and guessings still a little uncertain, as below.

* Thurloe, iv. 130. [Now printed from Thurloe's MS. copy at the Bodleian.]

[1] *Ibid.*, iv. 117; Godwin, iv. 217; *Antea*, p. 467. [Carlyle has been misled, as to this date, by a letter from Nieupoort, the Dutch ambassador, printed in Thurloe and there dated Nov. 3 (*i.e.*, October 24 old style). But this date is manifestly too early, as the contents of Nieupoort's letter show. The MS. transcript, at the British Museum, is (no doubt correctly) dated Nov. [2]-12. In this letter, Nieupoort says that the Spanish ambassador left for Gravesend on Monday last (*i.e.*, October 29 old style) and that the declaration was published next day *i.e.*, Tuesday, the 30th. As a matter of fact, the ambassador left London on Saturday, October 27, as is shown by his own letters (*Simancas Transcripts at the Public Record Office*) but perhaps remained in the neighbourhood until Monday, as he did not reach Dover until the Tuesday. The Declaration (not of war, but, as Cromwell says above, "setting forth the justice of the war") was approved and ordered to be printed on October 26 (*Cal. S. P. Dom.* 1655, p. 400) but its publication was probably purposely delayed until after Cardenas's departure. It is printed in one of the *King's Pamphlets* (E. 1065, 1). All these letters and declarations were sent out, as the West Indian correspondence shows, by the *Marston Moor* frigate, which, after many delays, set out at the beginning of December, reached Barbados on the last day of the year, and Jamaica on the 15th of January.]

[2] [For the date see note, p. 469 above.]

[3] Thurloe, iv. 633, &c. &c. [But see note on next page.]

LETTER CCV

'To Daniel Serle, Esquire, Governor of Barbadoes' [1]
[*But should be 'To Luke Stokes, Esquire, Governor of Nevis'*]

'Whitehall, October 1655.'

SIR,

Those are first to let you know that myself and this Government reckon ourselves beholding to you for the ready expressions of your love in giving assistance to our late design,[2] which indeed, though it hath miscarried in what we hoped for, through the disposing hand of God, for reasons best known to Himself, and, as we may justly conceive, for our sins, yet is not this Cause the less His, but will be owned by Him, as I verily believe: and therefore we dare not relinquish it,[3] but shall, the Lord assisting, prosecute it with what strength we can, hoping for a blessing for His name's sake.

You will herewith receive some Instructions,[4] with encouragements to remove your people thither, whereto I refer you: only let me tell you, that if you shall think to desire some other things which are not mentioned in those Instructions, 'you may' rest upon my word that we shall be most ready to supply what they may be defective in and you may reasonably demand, when once

[1] [There can be no doubt that this letter was written to Stokes, not to Searle. It is very improbable that Cromwell would suggest to Searle to give up so important a post as the government of Barbados, where he had his hands quite full with managing transported delinquents, ordering a militia, etc. Moreover, Searle was already a Commissioner—the only one left of the original four appointed in December 1654, and again, when acknowledging the receipt of the declaration to be read concerning transplantation to Jamaica, he definitely says that he has received no orders or commands from his Highness on the subject (Thurloe, iv. 400). Stokes, on the other hand, fits the situation in every respect. He had shown ready love and assistance to the design, he actually did remove himself with his people (see *Correspondence in Thurloe during* 1655, 1656), he was made a Commissioner (*ibid.*, vi. 110), he thanks the Protector for honouring him with his "lines of godly humility" by the *Marston Moor* (*ibid.*, v. 66), and he writes to Major Sedgwick of the "undeserved and unexpected favours" of his Highness to himself (*ibid.*, iv. 603).]

[2] Hispaniola: to which Searle, at Barbadoes, had given due furtherance, as the Expedition passed. [But see note above.]

[3] No!

[4] Thurloe, iv. 633-7; worth reading, though in great want of editing.

you are upon the place,—where certainly you may be better able to judge what may tend more to your accommodation than at a distance. Surely the sooner you remove thither,[1] you will have the more time to strengthen yourself, in such place or upon such port as you shall like of. And for your own part, I have named you one of the Commissioners there for managing of the whole affair; whereby you will have your vote and interest in that Government.

Having said this, I think fit to let you know that we have twenty men-of-war already there, and are sending eight more, many whereof have forty guns and upwards, and the rest above thirty.[2] We hope the Plantation is not lacking in anything; having at the least seven-thousand fighting-men upon the place:[3] and we are providing to supply them constantly with fresh men, and we trust they are furnished with a twelve-month's victuals; and I think, if we have it in England, they shall not want.

We have also sent to the Colonies of New England like offers with yours,[4] to remove thither; our resolution being to people and plant that Island. And indeed we have very good reason to expect considerable numbers from thence, forasmuch as the last winter was very destructive, and the summer hath proved so very sickly.

I pray God direct you; and rest,

Your loving friend,

'Oliver P.'*

[1] Will mean, if our Addressing of this Letter is correct, that it had at one time been intended and decided to send Searle of Barbadoes, an experienced man, the ablest and principal English Governor in the West Indies, to take charge of Jamaica himself. Which however, in the quick succession of new lights and occurrences, never came to pass. [But see note on page 473 above.]

[2] Same phrase in the preceding Letter.

[3] [The Protector no doubt believed this when he wrote, but it was much too sanguine an estimate. In the January following, Sedgwick and Goodson plainly told him that they had not 3,000 men, and of these many were sick and weak, and dying at the rate of fifty a week; "which is much," they add sadly, "considering our small numbers." At the same time, Sedgwick wrote to Thurloe saying that they seemed to think that he had 7,000 men, but he hoped they now understood that the army, far from assisting in any design, was hardly in a capacity to maintain the Island. Thurloe iv. 454, 455.]

[4] Encouragements to them, as to 'your' Colony, to emigrate thither.

* Thurloe, iv. 130. [Now printed from Thurloe's MS. copy at the Bodleian.]

Undoubtedly to 'Daniel Serle,' or else to 'Major-General Sedgwick,' the other of the Four new Commissioners, this Letter must have been addressed. With either of which Addresses it remains historically somewhat obscure; but is legible enough for our purposes with it here. The next seems to be of slightly later date.

LETTER CCVI

To Major-General Fortescue, 'at Jamaica'

'Whitehall, October 30 (?) 1655.'[1]

SIR,

You will herewith receive Instructions for the better carrying-on of your business, which is not of small account here, although our discouragements have been many; for which we desire to humble ourselves before the Lord, who hath very sorely chastened us. I do commend, in the midst of others' miscarriages, your constancy and faithfulness to your trust in remaining[2] where you are, and taking care of a company of poor sheep left by their shepherd:[3] and be assured that, as that which you have done hath been good in itself, and becoming an honest man, so it hath a very good savour here with all good Christians and all true Englishmen, and will not be forgotten by me as opportunity shall serve.

I hope you have long before this time received that good supply which went from hence in July last,[4] whereby you will perceive that you have not been forgotten here. I hope also the ships sent for New England are, before this time, with you:[5]— and let me tell you, as an encouragement to you and those with you to improve your utmost diligence, and to excite your courage

[1] [Carlyle dated this 'November' but Cromwell's allusion to it in the letter to Goodson (see p. 469 above) shows that it was written not later than October 30.]

[2] [Mis-read "every" by Birch.]

[3] Fortescue's own expression: in a Letter of 21st July 1655 (Thurloe, iii. 675).

[4] Vaughan, i. 303; Thurloe, iv. 4.

[5] Thurloe, iv. 157; one, the first of them, did arrive, Nov. 1st: 'sent from Jamaica to New England for provisions.'

in this business, though not to occasion any negligence in prosecuting [1] that affair, nor to give occasion to slacken any improvement of what the place may afford, that you will be followed with what necessary supplies, as well for your comfortable subsistence as for your security against the Spaniard, this place may afford, or you want.

And therefore study first your security by fortifying: and although you have not moneys, for the present, to do it in such quantities as were to be wished, yet, your case being as that of a marching army, wherein every soldier, out of principles of nature, and according to the practice of all discipline, ought to be at the pains to secure the common quarters,—we hope no man amongst you will be so wanting to himself, considering food is provided for you, as not to be willing to help to the uttermost therein. And therefore I require you and all with you, for the safety of the whole, that this be made your most principal intention. The doing of this will require that you be very careful not to scatter, till you have begun a security in some one place. Next I desire you that you would consider how to form such a body of good Horse as may, if the Spaniard shall attempt upon you at the next coming into the Indies with his galeons, be in a readiness to march to hinder his landing; 'who' will hardly land upon a body of horse; and if he shall land, be in a posture to keep the provisions of the country from him, or him from his provisions, if he shall endeavour to march towards you.

[We trust we shall furnish you with bridles, saddles and horseshoes, and other things necessary for that work, desiring you to improve to the utmost what you have already of those sorts. Should it be known that you had five hundred horse well appointed, ready to march upon all occasions in that island, even that alone might deter the Spaniard from attempting anything upon you.] [2]

We have sent a Commissioner and Instructions into New Eng-

[1] [Printed "presenting" in Thurloe.]
[2] [The passage in square brackets was omitted by Carlyle.]

land, to try what people may be drawn thence.[1] We have done the like to the Windward English Islands; and both in England and Scotland and Ireland, you will have what men and women we can well transport.

We think, and it is much designed amongst us, to strive with the Spaniard for the mastery of all those seas: and therefore we could heartily wish that the Island of Providence were in our hands again; believing that it lies so advantageously in reference to the Main, and especially for the hindrance of the Peru trade and Cartagena, that you would not only have great advantage thereby of intelligence and surprise, but 'might' even block up Cartagena.[2] It is discoursed here that, if the Spaniard do attempt 'upon' you, it is most likely it will be on the East end of the Island, towards Cuba; as also that Cuba, upon Cuba, is a place[3] easily attempted, and hath in it a very rich copper-mine. It would be good, for the first, as you have opportunity, to inform yourself, and if there be need, to make a good work thereupon, to prevent them. And for the other, and all things of that kind, we must leave them to your judgment upon the place, to do therein as you shall see cause.

To conclude: As we have cause to be humbled for the reproof God gave us at St. Domingo, upon the account of our own sins as well as others', so, truly, upon the reports brought hither to us of the extreme avarice, pride and confidence, disorders and debauchedness, profaneness and wickedness, commonly practised in that Army, we cannot only bewail the same, but desire that all with you may do so, and that a very special regard may be had so to govern, for time to come, as that all manner of vice

[1] Long Correspondences about it, and details, from assiduous Mr. Gookin, chief of those Commissioners, in Thurloe, iv. [He was the only one.]

[2] 'the same,' *in orig.*

[3] [Carlyle altered this to "Cuba, in its chief town is a place," with a note, "'Cuba upon Cuba is a place' as the original has it. The first 'Cuba' here must, of course, mean Cuba *Town*, now Havanna." But it is more probably a mistake or mis-reading for St. Iago upon Cuba; for the Generals, in their reply, say, "We had long since attempted St. Iago de Cuba, could our army have afforded us but 500 men," etc. (Thurloe, iv. 457.).]

may be thoroughly discountenanced, and severely punished; and that such a frame of government may be exercised that virtue and godliness may receive due encouragement.

'I rest,

'Your loving friend,

'OLIVER P.' *

The brave Fortescue never received this Letter; he already lay in his grave when it was written; had died in October last,[1] a speedy victim of the bad climate and desperate situation. Brave Sedgwick, his Partner and Successor, soon died also:[2] a very brave, zealous and pious man, whose Letters in *Thurloe* are of all others the best worth reading on this subject. Other brave men followed, and soon died; spending heroically their remnant of life-fire there,—as heroes do, 'making paths through the impassable.' But we must leave the heroisms of Oliver Protector and his Puritans, in this Jamaica Business, to the reader's fancy henceforth,—till perhaps some Jamaica *Poet* rise to resuscitate and extricate them. Reinforcement went on the back of reinforcement, during this Protector's lifetime: 'a Thousand Irish Girls' went; not to speak of the rogue-and-vagabond species from Scotland,—'we can help you' at any time 'to two or three hundred of these.'[3] And so at length a West-India Interest did take root; and bears spices and poisons, and other produce, to this day.

LETTERS CCVII.—CCXIV

TAKE the following Letters in mass; and make some dim History of Eleven Months from them, as best may be.[4]

* Thurloe, iv. 633. [Now printed from Thurloe's draft at the Bodleian.]

[1] *Ibid.*, iv. 153.

[2] 24th June 1656 (Long's *History of Jamaica*, i. 257).

[3] Long, i. 244; Thurloe, iv. 692, 5:—new Admonitions and Instructions from the Protector, of Thurloe's writing, 17th June 1656 (Thurloe, v. 129-131); etc. [There was a proposal (and a great deal of correspondence with Henry Cromwell on the subject), to send "young wenches and youths" from Ireland. The Committee of Council voted that "a thousand girls and as many youths be taken up for that purpose" (Thurloe iv. 75, 87), but it does not appear that they were ever sent.]

[4] [See also Supplement, Nos. 113-115.]

LETTER CCVII

HENRY CROMWELL has no Major-Generals in Ireland, but has his anarchies there also to deal with. Let him listen to this good advice on the subject.

For my Son Henry Cromwell, at Dublin, Ireland

'Whitehall,' 21st November 1655.

SON,

I have seen your letter writ unto Mr. Secretary Thurloe, and do find thereby that you are very apprehensive of the carriage of some persons with you, towards yourself and the public affairs.

I do believe there may be some particular persons who are not very well pleased with the present condition of things, and may be apt to show their discontents as they have opportunity: but this should not make too great impressions in you. Time and patience may work them to a better frame of spirit, and bring them to see that which, for the present, seems to be hid from them; especially if they shall see your moderation and love towards them, whilst they are found in other ways towards you, which I earnestly desire you to study and endeavour, all that lies in you. Whereof both you and I too shall have the comfort, whatsoever the issue and event thereof be.

For what you write of more help, I have long endeavoured it, and shall not be wanting to send you some farther addition to the Council, as soon as men can be found out who are fit for that trust. I am also thinking of sending over to you a fit person who may command the North of Ireland; which I believe stands in great need of one; and I am of your opinion that Trevor, Ards, Audley Mervin,[1] &c. are very dangerous persons, and may be made the heads of a new rebellion. And therefore I would have you move the Council that they be secured in some very

[1] [Over "Morgan," crossed out.]

safe place, and the farther out of their own countries the better.

I commend you to the Lord; and rest,

Your affectionate father,

OLIVER P.*

'The Letter writ unto Mr. Secretary Thurloe,' which is responded-to in this wise and magnanimous manner, does not appear in *Thurloe* or elsewhere. November 14th, a week before the date of this, Henry writing to Thurloe excuses his present brevity, his last Letter having been so very copious: that copious Letter, now lost, is probably the one in question here.[1]

'*November 22d*,' the day after this Letter, 'came several accounts from the Major-Generals out of divers Counties. Out 'of Norfolk it was certified that Cleveland the Poet and one 'Sherland a wild Parson[2] were apprehended' at Norwich 'by Colonel Haynes,'[3] the Lord Fleetwood's Substitute in those regions. This is John Cleveland the famed Cantab Scholar, Royalist Judge-Advocate, and thrice-illustrious Satirist and son of the Muses; who 'had gone through eleven editions' in those times, far transcending all Miltons and all mortals,—and does not now need any twelfth edition, that we hear of. Still recognisable for a man of lively parts, and brilliant petulant character; directed, alas, almost wholly to the *worship of clothes*,—which is by nature a transient one! His good fortune quitted him, I think, nine years ago, when David Lesley took him prisoner in Newark. A stinging satire against the Scots had led Cleveland to expect at least martyrdom on this occasion; but Lesley merely said, "Let the poor knave go and sell his ballads;"[4] and dismissed him,—towards thin diet, and a darkness which has been deepening ever since. Very low, now at Norwich, where he is

* Thurloe, i. 725. [Original in possession of the Cromwell family.]

[1] [The "last letter" is probably that answered by Thurloe on Nov. 13 (iv. 190), and stated by him to have been written on October 31, and to contain papers of "very ill-complexion." Its contents can be pretty well gathered from Thurloe's and the Protector's replies. On Nov. 28, Henry Cromwell wrote again, sending further information concerning those who without provocation slandered him behind his back, and who, he believed, were "stark madd." (*Ibid.*, p. 254.).]

[2] [His name was Sherman, and Haynes wrote that he was "of a sober life, yet of most destructive principles to the government." Thurloe iv. 216.]

[3] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 154); Thurloe, iv. 184.

[4] *Biog. Britan.* (2d edit.), iii. 531:—very ignorantly told there. [His life is in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.]

picked up by Colonel Haynes: 'Thirty pounds a year;'[1] 'lives with a gentleman to whom he is giving some instruction;'—unfortunate son of the Muses. He indites a highflown magnanimous epistle to Cromwell, on this new misfortune; who likewise magnanimously dismisses him,[2] to 'sell his ballads' at what little they will bring.

Wednesday, December 12th, 1655. This day 'in a withdrawing-room at Whitehall,' presided over by his Highness, who is much interested in the matter, was held 'a Conference concerning the Jews;'[3]—of which the modern reader too may have heard something. Conference, one of Four Conferences, publicly held, which filled all England with rumour in those old December days; but must now contract themselves into a point for us. Highest official Persons, with Lord Chief Barons, Lord Chief Justices, and chosen Clergy have met here to advise, by reason, Law-learning, Scripture-prophecy, and every source of light for the human mind, concerning the proposal of admitting Jews, with certain privileges as of alien-citizens, to reside in England. They were banished near Four-hundred years ago: shall they now be allowed to reside and trade again? The Proposer is 'Manasseh Ben Israel,' a learned Portuguese Jew of Amsterdam; who, being stirred up of late years by the great things doing in England, has petitioned one and the other, Long Parliament and Little Parliament, for this object; but could never, till his Highness came into power, get the matter brought to a hearing. And so they debate and solemnly consider; and his Highness spake;—and says one witness, "I never heard a man speak so well."[4] His Highness was eager for the scheme, if so might be. But the Scripture-prophecies, Law-learnings, and lights of the human mind seemed to point another way;[5] zealous Manasseh went home again; the Jews could not settle here except by

[1] [This should be 50*l.* Major Haynes' argument appears to be that as he "liveth in a genteel garb" and yet confesses to having only 50*l.* a year, he must be receiving moneys in other ways; *i.e.*, as a Royalist agent.]

[2] *Life of Cleveland*, prefixed to his Poems.

[3] Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 154).

[4] Sir Paul Rycaut (in Spence's Anecdotes, p. 77;—as cited by Godwin, iv. 299).

[5] ["We have had very many disputations concerning the admittance of the Jews to dwell in this Commonwealth," Thurloe wrote to Henry Cromwell on Dec. 15. "The point of conscience hath been only controverted yet; viz. whether it be lawful to admit the Jews now out of England to return again into it. . . . The matter is debated with great candour and ingenuity, and without any heat. What the issue thereof will be I am not able to tell you, but am apt to think that nothing will be done therein." (Thurloe, iv. 321.).]

private sufferance of his Highness;—and the matter contracts itself into a point for us.[1]

This same Jew-Wednesday, Wednesday the 12th, as a laborious unimportant computation shows, was the 'evening' when Republican Ludlow had the first interview with his Highness and certain of his Council 'in the Protector's bed-chamber.'[2] Solid Ludlow has been in Ireland; dreadfully sulky ever since this Protectorate began. Solid Ludlow never would acknowledge any Single Person, never he; not though the Single Person "were his own father." He has nevertheless, by certain written 'engagements,' contrived to get across from Ireland, with much trouble by the road; but will not now give any promise satisfactory to his Highness. "He will be peaceable; yes, so long "as he sees no chance otherwise: but if he see a chance—!— "Should like, notwithstanding, to breathe a little air in his own "country; that is all he is wanting for the present!" In fact, our solid friend is firm as brass, or oak-timber; altogether obstinate indeed, not to say dogged and mulish. The Protector, who has a respect for the solid man, and whose course is conciliation in such cases, permits him to reside in Essex; keeping his eye upon him.

We might speak also of the famed 'Committee of Trade,' which has now begun its sessions 'in the Old House of Lords.' An Assemblage of Dignitaries, Chief Merchants, Political Economists, convened by summons of His Highness;[3] consulting zealously how the Trade of this country may be improved. A great concernment of the Commonwealth, 'which his Highness is eagerly set upon.' They consulted of 'Swedish Copperas,' and such like; doing faithfully what they could.

Of these things we might speak; but prefer to end the year by this small interesting fraction of Domestic Gossip, coming to us in a small flute-voice across the loud Disturbances, which are fallen silent now, more silent now than even it! Sorry only that nobody can inform us who this blameworthy 'person' in the Lord Henry Cromwell's house is, or what her misdoings are:

[1] Godwin, iv. 243-9.—To 'Manasseth Ben Israel, a Pension of 100*l.* per annum, payable quarterly, and commencing 20th February 1656' (1657): Privy-Seals of Oliver; in Fifth Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records (London, 1844), Appendix ii. p. 263.

[For the history of the Jews in England at this time, see Mr. Lucien Wolf's *Menasseh Ben Israel, Resettlement of the Jews*, and *Crypto-Jews under the Commonwealth.*]

[2] Ludlow, ii. 551 *et seqq.*

[3] Whitlocke, p. 618 (2d Nov. 1655).

but the reader, skilled in perennial human nature, can sufficiently supply these, and listen to the ancient small flute-voice with intelligence:

The Lady Mary Cromwell to Henry Cromwell, Major-General of the Army in Ireland.

"'Hampton-Court,' 7th December 1655.

"Dear Brother,—I cannot be any longer without begging an "excuse for my so long silence. You cannot but hear of my Sis- "ter's illness; which indeed has been the only cause of it. You "might justly take it ill otherwise, and think there were want of "that affection I owe unto you.

"Indeed, dear Brother, it was a great deal of trouble to me to "think I should give you any occasion to think amiss of me: for "I can truly say it, you are very dear to me; and it is a great "trouble to me to think of the distance we are from one another; "and would be more, if I did not think you are doing the Lord's "service;—and truly that ought to satisfy us, for while we are "here, we cannot expect but that we must be separated. Dear "Brother, the Lord direct you in His ways, and keep your heart "close unto Himself. And I am sure, therein you will have true "comfort; and that that will last when all this world shall pass "away.

"I cannot but give you some item of One that is with you, "which, 'it' is so much feared by your friends that love you, is "some dishonour to you and my dear Sister, if you have not a "great care. For it is reported here, that she rules much in your "Family; and truly it is feared that she is a discountenancer of "the Godly People. Therefore, dear Brother, take it not ill, that "I give you an item of her: for, truly, if I did not dearly love you "both and your honour, I would not give you notice of her. "Therefore I hope you will not take it ill, that I have dealt thus "plainly with you. I suppose you know who it is I mean, there- "fore I desire to be excused for not naming her. I desire not to "be seen in it; and therefore desire you that you would not take "the least notice of my writing to you about it: because I was "desired not to speak of it;—nor should I, but that I know you "will not take it amiss from your poor Sister that loves you.

"Dear Brother, I take leave to rest—your sister and servant,

"Mary Cromwell.

"Her Highness[1] desires to have her love to you and my Sister; "and my Sister Franke her respects to you both."[2]

'My Sister Franke' and the Lady Mary, these are my 'two little wenches,' grown now to be women; with dress-caps, fresh blossoming hearts, musical glib tongues,—not uninteresting to men! Anthony Ashley Cooper, I am told, is looking towards this Lady Mary; now turned of Eighteen,[3] and a desirable match for any youth of ambition,—but not attainable I doubt by Ashley.

LETTER CCVIII[4]

He that builds by the wayside has many masters! Henry Cromwell, we perceive by all symptoms,[5] has no holiday task of it; needs energy, vigilance, intelligence,—needs almost unlimited patience first of all. With a hot proud temper of his own to strive against, too; and is not nine-and-twenty yet: a young man whose carriage hitherto merits high praise. Anabaptist Colonels 'preach' against him; Fleetwood, at headquarters, has perhaps a tendency to favour Anabaptist Colonels, and send them over hither to us? Colonel Hewson, here in Ireland, he, with a leaning that way, has had correspondences, has even had an 'Answer' from the Lord Protector (now lost),[6] whereupon have risen petitionings,

[1] 'our Mother.'

[2] Thurloe, iv. 293. ["In the possession of the right honourable the Earl of Shelburn."]

[3] Vol. i. p. 63.

[4] [Before this letter, see letter to Desborow, Jan. 29, and Speech to the Lord Mayor, &c., on March 11, Supplement Nos. 116, 117.]

[5] See his Letters to Thurloe: Thurloe, iv. 254-676 (Letters from Nov. 1655 to April 1656).

[6] [On Dec. 2, 1655, Hewson had petitioned the Protector to send the Lord Deputy back to Ireland. Oliver's letter (first mentioned by H. Cromwell on Dec. 19) was probably an answer to this. Of it, Thomas Harrison, one of the ministers sent over with "the Lord Harry" to Ireland, writes: "His Highness' letter to Col. Hewson and his reply to the same are boasted of, even by the meanest persons of that party, with no little reflection upon my Lord [Henry]. They say it is evident by that from his Highness that my Lord was sent over to be commanded, not to command; to serve and not to rule" (Thurloe, iv. pp. 276, 327, 349). It says much for the Protector's impartiality that he received so calmly what was covertly a complaint against his son. Indeed Henry evidently thought his father *too* impartial, and his own place in danger. "Let his Highness do with me as he pleases," he wrote to Thurloe; "send me into a Welsh cottage if it be for his service." On Hewson's reply to the Protector, see H. Cromwell's letter of December 26 (*ibid.*, p. 348). Thurloe excuses the Protector's letter to Hewson on the ground that it was

colloquies, caballings,—much loud unreason to absorb into oneself, and convert at least into silence! 'Be not troubled with that Business; we understand the men:' no;—and on the whole, read, and be encouraged, and go on your way.

For my Son Harry Cromwell

'Whitehall,' 21st April 1656.

HARRY,

I have received your letters, and have also seen some from you to others, and am sufficiently satisfied of your burden, and that if the Lord be not with you, to enable you to bear it, you are in a very sad condition.

I am glad to hear what I have heard of your carriage: study still to be innocent, and to answer every occasion, roll yourself upon God,[1] which to do needs much grace. Cry to the Lord to give you a plain single heart. Take heed of being over-jealous, lest your apprehensions of others cause you to offend. Know that uprightness will preserve you; in this be confident against men.

I think the Anabaptists are to blame in not being pleased with you. That's their fault. It will not reach you, whilst you with singleness of heart make the glory of the Lord your aim. Take heed of professing religion without the power: that will teach you to love all who are after the similitude of Christ.

necessary in consequence of the "dissatisfaction" shown by him and others, but declares that the letter contained nothing that any one can make evil use of, and was written in "much plainness and sincerity of heart"; and that any one "improving" it to the disadvantage of the Lord Henry will very ill requite his Highness, and "wrest his words to a meaning which hath no place in his own heart" (*ibid.*, p. 373). When Cols. Cooper and Sankey went over to Ireland in January, the Protector wrote again to Hewson. It may be gathered from Hewson's reply (Thurloe, iv. 422) that he "took notice" of Hewson's affection for the Lord Deputy, alluded to certain petitions sent from Ireland, urged Hewson to do what he could to heal differences, and told him that he who could readily call persons and forms Antichristian because they differed from himself, made a breach and made reconciliation impracticable.]

[1] [Unfortunately, the editor's endeavours to discover what has become of this letter have been fruitless. The expression "roll yourself upon God," is very curious. It might be surmised that the true text is "Call upon God," and that the transcriber having written "roll," Carlyle inserted "yourself" to make the phrase a little more possible.]

Take care of making it a business to be too hard for the men who contest with you. Being over-concerned may train you into a snare. I have to do with those poor men, and am not without my exercise. I know they are weak, because they are so peremptory in judging others. I quarrel not with them but in their seeking to supplant others, which is done by some, first by branding them with antichristianism, and then taking away their maintenance.

Be not troubled with the late business: we understand the men. Do not fear the sending of any over to you but such as will be considering men, loving all godly interests, and men 'that' will be friends to justice. Lastly, take heed of studying to lay for yourself the foundation of a great estate. It will be a snare to you: they will watch you; bad men will be confirmed in covetousness. The thing is an evil which God abhors. I pray you think of me in this.

If the Lord did not sustain me, I were undone: but I live, and I shall live, to the good pleasure of His grace; I find mercy at need. The God of all grace keep you. I rest,

Your loving father,

Oliver P.

My love to my dear Daughter (whom I frequently pray for) and to all friends.*

Such a Letter, like a staff dipped in honeycomb and brought to one's lips, is enough to enlighten the eyes of a wearied Sub-Deputy; and cheer him, a little, on his way! To prove that you can conquer every opponent, to found a great estate: not these, or the like of these, be your aims, Son Harry. 'I pray you think of me in this.' And on the whole, heed not the foolish noises, the fatuous lights; heed the eternal Loadstars and celestial Silences,—and vigilantly march: so shall you too perhaps 'find mercy at need.'

* Autograph in the possession of Sir W. Betham (Ulster King of Arms), Dublin. [When Oliver wrote this, he would not yet have heard of the birth of his grandson, announced by a letter from Henry Cromwell written on April 18; intelligence which, as a news-letter states, did "very much rejoice the Lord Protector." The child was named after its grandfather. (Thurloe, iv. 742, 757.).]

LETTER CCIX

NEW Sea-Armaments, and ever new, are fitted out against the Spaniards and their Papist Domdaniel.[1] Penn being dismissed, Councillor Colonel Montague, already in the Admiralty, was made Sea-General last January in his stead; and now Blake and he have their flags flying somewhere off Cadiz Bay it would appear.

To Generals Blake and Montague, at Sea

Whitehall, 28th April 1656.

MY LOVING FRIENDS,

You have, as I verily believe and am persuaded, a plentiful stock of prayers going 'on' for you daily, sent up by the soberest and most approved ministers and Christians in this nation; and, notwithstanding some discouragements, very much wrestling of faith for you: which are to us, and I trust will be to you, matter of great encouragement. But notwithstanding all this, it will be good for you and us to deliver up ourselves and all our affairs to the disposition of our All-wise Father; who, not only out of prerogative, but because of His wisdom, goodness and truth, ought to be resigned-unto by His creatures, and most especially by those who are children of His begetting through the Spirit. We have been lately taught[2] that it is not in man to direct his way. Indeed all the dispensations of God, whether adverse or prosperous, do fully read that lesson. We can no more turn away the Evil, as we call it, than attain the Good: And therefore Solomon's counsel, of doing what we have to do with all our might, 'and' getting our hearts wholly submitted, if not to rejoicing, at least to contentation with whatsoever shall be dispensed by Him to whom alone the issues of all things do belong, is worthy to be received by us.[3]

[1] [And fresh troops to be sent to Jamaica. See Supplement 118 (1, 2).]
[2] In the affair of Hispaniola, &c.
[3] Yes, I should say so;—as indeed the whole Universe, since it first had any glimmerings of intelligence in it, has said!

Wherefore we have thought fit to send this honest man, Captain Lloyd,[1] who is known to us to be a person of integrity, to convey to you some thoughts, wherein we do only offer to you such things as do arise to us, partly upon intelligence, and partly upon such a measure as at such a distance we take of that great affair wherein you are engaged; desiring to give no rule to you, but building much more, under God, upon your judgments on the place than our own; forasmuch as our intelligences, coming much upon the examinations of merchants ships and such ways, may not be true oftentimes in matter of fact. And therefore we do offer what we have to say rather as queries than as resolutions.

We are informed that not many of the Plate Fleet are come home; *viz.* two Galeons and two Pataches;[2] and we hear they are not so rich as they give out. We are informed also that the Spaniards' fleet in Cadiz is in no preparation to come out; and some think they will not come forth, but delay you upon the coast, until your victuals are spent, and you forced to come home. We apprehend that, when General Blake was there last year, they could not have told how to have manned-out a fleet, if the merchants there and gentlemen interested had not (principally for their own interest in the return of their 'Plate' fleet) done it.

We are informed that they sent what men they could well spare, by those six or seven ships[3] which they sent to the West Indies in March last. We know also that it hath ever been accounted that the Spaniards' great want is men, as well as money at this time. What numbers are in and about Cadiz you best know. We only discourse probabilities: Whether now it might not be worthy to be weighed by you and your council of war, whether this fleet of theirs now in Cadiz might not be

[1] [For Captain Lloyd's mission to the fleet, see Carte, *Original Letters*, ii. 102, 115.]

[2] *Galeone*, in the Spanish Dictionary, is defined as an 'Armed ship of burden used for trade in time of war;' *Patache* as 'a Tender, or smaller ship to wait upon the *Galeone*.'

[3] ["6 or 27" in Thurloe's draft.]

burnt or otherwise destroyed? Whether Pontall and the Forts are so considerably stronger as to discourage from such an attempt? Whether Cadiz itself be unattemptable; or the Island on which it stands be noways to be separated from relieving the town by the bridge,[1] the Island being so narrow in some parts of it? Whether any other place be attemptable; especially that of the town and castle of Gibraltar,—which if possessed and made tenable by us,[2] would it not be both an advantage to our trade and an annoyance to the Spaniard; and enable us, without keeping so great a fleet on that coast, with six nimble frigates lodged there to do the Spaniard more harm than by a fleet, and ease our own charge?

You may discourse freely with the bearer concerning anything contained in this letter, to whom the whole was communicated, that so he might be able to bring back to us a more particular account of things. The Lord guide you to do that which may be pleasing in His sight.

I remain,

Your very loving friend,

OLIVER P.*

LETTER CCX

CADIZ could not be attempted. Here, eight days later, is another message to the same parties, concerning another business. 'The Portugal,' it appears, has been behaving in a very paltry fashion; and now 'Mr. Meadows,' one of Thurloe's Under-Secretaries, is gone out to him; whose remonstrances, the Fleet lending them its emphasis, will probably be effectual!

[1] Means 'noways to be separated from the Mainland, by ruining its Bridge:' Cadiz were thus in reality *isolated*.

[2] Hear, hear!

* Thurloe, iv. 744. [Draft. In the handwriting of Sec. Thurloe. The instructions to Capt. Lloyd are also there.]

To Generals Blake and Montague, at Sea

Whitehall, 6th May 1656.

GENTLEMEN,

You will perceive, by the Instructions[1] herewith sent you, what is expected by myself and the Council at your hands. And although we are satisfied that you will believe we have sufficient grounds to give you these directions, yet we have thought fit, for the farther strengthening you unto this action, to give you a short knowledge of the true state of the difference between us and the King of Portugal.

You very well know that it is very near two years since we and the Ambassador of Portugal did agree a Treaty, they having wronged us and our merchants, and took part with the late King against us. When the Articles were fully agreed by the Ambassador, who had full power and authority to conclude with us, we on our part ratified and confirmed the same, and sent it to the King of Portugal to be ratified and executed also by him. He, delaying to do it according to the first Agreement, in which there were some preliminaries to be performed by him before we would enter upon the whole body of a Treaty,—not only refused to give us satisfaction therein, but instead thereof sent us a pretended ratification of a Treaty, so different from what was agreed by his Ambassador that it was quite another thing. In some essential Articles, it was proposed that if we would condescend to some amendments, the King of Portugal would agree to confirm the whole.

Whereupon we sent Mr. Maynard to have the Treaty consummated: but finding by his return[2] that there was little reality, and nothing but delays intended, we could not satisfy

[1] Thurloe, iv. 769: brief 'instructions,' To seize the Portugal's ships, fleets, almost the Portugal's self, if he will not do justice.

[2] [Carlyle altered this to "by the answer he gave us," but Cromwell means exactly what he says. It was Maynard's abrupt dismissal by the King which showed that Portugal meant to yield nothing. See note on p. 455 above.

Of the new negotiations, Sec. Nicholas wrote from Cologne: "Meadows is sent to Lisbon for the King of Portugal's last resolution about ratifying his treaty with Cromwell, who has left out the article about religion, rather than not have the liberty of the ports in Portugal." (See *Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1655-56, p. 236.).]

ourselves without sending another person, fully instructed, and authorised by us to take away all scruples by yielding to their own amendments; thereby to discern whether they were sincere [1] or not. But, contrary to all expectation, we find, by the account the said person hath now given us, that we are put upon it to recede from all those things that were provisional, either for the good of the State or of our Merchants, or else we must have no Peace with them.[2]

In one of the Articles agreed with the Ambassador, it was expressed, that the merchants should enjoy liberty of conscience, in the worship of God in their own houses and aboard their ships; enjoying also the use of English Bibles, and other good books; taking care that they did not exceed this liberty. Now, upon the sending of Mr. Meadow,—unless we will agree to submit this Article to the determination of the Pope, we cannot have it: whereby he would bring us to an owning of the Pope, which, we hope, whatever befall us, we shall not, by the grace of God, be brought unto.[3] And upon the same issue is that Article put whereby it is provided and agreed by his Ambassador, that any ships coming to that harbour, any of their [4] company, if they shall run away from their said ships, shall be brought back again by the Magistrate; and the Commanders of the said ships 'shall' not 'be' required to pay the said runaways their wages, upon pretence 'that' they are turned Catholics,—which may be a colour for any knave to leave his duty, or for the Roman Catholics to seduce our men; which was thought necessary to be provided against. Yet to this also, as I said before, they would not consent without the approbation of the Pope, although it was agreed also by their Ambassador.

Upon the whole matter, we find them very false to us, who intended nothing but what was simply honest. And truly we cannot believe that Article that was for our good, was really intended by them. And we may now plainly see what the

[1] 'real' *in orig.*
[2] Let them have a care!
[3] No!
[4] ["whose" in Thurloe.]

effect is like to be of any treaty had or made with people or states guided by such principles, who, when they have agreed, have such an evasion as these people have manifestly held forth in their dealing with us. Wherefore we pray you to be very exact in the prosecution of your Instructions; which truly I hope do not arise from the hope of gain, but from a sense of duty, that, seeing we cannot secure our people in their lives, liberties and estates, by a pretence of a treaty; nor yet answer the just demands this nation hath for wrongs done them; but must in some sort be guilty of bringing our People as it were into a net, by such specious shows which have nothing but falseness and rottenness in them;—we are necessitated, having amongst ourselves found out no possible expedient, though we have industriously sought it, to salve these things; [and] have concluded out of necessity and not out of choice, to go in this way.

You will receive herewith the copy of an Instruction given and sent to Mr. Meadows, wherein is a time limited for the King's answer, and we desire that this may not be made use of by the King to delay or deceive us: nor that you, upon the first sight hereof, delay to take the best course you can to effect your Instructions, or that the Portugal should get his Fleet home before you get between him and home, and so the birds be flown. We know not what your affairs are at the present, but are confident that nothing will be wanting on your part for the effectual accomplishment of this service. But knowing that all ways, and works, and ourselves, are ever at the perfect disposition of the Lord and His providence, and that our times are in His hands, we therefore recommend you to the grace and guidance of our good God, who, we hope, hath thoughts of mercy towards us: and that He would guide and bless you is the prayer of,

Your loving friend,

'Oliver P.'

We desire in this business that your aim be, if the providence of God gives opportunity, to take that from them which is con-

siderable, or else not to make known your instructions, nor to make a breach upon them.*

In Thurloe's handwriting; but very evidently Oliver's composition every sentence of it. There will clearly be no living for the Portugal, unless he decide to throw away his jockeyings and jesuitries, and do what is fair and square!

LETTER CCXI

A SMALL vestige, it is presumable, of this Protector's solicitude for the encouragement of Learning and Learned Men. Which is a feature of his character very conceivable to us, and well demonstrated otherwise by testimony of facts and persons. Such we shall presume the purport of this small Civic Message to be:

For Our worthy Friends the Committee of the City of London for Gresham College: These

Whitehall, 9th May 1656.

GENTLEMEN,

We understanding that you have appointed an election this afternoon of a Geometry Professor in Gresham College, We desire you to suspend the same for some time, till We shall have an opportunity to speak with some of you in order to that business. I rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER P.†

Historical Neal says zealously, 'If there was a man in England 'who excelled in any faculty or science, the Protector would find 'him out, and reward him according to his merit.' The renowned Dr. Cudworth in Cambridge, I have likewise expressly read, had commission to mark among the ingenuous youths of that University such as he deemed apt for Public Employment, and to make the Protector aware of them. Which high and indeed sacred function we find the Doctor, as occasion offers, intent to discharge.[1] The choice this Protector made of men,—'in nothing 'was his good understanding better discovered;' 'which gave a

* Thurloe, iv. 768. [But postscript omitted.]
† Original, with Oliver's Signature, in the Guildhall Library, London.

[1] Thurloe, iii. 614; v. 522; &c.

'general satisfaction to the Public,' say the Histories.[1] As we can very well believe! He who is himself a true man, has a chance to know the truth of men when he sees them; he who is not, has none: and as for the poor Public and its satisfactions, —alas, is not the kind of 'man' you set upon it the liveliest symbol of its, and your, veracity and victory and blessedness, or unveracity and misery and cursedness; the general summation, and practical outcome, of all else whatsoever in the Public, and in you?

LETTER CCXII

ANOTHER small Note still extant; relating to very small, altogether domestic matters.

'*For my loving Son Richard Cromwell, Esquire, at Hursley: These*'

'Whitehall,' 29th May 1656.

SON,

You know there hath often been a desire to sell Newhall, because in these four years last past it hath yielded very little or no profit at all, nor ever did I hear you ever liked it for a seat.

It seems there may be a chapman had, who will give 18,000*l.* It shall be either laid out where you shall desire, at Mr. Wallop's or elsewhere, and the money put into feoffees' hands in trust to be so disposed: or I shall settle Burleigh; which yields near 1,300*l.*[2] *per annum*, besides the woods. Waterhouse will give you farther information.

I rest,

Your loving father,

OLIVER P.

My love to your Father and Mother,[3] and your dear Wife.*

[1] Burnet, in Neal, ii. 514; *ib.* ii. 461, 494.
[2] Written above is '1,260*l.*' [3] Mr. and Mrs. Mayor of Hursley.

* Original in the possession of Henry William Field, Esq., of the Royal Mint. [Now in the possession of Sir Richard Tangye, and reproduced in his "Two Protectors." Holograph.]

Newhall is the House and Estate in Essex which had once belonged to the great Duke of Buckingham. Burleigh I guess to be Burleigh on the Hill, near Oakham, another House of the great Duke's, which Oliver in the beginning of his military services had known well: he took it by assault in 1643. Of Oliver's Lands, or even of his Public Lands granted by the Parliament, much more of the successive phases his Estate assumed by new purchase and exchange, there is, as we once observed already, no exact knowledge now anywhere to be had. Obscure incidental notices flit through the Commons Journals and other records; but the sum of the matter alike with the details of it are sunk in antique Law-Parchments, in obliterated Committee-Papers, far beyond human sounding. Of the Lands he *died* possessed of, there is a List extant, more or less accurate; which is worth looking at here. On quitting the Protectorship in 1659, Richard Cromwell, with the hope of having his debts paid and some fixed revenue allowed him, gave-in a Schedule of his Liabilities and of his Properties, the latter all in Land; which Schedule poor Noble has found *somewhere;*[1] and copied, probably with blunders. Subjoined is his List of the Properties, some of them misspelt, most likely; the exact localities of which, no indication being given or sought by Noble, may be a problem for persons learned in such matters.[2] To us, only Burleigh and Newhall are of importance here.

[1] *Not* where he says he did, 'in *Commons Journals*, 14th May 1659' (Noble, i. 333, 4). [Noble does not say so. His entry is headed "The schedule of the Protector's debts as delivered unto the Parliament; copied from the Journals of the House of Commons. The schedule of debts, May 14, 1659, &c. &c." This is absolutely correct. But the schedule, so dated, was not read in the House until May 25, and is therefore printed under that date. Noble mentions (without endorsing) Morant's statement that Cromwell gave Newhall up in part payment for Hampton Court. This is certainly a mistake. It was settled as stated below, for security of the Lady Frances' portion, who made an attempt, though an unsuccessful one, to keep it at the Restoration (See *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on the Frankland-Russell-Astley Papers*, p. 25). It was, as is well known, granted to the Duke of Albemarle.]

[2] REAL ESTATE IN 1659.

Dalby, *Broughton*, Gower	settled on my Brother Henry Cromwell upon marriage: worth a-year	£989 9 1 533 8 8 479 0 0
Newhall with woods, settled for security of 15,000*l.* for a Portion for my Sister Frances		1200 0 0
Chepstall		549 7 3
Magore		448 0 0
Tydenham		3121 9 6
Woolaston		664 16 6

[*Footnote continued on next page.*

Newhall, we can observe, was not sold on the occasion of this Letter, nor at all sold; for it still stands in the List of 1659; and with some indication, too, as to what the cause of now trying to sell it may have been. 'For a Portion to my Sister Frances,' namely. Noble's citations from Morant's *History of Essex;* his and Morant's blunderings and somnambulancies, in regard to this matter of Newhall, seem almost to approach the sublime.[1]

Leaving these, let us attend a little to the 'Portion for my Sister Frances;' concerning which and whom a few lines of musical domestic gossip, interesting to the mind, are once more audible, from the same flute-voice above listened to. 'Mr. Rich,' we should premise, is the Lord Rich's Son, the Earl of Warwick's Grandson; heir-apparent, though he did not live to be heir:—pious old Earl of Warwick, whom we have seen heretofore as Admiral in the Long-Parliament time; the poor Earl of Holland's Brother. Here are affairs of the heart, romances of reality, such as have to go on in all times, under all dialects and fashions of dress-caps, Puritan-Protectoral and other.

Chaulton, with woods	500	0	0
Burleigh	1236	12	8
Okham	326	14	11
Egelton	79	11	6

These are all the Lands at this date in the possession of the Oliver Family. The five names printed here in italics are still recognisable: Villiers (Duke of Buckingham) Properties all of these; the first two in Leicestershire, the last three contiguous to one another in Rutlandshire: of the others I at present (A.D. 1845) know nothing. As to poor Richard's finance-budget, encumbered 'with 2,000*l.* yearly to my Mother,' 'with 3,000*l.* of debt contracted in my Father's lifetime,' and plentifully otherwise,—it shall not concern us farther.

(*Note of* 1857.) The other Properties have now also been discovered: Lands, these, of the confiscated Marquis of Worcester; all of them in the South-Wales or Ragland quarter. 'Gower' is in Glamorgan, not far from Swansea; 'Chepstall' is *Chepstow;* 'Tydenham,' *Tidenham*, in the same neighbourhood; 'Woolaston' is in Gloucestershire, four miles from Chepstow; 'Chaulton,' one of the *Charltons* in the same county; 'Magore,' *Magor* (St. Mary's) in Monmouthshire. For *Gower*, *Tidenham*, *Magor*, and their connection with Cromwell, there is still direct proof; for the others, which are all Ragland manors too, there is thus presumption to the verge of proof. So that all these Properties, in Richard's Schedule, are either Buckingham or else Worcester ones,—grants by the Nation;—and of 'my ould land' (now settled otherwise, or indeed not concerned in this question) there is no mention here. (Newspaper called *Notes and Queries*, Nos. 21-28; London, 23rd March-11th May 1850.)

[1] Noble, i. 334, 5.

The Lady Mary Cromwell to Henry Cromwell, Major-General of the Forces in Ireland

"'Hampton Court,' 23d June 1656.

"Dear Brother,—Your kind Letters do so much engage my "heart towards you, that I can never tell how to express in writ- "ing the true affection and value I have of you,—who, truly I "think, none that knows you but you may justly claim it from.[1]

"I must confess myself in a great fault in the omitting to "write to you and your dear Wife so long a time, but I suppose "you cannot be ignorant of the reason, which truly has been the "only cause; which is this business of my Sister Frances and "Mr. Rich. Truly I can truly say it, for these three months I "think our Family, and myself in particular, have been 'in' the "greatest confusion and trouble as ever poor Family can be in. "The Lord tell us His 'mind'[2] in it; and settle us, and make "us what He would have us to be! I suppose you heard of the "breaking-off of the business; and, according to your desire in "your last Letter, as well as I can, I shall give you a full account "of it, which is this:

"After a quarter of a year's admittance, my Father and my "Lord Warwick began to treat about the Estate; and it seems "my Lord did not offer that that my Father expected. I need "not name particulars: for I suppose you have had it from better "hands: but if I may say the truth, I think it was not so much "estate, as some private reasons, that my Father discovered to "none but to my Sister Frances and his own Family;—which "was a dislike to the young person, which he had from some re- "ports of his being a vicious man, given to play and such-like "things; which office was done by some who had a mind to "break-off the match. My Sister, hearing these things, was "resolved to know the truth of it;[3] and truly did find all the "reports to be false that were raised of him. And to tell you "the truth, they were so much engaged in affection before this, "that she could not think of breaking it off, so that my Sister "engaged me and all the friends she had, who truly were very "few, to speak in her behalf to my Father, which we did; but "could not be heard to any purpose: only this my Father pro- "mised, that if he were satisfied as to the report, the estate "should not break it off; which she was satisfied with.

[1] Young-Lady's grammar! [2] Word omitted. [3] Poor little Frances!

"But after this, there was a second Treaty; and my Lord "Warwick desired my Father to name what it was he demanded "more; and to his utmost he would satisfy him. So my Father "upon this made new propositions, which my Lord Warwick has "answered as much as he can; but it seems there is five-hundred "pounds a year in my Lord Rich's hands, which he has power "to sell, and there are some people, that persuade his Highness, "that it would be dishonourable for him to conclude of it with-"out these 500*l.* a year be settled upon Mr. Rich, after his "father's death. And my Lord Rich having no esteem at all of "his son, because he is not so bad as himself, will not agree to "it; and these people upon this persuade my Father it would be "a dishonour to him to yield upon these terms; it would show, "that he was made a fool on by my Lord Rich. Which the "truth is, how it should be, I can't understand, nor very few "else;[1] and truly I must tell you privately, that they are so far "engaged, as the match cannot be broken off! She acquainted "none of her friends with her resolution, when she did it.

"Dear Brother, this is, as far as I can tell, the state of the "business. The Lord direct them what to do. And all, I think, "ought to beg of God to pardon her in her doing of this thing; "—which I must say truly she was put upon by the 'course'[2] "of things. Dear, let me beg my excuses to my Sister for not "writing. My best respects to her. Pardon this trouble; and "believe me that I shall ever strive to approve myself, dear "Brother, your affectionate sister and servant,

"MARY CROMWELL."[3]

Poor little Fanny Cromwell was not yet much turned of Seventeen, when she had these complex things to do, with her friends, 'who truly were very few.' What 'people' they were that put, or strove to put, such notions into his Highness's head, with intent to frustrate the decidedly eligible Mr. Rich, none knows.[4] I could suspect Ashley Cooper, or some such hand, if his date of favour still lasted. But it is gone, long months ago.

[1] Good little Mary!

[2] Blank space.

[3] Thurloe, v. 146. ["In the possession of the Honourable the Earl of Shelburn."]

[4] [She was called Franke, not Fanny, at home. Probably the Protector's greatest objection to young Rich was the very delicate state of his health. See letters in the *Hist. MSS. Commissioners' Report on the Frankland-Russell-Astley Papers*, pp. 21, 22.]

Ashley is himself frustrated; cannot obtain this musical glib-tongued Lady Mary, says Ludlow;[1] goes over to opposition in consequence; is dismissed from His Highness's Council of State; and has to climb in this world by another ladder. Poor Fanny's marriage did nevertheless take effect. Both Mary and she were duly wedded, Fanny to Rich, Mary to Lord Fauconberg, in November next year, within about a week of each other:[2] our friends, 'who truly were very few,' and our destinies, and our own lively wits, brought all right in the end.

LETTER CCXIII

It was last Spring Assizes, as we saw, that the 'great appearances of country gentlemen and persons of the highest quality' took place; leading to the inference generally that this Protectorate Government is found worth acknowledging by England. Certainly a somewhat successful Government hitherto; in spite of difficulties great and many. It carries eternal Gospel in the one hand, temporal drawn Sword in the other. Actually it has compressed the turbulent humours of this Country, and encouraged the better tendencies thereof, hitherto; it has set its foot resolutely on the neck of English Anarchy, and points with its armed hand to noble onward and upward paths. All which, England,

[1] Here is the passage, not hitherto printed; one of several 'Suppressed-passages from *Ludlow's Memoirs*,' which still exist in the handwriting of John Locke (now in the possession of Lord Lovelace), having been duly copied out by Locke for his own poor *Life* of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to whom they all relate:

'Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who was first for the King, then for the Parliament; then, in Cromwell's first Assembly,' the little Parliament, was 'for the 'reformation; and afterwards for Cromwell against that reformation. Now' again, 'being denied Cromwell's Daughter Mary in marriage, he appears against 'Cromwell's design in the last Assembly,' the constitutioning Parliament, where his behaviour was none of the best; 'and is therefore dismissed the Council, Crom-'well being resolved to act there as the chief juggler himself; and one Colonel 'Mackworth, a Lawyer about Shrewsbury, a person fit for his purpose, is chosen 'in his room.'—Mackworth was a soldier as well as Lawyer; the same who, as Governor of Shrewsbury, gave negative response to Charles Second, when he summoned him on the road to Worcester, once upon a time. Mackworth was in the Council, and had even died, and entirely left the Council, before Anthony Ashley left it (Thurloe, iii. 581; and Godwin, iv. 288). My solid friend, absent in Ireland, sulkily breathing the air in Essex, falls into some errors! Court-rumour, this of his; truth in the heart of it, details rather vague;—not much worth verifying or rectifying here. [The above passage is in Firth's *Ludlow*, vol. i. xxi.]

[2] Vol. i. p. 63.

thankful at lowest for peace and order, by degrees recognises; with acquiescence, not without some slow satisfactory feeling. England is in peace at home; stands as the Queen of Protestantism abroad; defies Spain and Antichrist,[1] protects poor Piedmont Protestants and servants of Christ;—has taken, all men admit, a nobler attitude than it ever had before.

Nor has the task been easy hitherto; nor is it like to be. No holiday work, governing such an England as this of Oliver Protector's; with strong Papistry abroad, and a Hydra of Anarchies at home! The domestic Hydra is not slain; cannot, by the nature of it, be *slain;* can only be scotched and mowed down, head after head, as it successively protrudes itself;—till, by the aid of Time, it slowly *die*. As yet, on any hint of foreign encouragement it revives again, requires to be scotched and mowed down again. His exiled Majesty Charles Stuart has got a new lever in hand, by means of this War with Spain.

Seven years ago his exiled Majesty's 'Embassy to Spain,' embassy managed by Chancellor Hyde and another, proved rather a hungry affair; and ended, I think, in little,—except the murder of poor Ascham, the then Parliament's Envoy at Madrid; whom, like Dutch Dorislaus, as 'an accursed regicide or abettor of regicides,' certain cut-throat servants of the said hungry Embassy broke-in upon, one afternoon, and slew. For which violent deed no full satisfaction could be got from Spain,—the murderers having taken 'sanctuary,' as was pleaded.[2] With that rather sorry result, and no other noticeable, Chancellor Hyde's Embassy took itself away again; Spain ordering it to go. But now, this fierce Protestant Protector breathing nothing but war, Spain finds that the English domestic Hydra, if well operated upon by Charles Stuart, might be a useful thing; and grants Charles Stuart some encouragements for that. His poor Majesty is coming to the seashore again; is to have 'Seven-thousand Spaniards' to invade England,—if the domestic Hydra will stir with effect. The domestic Hydra, I think, had better lie quiet for a while! This Letter to Henry Cromwell is to bid him too, for his part, be awake in Ireland to these things.

For the Hydra is not dead; and its heads are legion. Major

[1] [See letter to the Commanders in Jamaica, Supplement, No. 119. "We could not satisfy ourselves to desert this cause . . . but are resolved in His [God's] fear to prosecute the same."]

[2] Clarendon, iii. 498-509; Process and Pleadings in the Court of Spain upon the Death of Anthony Ascham (in *Harl. Miscell.*, vi. 236-47).

Wildman, for example, sits safe in Chepstow: but Sexby, the Anabaptist Colonel, whom we could not take on that occasion, is still busy; has been 'trying to seduce the Fleet,' trying to do this and that; is now fairly gone to Spain, to treat with Anti-christ himself for the purpose of bringing-in a Reign of Christ,—the truly desperate Anabaptist Colonel![1] It is a Hydra like few. Spiritual and Practical: Muggletonians, mad Quakers riding into Bristol, Fifth-Monarchists, Hungry Flunkeys: ever scheming, plotting with or without hope, to 'seduce the Protector's Guard,' 'to blow up the Protector in his bed-room,' and do "other little fiddling things," as the Protector calls them,—which one cannot waste time in specifying! Only the slow course of nature can kill that Hydra: till a Colonel Sexby *die*, how can you keep him quiet?—

But what doubtless gives new vitality to plotting, in these weeks, is the fact that a General Election to Parliament is going on. There is to be a new Parliament;—in which may lie who knows what contentions. The Protector lost it last time, by the arithmetical account of heads; will he gain it this time? Account of heads is not exactly the Protector's basis; but he hopes he may now gain it even so. At all events, this wide foreign and domestic Spanish War cannot be carried on without supplies; he will first try it so,—then otherwise if not so.[2]

'*To Henry Cromwell, Major-General of the Army in Ireland*'

'Whitehall,' 26th August 1656.

SON HARRY,

We are informed, from several hands, that the old enemy are forming designs to invade Ireland, as well as other parts of the Commonwealth; and that he and Spain have very great correspondence with some chief men in that nation, for raising a sudden rebellion there.

Wherefore we judge it very necessary that you take all possible care to put the Forces into such a condition as may answer

[1] Clarendon, iii. 852; Thurloe, iv. 698, etc.

[2] [Bordeaux did not believe that the Protector's aim was so much to obtain the supplies necessary to carry on the war, as to augment his power, "qui ne peut estre légitimé jusques à ce que le peuple representé par ce corps l'ayt recogneu par un acte authentique." *Bordeaux to Brienne, French Transcripts*, Public Record Office.]

anything which may fall out of this kind, and to that end, that you contract the Garrisons in Ireland, as much as may be; and get a considerable marching army into the field, in two or three bodies, to be laid in the most proper and advantageous places for service, as occasion shall require. Taking also, in all other things, the best care you can to break and prevent the designs and combinations of the enemy;—and a very particular regard is to be had to the North, where, without question, busy and discontented persons are working towards new disturbances. I do not doubt but you will communicate these things to Colonel Cowper, to the end he may be the more watchful and diligent in looking to his charge. I rest, your loving father,

OLIVER P.*

'Colonel Cowper' commands the Forces in Ulster. Plenty of details about him in Thurloe's Fourth Volume:—our readers can sufficiently conceive him without details. We are more interested to state, from a Letter of Thurloe's which goes along with this, that there are 'Fourteen Spanish ships plying about the Isle of Islay,' doubtless with an eye to Carrickfergus; that we hope, and indeed believe, my Lord Henry will be on the alert. For the rest, the Elections are going well; all 'for peace and settlement,' as we hear, 'and great friends to the Government.'[1] Ashley

* *Sloane MSS.*, 4157, f. 209; [Now f. 88. Draft in Thurloe's hand] and (with insignificant variations) Thurloe, v. 348. [There were several small misprints in Carlyle's text of this letter. The most noticeable was that he printed "looking to this danger" instead of "looking to his charge," in the last line.]

[1] [Bordeaux says a good deal concerning the arrangements for the elections, but his statements, being those of a foreigner, must always be received with some caution. His information appears to have been chiefly obtained from a member of parliament "very powerful with the republican party," and (as he tells us later) a connexion of the leader who would fain step into Cromwell's place (*i.e.* Lambert). Writing to Brienne on August 20-30, he says that the Protector is taking all possible precautions in the choice of members: "ceux de Londres," he continues, "sont de differentes factions; le peuple de Westminster n'a pas esté si complaisant qu'il n'ayt fallu mestre des soldatz avec les Bourgeois, pour appuyer ses amis et esclore ses ennemis. L'on ne peut encore sçavoir l'eslection des autres villes et provinces, mais les dispositions n'en etoient pas favorables, et le Conseil d'Etat s'est occupé tous ces jours a exhorter ceux qui avoient esté mandez." On Sept. 1-11, he announces that the greater number of the members appear well disposed towards the government, but that "ce n'a pas été sans quelque obstacle et mesme sans combat que les Majors-Généraux et Baillifs de province ont faict faire cet election. Il y eust en quelque lieu du monde de tuez,

Cooper, indeed, has been chosen for Wilts: but, on the other hand, Bradshaw has missed in Cheshire; Sir Henry Vane has tried in three places and missed in all.[1] This is of date 26th August 1656; poor England universally sifting itself; trying what the arithmetical account of heads will do for it, once more.

LETTER CCXIV

The Portugal has done justice; reluctantly aware at last that jesuitries would not serve him.[2] The Spaniards, again, cower close within their harbours; patient of every insult; no ship will venture out, and no Plate Fleet will come in: and as for 'attempting Cadiz or Gibraltar,' the Sea-Generals, after mature survey, decide that without other force it cannot prudently be done. This is what Montague, with his clear eyes, has had to report to Secretary Thurloe on the latter enterprise: "I perceive much "desire that Gibraltar should be taken. My thoughts as to that "are, in short, these: That the likeliest way to get it is, By land-"ing on the sand, and quickly cutting it off between sea and sea, "or so to secure our men there as that they may hinder the "intercourse of the Town with the Main; frigates lying near, "too, to assist them:—and it is well known that Spain never "victualleth any place for one month. This will want Four or "Five thousand men, well formed and officered.—This is my own "only thought which I submit, at present."[3]

Whereupon the Lord Protector sends the following Orders; one other Sea Letter of his which we happen to have left. Mainly of Thurloe's composition, I perceive; but worth preserving on various accounts.

en d'autres le peuple professe un publicq mépris des personnes qui lui estoient recommandées; mais beaucoup de villes ont usé de déférance, et si ceux qui passent pour amis du Protecteur demeurent fermes dans ses interésts, leurs voix prévauldront sur celles de ses ennemis, qui ne doivent pas néantmoins estre négligez". *French Transcripts*, Public Record Office.]

[1] Thurloe to Henry Cromwell, date 26th Aug. (v. 349).

[2] Meadows to Blake and Montague, 13th May 1656: Thurloe, v. 14;—see *ib.* 69, 116, and 118 (the Portugal's Letter to Oliver, 24th June 1656. N.S.)

[3] Montague to Thurloe, in cipher, 20th April to 29th May 1656 (Thurloe, v. 67-70), 'received by Captain Lloyd, who arrived here 11th July,'—and has brought other Letters, joint Letters from the Generals, of somewhat later date, as we shall perceive.

To Generals Blake and Montague, at Sea

Whitehall, 28th August 1656.

GENTLEMEN,

We have received your letters of the 19th of June brought to us by Captain Lloyd, who arrived here the 11th of July.

By those letters, and by what Captain Lloyd related by word of mouth, which is not contradicted by yours of the 1st and 3rd of July, received by the Squadron of ten Ships (which are all safely arrived in the Channel), nor by any other intelligence received by other hands, we find that the Spaniard keeps his ports, and doth not yet prepare any considerable fleet to come to Sea; and that, in the condition you and they were then in, they were not to be attempted in their harbours. And as for any design upon Gibraltar, we see by General Montague's letter to the Secretary, that nothing therein was feasible without a good body of landmen. So that, upon the whole, there remains nothing to be done in those seas for the present which should require the whole Fleet now with you to remain there, besides that the great ships cannot, without great danger, be kept out, the winter-time, upon that coast.

Upon these grounds we are of opinion, with you, that a good squadron of frigates will, in this season, be sufficient to answer any opportunity of service which may present itself. And therefore we have resolved that about the number of twenty ships, such as you shall judge most proper and fit for that purpose, be kept in those seas, and the rest be sent home, with the first opportunity of wind and weather; and desire that you will give order therein accordingly. And in respect it will be necessary that we advise with one of you at least, upon this whole affair; and it being also very inconvenient that you should be both from the head of the fleet which remains behind, the management whereof being of so great consequence to the Commonwealth,—we would have General Blake to stay with the fleet, and General Montague to return with the squadron which comes home.

For the service which these ships 'that stay' should be applied to, we need say nothing therein; but refer you to the former Instructions. That which we believe the enemy will most intend will be the carrying-on his Trade of the West Indies, which if he can effectually do, he will not much care for what else is done upon him. And our intelligence is, that at this time he is fitting out some ships of war, and others, to send from Cadiz into those parts; the certainty whereof we suppose you may know. And therefore that which is most to be endeavoured is the spoiling him in that trade, by intercepting his fleets either going to or coming from those parts,[1] and as much as may be to destroy his correspondencies thither. It will be of great use also to prevent the coming of any materials for shipping, and other contraband goods into Cadiz or any of his ports: which you can have an eye to; and, as much as may be, prejudice his trade and correspondence with Flanders.

Besides these things, and what other damage you may have opportunity to do to the enemy, we, in our keeping the said fleet in those Seas, had an eye to the preservation of the trade of this Commonwealth in the Straits and to Portugal:[2] which we suppose could not be driven on without a very good countenance and strength, in respect the enemy would otherwise be able with a few ships to obstruct this trade wholly, and to take all that passed either to or from the one place or the other. But our intention is not to reckon up every particular wherein this fleet may be useful, but only to let you know our general scope; and to leave the management and improvement thereof to the prudence and direction of him who is to abide upon the place. Whom we beseech the Lord to be present with; and to guide him to that which may be for the good of this Commonwealth, and according to His own will.

These have been our thoughts, and the considerations we

[1] 'thence' *in orig.*

[2] Here, I think, at the beginning of this Paragraph, the Protector himself has more decidedly struck in.

have had upon this affair. If anything else doth occur to you different from what is here expressed, either as to the number of ships to remain in those seas, or the way and manner of weakening the enemy and managing the war against him, we desire to understand your sense and advice thereupon, with all possible speed; sooner, if it may be, than the return of the aforesaid squadron. And in the mean time we are not willing to tie you up positively to the number of twenty ships to remain on that coast; but give you a latitude to keep a lesser or greater number there, for answering the ends aforesaid, and as you shall find the occasion to require, which possibly may be very much varied since the last we had from you. For what concerns the provisions of victuals and other things which the fleet will stand in need of, the Commissioners of the Admiralty have direction to write at large to you, unto whose Letters we refer you; and desire you and the whole fleet to rest assured that nothing shall be omitted to be done, here, for your supply and encouragement upon all occasions.

Your loving friend,

'Oliver P.' *

About a fortnight ago, August 13th, learned Bulstrode went with the Swedish Ambassador to dine with a famed Sea-General, Sir George Ayscough, of whom we have occasionally heard; who lives for the present, retired from service, 'At his house in Surrey:' House not known to me; [1] which by the aid of 'ponds, moats,' and hydraulic contrivances, he has made to stand environed in water like a ship at sea,'—very charming indeed; and says he has 'cast anchor' here. Our entertainment was superb. The brilliant Swedish Ambassador and Sir George spake much about frigates, their rates of sailing, their capabilities of fighting, and other technical topics; which a learned mind might, without much tedium, listen to. 'After dinner, the Ambassador came round by Hampton Court, to take his leave of the Lady Claypole

* Thurloe, v. 363. [Draft, corrected by Thurloe. Endorsed "] Sent to Plymouth, To be sent to the Generals by Captain Hatsell."

[1] [The house was Ham Haw, in Chertsey parish. See *Dict. Nat. Biography*, art. "Ayscue, Sir George."]

and her Sisters;'[1]—which latter small fact, in the ancient Autumn afternoon, one rather loves to remember! As for this Swedish Ambassador, he is just about quitting England, the high-tempered, clear-glancing man; having settled 'copperas,' 'contrabanda,' and many other things, to mutual satisfaction:—nay it is surmised he has thoughts of inviting Ayscough into Sweden to teach them seamanship there; which, however, shall not concern us on this occasion.[2]

SPEECH V

But the new Parliament is now about assembling;[3] wherein we shall see what conclusions will be tried! A momentous question for his Highness and the Council of State; who have been, with interest enough, perusing and pondering the List of Names returned. On the whole, a hopeful Parliament, as Thurloe had expected: Official persons, these and others known as friends to this Government, are copiously elected: the great body of the Parliament seems to consist of men well-affected to his Highness, and even loyal to him; who, witnessing the course he follows, wish him heartily God-speed thereon. Certain others there are, and in considerable number, of stiff Republican ways, or given to turbulence in general,—a Haselrig, a Thomas Scott, an Ashley Cooper: these, as a mass of leaven which might leaven the whole lump, and produce one knows not what in the way of fermentation, are clearly very dangerous. But for these also his Highness and the Council of State, in the present anomalous condition of the

[1] Whitlocke, pp. 638, 9. [2] *Biog. Britan.*, § Ayscough.

[3] [About ten days before Parliament met, Major Ralph Knight wrote to General Monck, "This day (Sept. 6) most of the officers that were appointed to wait on his Highness met at Whitehall, where his Highness hinted to us the cause of our now meeting; which was that Charles Stuart had 8,000 men in Flanders ready to ship, and had writ to his friends here not to stir till he was upon the coast, and that Colonel Sexby had promised the King of Spain to betray a considerable garrison in England to him, and that many here would join with him, as also how the Fifth Monarchy men and others did endeavour to rout us into blood, with other things." *Clarke Papers*, iii. 71. Bordeaux (Sept. 11-21) mentions this same meeting. The Protector, he says, "manda Samedi les officiers de l'armée, et leur dit que le roi d'Ecosse faisoit de grandz préparatifs contre l'Angleterre; que celuy d'Espagne lui donnoit un corps de 10,000 hommes et qu' encore que ses forces ne fussent pas a craindre, ils se doibvent tenir sur leurs gardes et adviser ensemble aux moyens de se garantir tant contre les ennemis estrangers que domestiques." *French Transcripts.*]

Nation, have silently provided an expedient. Which we hope may be of service. On the whole, we trust this Parliament may prove a better than the last.

At all events, on Wednesday 17th September 1656, Parliament, Protector, all in due state, do assemble at the Abbey Church; and, with reverence and credence, hear Doctor Owen, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, very pertinently preach to them from these old words of Isaiah,—old and yet always new and true: *What shall one then answer to the Messengers of the Nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the Poor of His People shall trust in it.*[1] After which, all having removed, still in due state, to the Painted Chamber, and there adjusted themselves, the Protector, rising in his elevated place and taking off his hat, now speaks. The Speech, reported by one knows not whom, lies in old Manuscript in the British Museum; and printed in late years in the Book called *Burton's Diary*;[2] here and there in a very dreary, besmeared, unintelligible condition; from which, as heretofore, a pious Editor strives to rescue it. Sufficiently studied, it becomes intelligible, nay luminous. Let the reader too read with piety, with a real endeavour to understand.

GENTLEMEN,

When I came hither, I did think that a duty was incumbent upon me a little to pity myself; because (this being a very extraordinary occasion), I thought I had very many things to say unto you, 'and was somewhat burdened and straitened thereby.' But truly now, seeing *you* in such a condition as you are,[3] I think I must turn off 'my pity' in this, as

[1] Isaiah xiv. 32. ["Un sermon," Bordeaux wrote, "dont la fin éstoit de prouver que comme le peuple d'Angleterre estoit esleu de Dieu, et le gouvernement estoit aussy establiz de sa main, qu'ils s'y devoient soumettre et demeurer unis, pour travailler avec plus de succez à la gloire de Dieu et utilité publicq."]

[2] [The old manuscript here alluded to (*Add. MS.* 6125), is a small quarto volume, the second of what must have been a set of three, containing a collection of the Protector's speeches. They cannot have been written down at the actual time that they were spoken, as Speech XII. comes before Speech V. &c., but they appear to have been carefully copied, and generally from a good text.

The editor of Burton's *Diary* printed the *MS.* on the whole very correctly, although he gave mis-readings here and there and made some small alterations. The wording in the following notes is taken in every case from the *MS.* itself, but the variations in the text are mostly due to Carlyle. There is a summary of this speech in a newsletter amongst the *Clarke MSS.* See *Clarke Papers*, iii. 72.]

[3] Place crowded, weather hot.

I hope I shall in everything else;—and consider[1] [*you*] as certainly not being able long to bear that condition and heat that you are 'now' in.——'So far as possible, on this large subject, let us be brief; not studying the Art of Rhetoricians.' Rhetoricians, whom I do not pretend to 'much concern with;' neither with them, nor with what they use to deal in: Words![2]

Truly *our* business is to speak Things! The dispensations of God that are upon us do require it; and that subject upon which we shall make our discourse is somewhat of very great interest and concernment, both for the glory of God, and with reference to His Interest in the world. I mean His peculiar, His most peculiar Interest, 'His Church, the Communion of the faithful Followers of Christ;'—and that will not teach[3] any of us to exclude His general Interest, which is the concernment of the Living People, 'not as Christians but as human creatures,' within these three Nations, 'and' with all the dependencies thereupon. I 'have' told you I should speak to *things;* things that concern these Interests: The Glory of God, and His Peculiar Interest in the world,—which 'latter' is more extensive, I say more extensive, than the People of all these three Nations with their appurtenances, or the countries and places belonging unto them.[4]

The first thing, therefore, that I shall speak to is *That* that is the first lesson of Nature, which is Being and Preservation. [*Begin at the basis: How are we to get continued at all as a Nation, not trampled under foot by Invaders, Anarchies, and reduced to wreck?*] As to that of Being, I do think I do not ill style it the *first* consideration that Nature teacheth the Sons of Adam:—and then I think[5] we shall enter into a field large enough when we

[1] ["reflect upon," *MS.*]

[2] ["Rhetoricians, to whom I do not pretend, neither to them nor to the things they use to speak, words." *Ibid.*]

[3] [Printed "leave" by Carlyle, following a mis-reading in Burton.]

[4] 'more extensive:' *more important* would have better suited what went before; yet 'extensive' is in all likelihood the word, for his Highness is here branching out into a second idea, which he goes on to blend with the primary one, of 'the concernment of the general mass of the People.'

[5] ["hope," *MS.*]

come to consider that 'of' Well-being. But if Being itself be not first well laid, I think the other will hardly follow![1]

Now in order to this, to the Being and Subsistence of these Nations with all their Dependencies: The conservation of that, 'namely of our National Being, is first to be viewed with respect to those who seek to undo it, and so make it *not to be;* and then very naturally we shall come to the consideration of what will make it *be*,[2] 'of what' will *keep* its being and its subsistence. [*His Highness's heads of method.*]

'Now' that which plainly seeks the destruction of the Being of these Nations[3] is, out of doubt: The endeavour and design of all the common Enemies of them. I think, truly, it will not be hard to find out who those Enemies are; nor what hath made them so! I think, They are all the wicked men of the world, whether abroad or at home, that are the Enemies to the very Being of these Nations;[4]—and that upon a common account, from that very enmity that's in them 'to all such things;' whatsoever[5] should serve the glory of God and the interest of His People,—which they see to be more eminently, yea more[6] eminently patronised and professed in this Nation (we will not speak it with vanity) than in[7] all the Nations in the world: *this* is the common ground of the common enmity entertained[8] against the prosperity of these Nations, against the very Being of them.—But we shall not, I think, take up much time, in contemplating who these Enemies are, 'and' what they are, in the general notion: we will labour to *specificate* our Enemies; to know what persons and bodies of persons they practically are[9] that seek the very destruction and[10] Being of these Three Nations.

[1] ["and if that first be not well laid, I think the rest will hardly follow," *MS.*]
[2] ["The conservation of that is either with a respect to be had to them that seek to undo it, and to make it not to be, and then with a very natural consideration to what will make it to be," *ibid.*]
[3] ["This nation . . . enemies of it," *ibid.*]
[4] ["this nation," *ibid.*] [5] ["yet whatsoever," *ibid.*]
[6] ["most," *ibid.*] [7] ["above," *ibid.*] [8] ["had," *ibid.*]
[9] ["but to labour to specificate our enemies, to know who they be and are," *ibid.*]
[10] 'of the' would be more grammatical; but much less Oliverian.

And truly I would not have laid this foundation but to this end: that I might very particularly communicate with you 'about that same matter.' For which end 'above others, I think,' you are called thither at this time:—That I might particularly communicate with you of the many dangers that these Nations[1] stand in, in respect of Enemies both abroad and at home; and also to advise with you about the remedies and means to obviate these dangers. 'Dangers' which, say I,—and I shall leave it to you whether you will join with me or no,—strike at the very Being and 'vital' interest of these Nations. And therefore, coming to particulars, I will shortly represent[2] to you the estate of your affairs in that respect: in respect 'namely' of the Enemies you are engaged with; and how you come to be engaged with those Enemies, and how they come to be, *as* heartily, I believe, engaged against you. [*His Highness's utterance is terribly rusty hitherto; creaky, uncertain, difficult! He will gather strength by going. Wait till the axles get warm a little!*]

Why, truly, your great Enemy is the Spaniard. He is. He is a natural enemy. He is naturally so; he is naturally so throughout, by reason of that enmity that is in him against whatsoever is of God. 'Whatsoever is of God' which is in *you*, or which may be in you,[3] contrary to that that *his* blindness and darkness, led on by superstition, and the implicitness of his faith in submitting to the See of Rome, actuate[4] him unto!—With this King and State, I say, you are at this present in hostility. We put you into this hostility. You will give us leave to tell you how. [*By sending out your Hispaniola Fleet, Christmas gone a year,—which has issued rather sorrily, your Highness!*] 'For' as we are ready to excuse 'this and' most of

[1] ["this nation," *MS.*]

[2] ["strike at the very being and interest of these nations in the general, especially at the interest of the people of God in these nations; and therefore that I may be particular, I shall shortly represent," *ibid.*]

[3] ["As I said before, throughout, all your enemies, through that enmity that is in him against all that is of God that is in you or that which may be in you," *ibid.*]

[4] 'acts' *in orig.*, now as always.

our actions,—aye, and to justify them 'too,' as well as to excuse them,—upon the grounds of Necessity; the grounds of Necessity 'for justifying of men's actions' being above all considerations of justification, of instituted Law; and if this or any other State would go about,—as I know they never will,—to make Laws against 'events, against' what *may* happen, 'then' I think it is obvious to any man, they will be making Laws against Providence;[1] events, and issues of things, being from God alone, to whom all issues belong.

The Spaniard[2] is your enemy; and is your enemy (as I told you), naturally, by that antipathy that is in him 'and also' providentially,[3] and that in divers respects. You could not, you could not have an honest nor honourable Peace with him: it was sought by the Long Parliament; it was not attained. It could not be attained with honour and honesty. I say, it could not be obtained with honour and honesty. And truly when I say that, 'I do but say,' He is naturally throughout *an enemy;* an enmity is put into him by God.[4] "I will put an enmity between thy seed and her seed;"[5]—which goes but for little among statesmen, but it is more considerable than all things! [*Yea, your Highness; it is!—Listen to what his Highness himself says of his reasons for going to war with Spain. "Statesmen" too, if they can separate therein what is transitory from what is perennial and eternal, may find it still very worthy of attention. He who has in him, who manifests in the ways of him, an "enmity to God," and goes about patronising unveracities, rotten delusions, brazen falsities, pestilent injustices,—with him, whatever his seeming extent of money-capital and worldly prosperity may be, I would advise no nation nor statesman nor man to be prompt in clapping up an alliance. He will not come to good, I think; not he, for one. Bad security in his firm; have*

[1] ["to make laws against what may happen, against Providence, I think it is obvious to any man that they will make law against all events," *MS.*]

[2] ["This state," *ibid.*]

[3] Means, not 'luckily' as now, but simply 'by special ordering of Providence.'

[4] [The sense here would rather appear to be "truly when I say that he is naturally an enemy [I mean that] an enmity is put, etc."]

[5] Genesis iii. 15.

no trade with him. With him your only fit trade is, Duel to the death, when the time comes for that!] And he that considers not such natural enmity, the *providential* enmity, as well as the *accidental*, I think he is not well acquainted with Scripture and the things of God. And the Spaniard is not only our enemy accidentally, but he is providentially so; God having in His wisdom disposed it so to be, when we made a breach with the Spanish Nation, 'long ago.'[1]

No sooner did this Nation reform that which is called (unworthily) the Reformed Religion [*It was not half reformed!*] after the death of Queen Mary, by the Queen Elizabeth of famous memory,—we need not be ashamed to call her[2] so! [*No, your Highness; the royal court-phrase expresses in this case an exact truth. She was, and is, "of famous memory"*]—but the Spaniard's design became,[3] by all unworthy, unnatural means, to destroy that Person, and to seek the ruin and destruction of these Kingdoms. And for me to instance in particulars upon that account, were to trouble you at a very unseasonable time: there is a Declaration extant [*The Council's "Declaration," in October last*], which very fully hath in it the origin[4] of the Spaniard's venting him 'self' upon this Nation; and a series of it[5] from those very beginnings to this present day. But his enmity was partly upon that general account which all are agreed 'about.'[6] The French, all the Protestants in Germany, 'all' have agreed, That his design was the empire of the whole Christian World, if not more;—and upon *that* ground he looks, 'and hath looked,' at this Nation as his greatest obstacle. And 'as to' what his attempts were to that end,—I refer you to that Declaration, and to the observations of

[1] ["And he that considers not the providential and accidental enmity, I think he is not well acquainted with Scripture and the things of God. And he is not only so upon that account, but he is providentially so, God having in His wisdom disposed it to be so when we made a breach with him, when we made an attempt upon him. I shall tell you when. No sooner &c," *MS.*]

[2] ["to say so," *ibid.*]

[3] ["but his designs were," *ibid.*]

[4] ["original," *ibid.*]

[5] Of 'his ventings,' namely.

[6] ["A series of it, from those very grounds, to this present day. But it was so, partly upon that general account which all have agreed," *MS.*]

men who read History. It would not be difficult to call to mind[1] the several Assassinations designed upon that Lady, that great Queen: the attempts upon Ireland, the Spaniards' invading of it;[2] the designs of the same nature upon *this* Nation,—public designs, private designs, all manner of designs, to accomplish this great and general end. Truly King James made a Peace; but whether this Nation, and the interest of all Protestant Christians, suffered not more by that Peace, than ever by Spain's hostility, I refer to your consideration![3]

So that a State that you can neither have peace with nor reason from,—is that State with whom you have enmity at this time, and against whom you are engaged. And give me leave to say this unto you, because it is truth, and most men know it, That the Long Parliament did endeavour, but could not obtain satisfaction 'from the Spaniard' all the time they sat: for their Messenger [*Poor Ascham!*] was murdered: and when they asked satisfaction for the blood of your poor people unjustly shed in the West Indies [*Yes, at Tortuga, at St. Kitt's; in many a place and time!*], and for the wrongs done elsewhere; when they asked liberty of conscience for your people that traded thither,—satisfaction in none of these things would be given, but was denied.[4] I say, they denied satisfaction to be given either for your Messenger that was murdered, or 'for' the blood that was shed, or the damages that were done in the West Indies. No satisfaction at all; nor any reason given *why* there should not be liberty 'of conscience' given to your people that traded thither; whose trade was very considerable there, and drew many of your people thither; and begot an apprehension in *us* 'as to their treatment there,'—whether in *you* or no, let God judge between you and Himself. I prejudge not: but all of us know that the

[1] ["would not be ill to remember," *MS.*]
[2] ["thrice invading it," *ibid.*]
[3] ["And truly, it is true King James made a peace; but whether this Nation, or any interest of all the Protestant Christians suffered not more by that peace than ever by his hostility, I refer to your consideration," *ibid.*]
[4] ["satisfaction would not be given but denied," *ibid.*]

people that went[1] thither to manage the trade there, were imprisoned there. We desired 'but' such a liberty as 'that' they might keep 'their' Bibles in their pockets, to exercise their liberty of religion to themselves, and not to be under restraint. But there is not liberty of conscience to be had 'from the Spaniard;' neither 'is there' satisfaction for injuries, nor for blood, but when these 'two' things were desired, the Ambassador told us, "It was to ask his Master's two eyes;"[2] to ask both his eyes, to ask these things of him!—

Now if this be so, why truly then there is some little foundation laid to justify the War that has been entered-upon[3] with the Spaniard! And not only so: but the plain truth of it 'is,' Make any peace with any State that is Popish and subjected to the determination of Rome and 'of the' Pope himself,—you are bound, and they are loose. It is in the pleasure of the Pope at any time to tell you, That though the man be murdered [*Poor Ascham, for example!*], yet his murderer[4] has got into the sanctuary! And it is as true, and it hath been found by common and constant experience, That Peace is but to be kept so long as the Pope saith Amen to it. [*What is to be done with such a set of people?*]—[5] We have not 'now' to do with any Popish State except France: and it is certain[6] 'that' *they* do not think themselves under such a tie to the Pope; but think themselves at liberty to perform honesty with nations with whom they are agreed, and protest[7] against the obligation of such a thing as that is,—'of breaking your word at the Pope's bidding.' *They* are able to give us an explicit answer to anything reasonably demanded of them: and there is no 'other Popish' State we can speak of,

[1] ["were," *MS.*]
[2] 'these two things:' Exemption to our traders from injury in the West Indies, and Liberty to have Bibles and worship:—See Thurloe (i. 760, 1); Bryan Edwards (i. 141-3); &c. [*Cf.* Bordeaux' statement, p. 360 *n.* above.]
[3] 'that was had,' in *orig.* [4] ["he," *MS.*]
[5] ["And truly if I should tell you that that will determine it without any further question at all," omitted in Burton and therefore by Carlyle.]
[6] ["and that it is true," *MS.*]
[7] ["profest," *ibid.*, but corrected in Burton.]

save this 'only,' but will break their promise or keep it as they please upon these grounds,—being under the lash of the Pope, to be by him determined, 'and made to decide.'[1]

In the time when Philip the Second was married to Queen Mary, and since that time, through that 'Spanish' power and instigation, Twenty-thousand Protestants were massacred in Ireland. We thought, being denied just things,—we thought it our duty to get that by the sword which was not to be had otherwise.[2] And this hath been the spirit of Englishmen; and if so, certain it is, and ought to be, the spirits of men that have *higher* spirits! [*Yes, your Highness: "Men that are Englishmen and more, —Believers in God's Gospel, namely!"—Very clumsily said; but not at all clumsily meant, and the very helplessness of the expression adding something of English and Oliverian character to it.*]—With this State you are engaged. And it is a great and powerful State:—though I may say that also with all other States; with all other Christian States you are at peace, and all these 'your other' engagements were upon you before this Government was undertaken: which was War with France, Denmark,—and, upon the matter, War, 'or as good as War,' with Spain 'itself.' I could instance how it was said 'in the Long-Parliament time,' "We will have a war in the Indies, though we fight them not at home." I say, we are at peace with all other Nations, and have only a war with Spain. I shall say somewhat 'farther' to you, which will let you see our clearness 'as' to that thing, by and by.

Having thus 'said, we are' engaged with Spain,—'that is the root of the matter;' it is that party that brings *all* your enemies before you. [*Coming now to the Home Malignants.*] It doth: for it is so now, that Spain hath espoused that Interest which you have all along hitherto been conflicting with,—Charles Stuart's Interest. And I would but meet that gentleman[3] upon

[1] ["save this, which is under the lash of the Pope, to be determined, but will break it or keep it when they please, upon these grounds," *MS.*]
[2] ["which we could not otherwise do," *ibid.*]
[3] ["general," *ibid.*, but evidently should be as emended by Carlyle.]

a fair discourse that's willing that that Person should come back again!—but I dare not believe any in this room is. [*Heavens, no; not one of us!*] 'And' I say, it doth not detract at all from your Cause, nor yet from your ability to make defence[1] of it, That God by His providence hath so disposed that the King of Spain hath espoused that Person. 'And' I say 'farther' [*His Highness's spirit gets somewhat tumultuous here, and blazes up with several ideas at once,—producing results of "some inextricableness," as he himself might phrase it*], No man but might be very well satisfied[2] that it is not for the aversion of that Person [*Not for his sake that we have gone to war with Spain:—the Cavaliers talk loudly so, and it is not so*]—! And choosing out (as was said to-day)[3] "a Captain to lead us *back again into Egypt*," 'what honest man has *not* an aversion to that?'—if there *be* such a place? I mean metaphorically and allegorically so; 'if there be,' that is to say, 'A' *returning* 'on the part of some' to all those things that we think we have been fighting against, and 'a' destroying of all that good (as we had some hints to-day) 'which' we have attained unto—?—I am sure my Speech 'and defence of the Spanish War' will signify very little, if such grounds [*Grounds indicated, in this composite "blaze of ideas," which is luminous enough, your Highness; but too simultaneous for being very distinct to strangers!*] go not for good! Nay, I will say this to you: Not a man in England, that is disposed to comply with Papists and Cavaliers, but to him my Speech here is the greatest parable, the absurdest discourse! And in a word, we could wish[4] they were all where Charles Stuart is, all that declare ["*By their cavilling at Spanish Wars and so on:*" *his Highness looks animated!*] that they are of that spirit. I do, with all my heart; aye, and I would help them to a boat to carry them over, that are of that mind! Yea, and if

[1] ["make resistances," *MS.*]
[2] ["No person but would be wonderfully well satisfied," *ibid.*]
[3] In Owen's Sermon.
[4] ["And I must say this to you, that there's not a man in England that's apt to comply with Papists and Cavaliers, but to them is the greatest parable and absurdest discourse, and therefore we could wish," *MS.*]

you shall think it a duty to drive them over by arms, I will help in that also !— —

You are engaged with this Enemy; 'a foreign enemy, who hath such allies among ourselves:'—and this last said hath a little vehemency in it [*His Highness repents him of blazing up into unseemly heat*]: but it is 'well' worth your consideration.

Though I seem to be, all this while, upon the justice of this business, yet my desire is to let you see the dangers 'and grand crisis' that this Nation stands in 'thereby,' and all the honest interest; yea, all interests of the Protestants, in Germany, Denmark, Helvetia 'and' the Cantons, and all the interests in Christendom, is the same as yours. If you succeed, 'if you succeed' well and act well, and be convinced what is God's Interest, and but prosecute it, you will find that you act for a very great many that's God's own. Therefore I say that—as your danger is from the Common Enemy abroad, who is the head of the Papal Interest, the head of that Antichristian Interest, that is so described in Scripture, so forespoken of, and so fully is that characteral name 'of Antichrist' given him by the Apostle in the *Epistle to the Thessalonians*, and also expressed throughout the *Revelations;* which are such sure and plain things; except you will deny the truth of the Scriptures, you must needs see that that State is so described in Scripture to be Papal and Antichristian—[*Who would not go to war with it!*] I say, with this Enemy, and upon this account, you have the quarrel with the Spaniard.

And truly he hath an interest in your bowels;[1] he hath so. The Papists in England,—they have been accounted, ever since I was born, Spaniolised. There is not a man among us can hold up a face against it. [*The justifying of the Spanish War is a great point with his Highness!*] They never regarded France; they never regarded any other Popish State where any 'hostile' Interest was 'but Spain only.' Spain was their patron. It was

[1] Old phrase for 'the interior of your own country.'

so in England, Ireland and Scotland: no man can doubt of it. Therefore I must needs say, this 'Spanish' Interest at home is a great piece of your danger. It is, and it is evidently so; and will be more so,—upon that account that I told you of: He hath espoused Charles Stuart! With whom he is fully at agreement; for whom he hath raised Seven or Eight Thousand men, that are now quartered at Bruges,[1] to whom Don John of Austria hath promised 'that,' as soon as the campaign is ended, which 'it' is conceived will be in about five or six weeks, he shall have Four or Five Thousand 'added.' And the Duke of 'Neuburg,'[2] who is a Popish prince,[3] hath promised good assistance according to his power; and other Popish States the like. In this condition you are with that State 'of Spain:' and in this condition through unavoidable necessity; because your enemy was *naturally* so, and is become so providentially 'too.' [*Always, by the law of his being, as Antichristian to Christian, a* VIRTUAL *enemy; and now Providence, with beneficent wisdom, has developed him into an* ACTUAL *one.—"That was his Highness's fundamental reason for rushing at him in the West Indies? Because he was Antichrist?" ask some Moderns.—Why yes, it might help, my red-tape Friends! I know well, if I could fall-in with Antichrist anywhere, with Supreme Quack and Damnability anywhere, I should be right happy to have a stroke at him if there seemed any chance!*]

And now farther,[4]—as there is a complication of these Interests 'abroad,' so there is a complication 'of them' here. Can we think that Papists and Cavaliers shake not hands in England? It is unworthy, unchristian, un-Englishlike,[5] 'say you.' Yes; but it doth serve to let you see, and for that end I tell it you that you may see, your danger, and the source thereof.[6] 'Nay'

[1] ["Bridges," *MS.*]

[2] [Blank left for name in *MS.*, but inserted in Burton. Popularly called so at that time, but his true title was the Count Palatine of Neuburg.]

[3] ["State," *MS.*]

[4] ["This being so, that," *ibid.*]

[5] To combine with Papists, even for Royalists to do so.

[6] ["They will not tell you so, nor in being cozened by unworthy compliances of individuals in this nation or any general compliance, it[s] unworthy, unchristian, un-Englishlike. Therefore, I say, it doth serve to let you see your danger and the rise of it," *MS.*]

it is not only thus, that we stand in this condition 'of hostility,' towards Spain; 'and' towards all that Interest that would make void and frustrate everything that has been doing for you; namely, towards[1] the Popish Interest, Papists and Cavaliers;—but it is also— —[*His Highness finds this sentence will not do, and so tries it another way*]—That is to say, your danger is *so great*, if you 'will' be sensible of it, from Persons that pretend *other* things! [*Coming now to the great Miscellany of Anabaptists, Republicans, Levellers; your Allens, Sexbys, Overtons.*] 'Pretend, I say;' yea who (though perhaps they *do* not all suit in their hearts with the said 'Popish' Interest—) [*Sentence left ruinous; sense gradually becomes visible*]—yet all men know, and must know, that discontented parties are among us somewhere! They must expect backing and support somewhere.[2] They must end at the Interest of the Cavalier at the long-run. That must be their support!—I could have reckoned this in another[3] 'head' [*Half soliloquising, his Highness; giving us a glimpse into the strange seething, simmering inner-man of him*]—But I shall give you an account of things as they arise to me[4] for that I desire to clear them to you! Not discoursively, 'in the oratoric way;' but to let you see 'the' matter of fact, and to let you see how the state of your affairs stands. [*Well, your Highness; that certainly is the grand object of speaking to us. To show* ME *what* THOU *seest, what is in* THEE: *why else should one human being dare to wag his tongue to another? It is frightful otherwise. One almost loves this incondite half-articulation of his Highness in comparison.*]

Certain it is[5] there was, not long since, an endeavour to make an insurrection in England. [*Penruddock at Salisbury;—we heard of Wagstaff and him!*] It was so for some time before it broke out. It was so before the last Parliament sat, the last. 'Nay,'

[1] ["All that are doing for you in respect of," *MS.*]
[2] ["that discontented spirits end somewhere. They must expect back[ing] and support somewhere. And truly those discontentments are another piece of your dangers," *ibid.*]
[3] ["upon other [account]," *ibid.*]
[4] ["appear to be," *ibid.*]
[5] ["It is true," *ibid.*]

it was so from the time not only of the undertaking of this Government; but the spirit and principle of it did work in the Long-Parliament 'time.' From that time till to this hath there been nothing but enterprising and designing against you. And its no strange nor new thing to tell you: Because its true and certain that the Papists, the Priests and Jesuits, have a great influence upon the Cavalier Party; they and the Cavalier 'party' upon 'the' discontented spirits of the Nation,—who are not all so apt to see where the dangers lie, nor to what the management of affairs tend. Those 'Papists and Cavaliers' do foment[1] all things that tend to disservice; to propagate discontentments upon the minds of men. And if we would instance in particulars those that have manifested this, we could tell you that Priests and Jesuits have insinuated themselves into the society of men; pretending the same things that *they* have pretended;—whose ends, have been that out of doubt which I have told you. [*Dark spectres of Jesuits; knitting up Charles Stuart, the Spaniard, and all manner of Levellers and discontented persons, into one Antichristian mass, to overwhelm us therewith!*]

We had that Insurrection. It was intended first to the assassination of my person;—which I would not remember as anything at all considerable, to myself or to you [*Very well, your Highness!*]: for they must 'have' cut throats beyond human calculation before they had been able to effect their design. But you know that very well, 'this of the assassination;'—it is no fable. For persons were arraigned for it before the Parliament 'sat'; and tried, and upon proof condemned [*Gerard and Vowel; we remember them!*]—for their designs and endeavours to cut the throats of myself, and three or four more that they 'had' singled out as being a little more than ordinary industrious to preserve the peace of the Nation.[2] And did think to make a very good

[1] ["It is these to whom they do foment," *MS.*]

[2] [Mrs. Hutchinson says that the Cavaliers "had not patience to stay till things ripened of themselves, but were every day forming designs and plotting for the murder of Cromwell, and other insurrections, which, being contrived in drink and managed by false and cowardly fellows, were still revealed to Cromwell, who had

issue 'in that way,' to the accomplishment of their designs! I say, this was made good upon the Trial. Before the Parliament sat, all the time the Parliament sat, they were about it. We did hint these things to them—'the Parliament people'—by several persons, that acquainted them therewith. But what fame[1] we lay under I know not! [*Suspicious of us in that Parliament!*] It was conceived, it seems, we had things[2] that rather intended to persuade agreement and consent, and 'bring' money out of the people's purses, or I know not what:—in short[3] nothing was believed [*Very beautifully rebutted, your Highness; without even anger at it; as the Lion walks quietly on through cobwebs. We had "things" which rather intended to &c. &c. What most articulate rhetoric could match this half-articulate,—articulate enough for the occasion!*]; though there was a series of these things distinctly and plainly communicated to many Members.

The Parliament rose about the middle of January. By the 12th of March after, they, 'the people' were in arms. But these were a company of mean fellows,—(alas!)—not a lord, nor a gentleman, nor a man of fortune, nor this nor that, amongst them: but it was a poor headstrong people, a company of rash fellows that were at the undertaking of this,—and that was all! And by such things [*His Highness's face indicates that he means "no-things," "babblements"*] have men 'once well-affected' lost their consciences and honours, by complying, 'coming to agreement with Malignants,' upon such notions as these are!—Give me leave to tell you, We know it; we are able to prove it. And I refer you to that Declaration[4] which was for guarding against Cavaliers (as I did before to that other 'Declaration' which set down the grounds of our war with Spain), Whether these things

most excellent intelligence of all things that passed, even in the King's closet; . . . while to speak truth, Cromwell's personal courage and magnanimity upheld him against all enemies and malcontents." *Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson*, ed. Firth, vol. ii., p. 205.]

[1] ["fate," *MS.*]
[2] Means 'we made statements;' very Oliverian expression.
[3] ["but," *MS.*]
[4] Can be read in *Parliamentary History*, xx. 434 *et seqq.*

were true or no?[1] If men will not believe,—we are satisfied, we do our duty [*A suspicious people, your Highness: nay not suspicious, so much as incredulous, obstinate, dreadfully thick of skin and sense, —and unused to such phenomena as your Highness!*]—If we let you know things and the ground of them, it is satisfaction enough to *us:* But to see how men can reason themselves out of their honours and consciences in their compliance with those sort of people—!—Which, truly I must needs say, some men had compliance with, that I thought never *would* for all the world: I must tell you so.—

These men rise in March. And that it was a general Design, I think all the world must know and acknowledge.[2] For it is as evident as the day, that the King[3] [*We may call him "King"*] sent Sir Joseph Wagstaff and another, the Earl of Rochester, to the North. And that it was general, we had not by suspicion or imagination; but we know individuals! We are able to make appear, That persons that carried themselves the most demurely and fairly of any men in England were engaged in this business. And he that gave us our intelligence[4] lost his life for it in [Neuburg][5] Country [*Yes, Manning was shot there; he had told us Hyde was cock-sure*];—I think I may now speak of it, because he is dead:—but he did discover, from time to time, a full intelligence of these things. Therefore, How men of wicked spirits

[1] ["And I refer you to that Declaration which is for provision against Cavaliers (as I did you to the other that sets down the grounds of our war with Spain) whether these things were so or no," *MS.*]

[2] [This view is supported by the letters and other papers of the Royalists themselves. Heath, in his *Chronicle* (p. 678, ed. 1663) says, "All the gentlemen in England of that party were one way or other engaged, or at least were made acquainted with it; but the snatching of the principal of them up throughout the kingdom, a little before the execution of it, frustrated the most probable effects of that rising."]

[3] [*i.e.*, the King of Scots. He was recognised as such after the Coronation at Scone.]

[4] ["instructions," *MS.* "Cromwell here simply claims that he possessed full intelligence as to the persons actually implicated in the conspiracy, however discreet their actions might have been. This is exactly the information which the letters of Manning, to whom he refers, did contain." Mr. Firth, in *Eng. Hist. Review*, 1888, p. 339.]

[5] [A blank in *MS.* The Elector Bishop of Cologne refused to allow Manning's execution in his own jurisdiction, so he was taken across into the Duchy of Juliers, belonging to the Count Palatine of Neuburg.]

may traduce us in that matter; or, notwithstanding all that hath been done, may still continue[1] their compliances 'with the Malignants;'—I leave it. [*Yes, let* THEM *look to that.*] I think England cannot be safe unless Malignants be carried far away! [2][We did [*i.e.* acted] upon account as we are ready to give to all the world, and that done to them was truly honest, aye, to them all and upon undeniable grounds of justice and equity, knowing that [*i.e.* what] they were in the eye and judgment of all the counties of England and all honest men in separating themselves for such a work, all the land over.][2]

There was never any design on foot but we could hear of it out of the Tower. He who commanded there[3] would give us an account, that within a fortnight or such a thing[4] there would be some stirrings; for a great concourse of people were coming to them, and they had[5] very great elevations of spirit. [*Vigilant Barkstead!*] 'And' it was not only there; but in all the Counties of England. We have had informations that they were upon designs all over 'England' besides some particular places which came to our particular assurance, and knowledge we had, as from persons in the several Counties of England.[6]

And if this *be* so, then, as long as commotions can be held on foot, you are in danger by your War with Spain; with whom all the Papal Interest is joined. This Pope[7] is a person all the world knows to be a person of zeal for his Religion,—wherein perhaps he may shame *us*,—and a man of contrivance, and wisdom, and policy; and his Designs are known all over to be nothing else but Endeavours to unite all the Popish Interests in all the Chris-

[1]["hold," *MS.*] [2][This paragraph omitted by Carlyle.]

[3] Barkstead, a Goldsmith once, a severe vigilant Colonel now; who has seen much service. ["He that watched over that," *MS.*]

[4] 'time' might be the word; but I am getting to love this 'thing.'

[5]["for there was a great concourse of people came to them, and that they had," *MS.*]

[6]["and knowledge we had, as from persons we had from the several counties in England," *ibid.*]

[7] One *Chigi* by natural name, called Alexander VII. as Pope; an 'Anti-jansenist Pope,' say the Books. With whom, beyond the indispensable, let us crave not to be acquainted.

tian world, against this Nation above any, and against all the Protestant Interest in the world.—If this be so, and if you will take a measure of these things; and [if] we must still hold our esteem that we have had 'for Spaniards,' and be ready to shake hands with them and the Cavaliers,—what doth this differ from the Bishop of Canterbury [*Poor old Laud, and his Surplices!*] 'striving' to reconcile matters of religion; if this temper be upon us to unite with these 'Popish' men in Civil Things? Give me leave to say, and speak what I know! [Really I think 'if' this nation cannot be happy upon the score of generals &c. without we have this shaking of hands;][1] if this be men's mind,[2] I tell you plainly,—I hope I need not—that I wish all the Cavaliers in England, and all the Papists, heard me declare it, and many here besides yourselves 'have heard me': I tell you there are a company of poor men that are ready to spend their blood against such compliance! [*Right so, your Highness; that is the grand cardinal certainty! An irrevocable Act of Legislature passed in one's own heart. In spite of all clamours and jargons, and constitutional debatings in Parliament and out of it, there is a man or two will have himself cut in pieces before that "shaking of hands" take place. In fact, I think Christ and Antichrist had better not try shaking of hands; no good will come of it!—Does not his Highness look uncommonly animated?*]—and I am persuaded the same things of you!

If this be our condition,—with respect had to this, truly let us go a little farther. For I would lay open the danger, wherein, I think in my conscience, we stand; and if God give not you hearts to see and discern that which is obvious, we shall sink, and the house will fall about our ears,—upon 'even what are called' such sordid attempts as these are! Truly there are a great many people in this Nation, that would not reckon up every pitiful thing that may be, 'perhaps' like a mouse nibbling at the heel; but only considerable dangers! I will tell you

[1] [The passage in square brackets omitted by Carlyle.]
[2] ["if this be so," *MS.*]

plainly 'what to me seems dangerous;'—for it is not a time for compliments nor rhetorical speeches.—I have none, truly;—but to tell you how we *find* things.[1]

There is a generation of men in this Nation that cry up nothing but righteousness and justice and liberty [*Coming now to the Levellers and "Commonwealth's-men"*]; and these are diversified in 'to' several sects, and sorts of men; and though they may be contemptible in respect they are many,[2] and so not like to make a solid vow to do you mischief,—yet they are apt to agree *in aliquo tertio.* They are known (yea, well enough) to shake hands with,[3]—I should be loath to say with Cavaliers,—but with all the scum and dirt of this Nation, [*Not loath to say that, your Highness?*] to put you to trouble. And, therefore, when I shall come to speak to the *Remedies,* I shall tell you what are the most apt and proper remedies in all these respects. I speak now[4] of the very time when there was an Insurrection at Salisbury, 'your Wagstaffs and Penruddocks openly in arms'— —[*Sudden prick or anger stings his Highness at the thought of that great Peril, and how it was treated and scouted by the incredulous Thickskinned; and he plunges in this manner*]——I doubt whether it be believed there ever was any rising in North Wales 'at the same time; at' Shrewsbury; 'at' Rufford Abbey, where were about Five-hundred horse; or at Marston Moor; or in Northumberland, and the other places,[5]—when all these Insurrections were,—at that very time. [*Truly it is difficult to keep one's temper: sluggish mortals saved from destruction; and won't so much as admit it!*] there was a Party which was very proper and apt to come between the Papists and Cavaliers; and that *Levelling* Party hath some access lately, that goes under a *finer* name or notion! I think they

[1] Paragraph irretrievably misreported; or undecipherable for want of the tones and looks accompanying it;—in a dim uncertain manner, displays the above as a kind of meaning.

[2] [*i.e.*, divided into many sects.]

[3] ["together," *MS.*]

[4] ["tell you," *ibid.* Probably "I tell you, at the very time," is the true meaning.]

[5] ["I doubt whether it be believed, whether ever there was any rising in North Wales, Shrewsbury, Rufford Abbey, where there was about 500 horses, Marston Moor, Northumberland, etc."]

would 'now' be called "Commonwealth's-men;" who perhaps have right to it little enough.[1] And its strange that men of fortune and great estates [*Lord Grey of Groby; he is in the Tower; he and others*] should join with such a people. But if the *fact* be so, there need no stretch of wit to make it evident,[2] it being so by demonstration. [*His Highness still harps on the incredulity of a thickskinned public, naturally very provoking to him in these perilous, abstruse and necessarily* SECRET *operations of his.*]

I say, this people at that very time, they were pretty numerous, —and do not despise them!—(this people), at that time 'when' the Cavaliers were risen, this very Party had prepared a Declaration against all the things that had been transacted 'by us;' and called them I know 'not' by what 'names,' tyranny, oppression, things against the liberty of the subject; and cried out for justice, and righteousness, and liberty:—and what was all this business for, but to join with the Cavaliers to carry on that Design? And these are things,—not words! That Declaration we got; and the Penner of it we got [*Locked him fast in Chepstow; the unruly Wildman!*]: and we have got intelligence also how the business was laid and contrived;—which was hatched in the time of the Sitting of that Parliament. I do not accuse anybody: but I say that was the *time* of it;—an unhappy time! And a plausible Petition was penned, that must come to me, forsooth [*Through that obtuse Constitutioning Parliament, I fancy!*], "To consider of these things, and to give redress and remedies." And this was so.—

Now indeed I must tell you plainly, we suspected a great deal of violence then; and we did hunt it out. I will not tell you these as high things [*Call them "low" if you like; mice nibbling at one's heel!*]: but at that time that the Cavaliers were to rise, a Party was to seize upon General Monk in Scotland, and to commit him to Edinburgh Castle, upon this pretence of liberty: and when they had seized upon him, and clapped him by the

[1] ["have reason little enough," *MS.*]
[2] ["there needs no great reasons to discover it to be so," *ibid.*]

heels, 'him' and some other true and faithful Officers, they were resolved upon a number at the same time to march away for London; and to leave a party behind them,—to have their throats cut by the Scots! Though I will not say they would have 'purposely' done it; yet it cannot be thought otherwise, but that a considerable 'part of the' Army would have followed them 'hither' at the heels.——And not only thus: but this same spirit and principle designed some little fiddling things upon some of your Officers, to an assassination;[1] and an Officer was engaged, that was upon the Guard, to seize me in my bed. This was true. And other foolish designs there were,—as, To get into a room, to get gunpowder laid in it, and to blow up the room wherein I lay. And this, we can tell you, is *truth.* These are Persons not worthy naming; but the things are really *true.* And this is the state wherein we have stood in, and with which we have conflicted, since the last Parliament. And upon this account, and in this combination,[2] it is that I say to you, That the ringleaders to all this are none but your old enemies the Papists and Cavaliers. We have some 'of them' in prison for these things.

Now we would be loath to tell you of notions more seraphical! [*His Highness elevating his brows; face assuming a look of irony, of rough banter.*] *These* are poor and low conceits. We have had very seraphical notions! We have had endeavours to deal between two Interests;—one some section of that Commonwealth Interest; and another which was a notion of a Fifth-Monarchy Interest! [*A "*NOTION*;" not even worth calling a "*SECTION*" or "*PARTY*,"—such moonshine was it.*]—Which 'strange operation' I do not recite, nor what condition it is in, as thinking it not worthy our trouble.[3] But *de facto* it hath been so, That

[1] Means: 'they attempted to persuade some of your Officers to that "little fiddling thing."'

[2] Identity of time and attempt.

[3] ["We have had endeavours to heal between two interests; one that was part of the Commonwealth's interest, and another that was a notion of a fifth monarchy interest, whom I do not repeat nor whose condition I do not repeat, as thinking it not worth your trouble," *MS.*]

there hath been endeavours;—as there was endeavours to make a reconciliation between Herod and Pilate that Christ might be put to death, so there hath been endeavours of reconciliation between the Fifth-Monarchy 'men' and the Commonwealth's men that there might be union in order to an end,—no *end* being so bad as *that* of Herod's 'was,'—but in order to end in blood and confusion! And, that you may know, 'to tell you candidly,' I profess I do not believe 'of' these two last, that of Commonwealth's men and Fifth-Monarchy men, 'but' that 'they' have stood at a distance, 'aloof from Charles Stuart.' [*The Overtons, the Harrisons, are far above such a thing.*] I think they did not participate. I would be so charitable, I would be, That they did not. But this I'll tell you, That for the others, *they* did not only set these things on work; but sent a fellow, [*Sexby, the miserable outcast!*] a wretched creature, an apostate from religion and all honesty,—they sent him to Madrid to advise with the King of Spain to land[1] Forces to invade this Nation, promising satisfaction, that[2] they would comply and concur with him, to have both men and moneys; undertaking both to engage the Fleet to mutiny, and also your Army to gain a garrison 'on the coast;' to raise a party, 'so' that if the Spaniard would say where he would land, they would be ready to assist him!—This person was sometimes[3] a Colonel in the Army. He went with Letters to the Archduke Leopoldus and Don John. That was an Ambassador;—and gave promises of much moneys and came back again: and hath been soliciting, and did obtain moneys that he sent 'hither' by Bills of Exchange:—and God, by His Providence, we being exceeding poor, directed that we light'ed' on some of them, and some of the moneys! [*Keep hold of them, your Highness!*] Now if they be payable, let them be called for! [*Won't call, I believe!*]—If the House shall think fit to order any, they may have an inspection into these things.

We think it our duty to tell you of these things; and we can

[1] ["lend," *MS.*] [2] ["if," *ibid.*]
[3] Means 'at one time;' as almost all know.

make them good. Here is your danger; that is it! And here is a poor Nation that hath wallowed in its blood;—though, thanks be to God, we have had Peace these four or five years: yet here is the condition we stand in. And I think I should be false to you, if I did not give you this true representation of it.

I am to tell you, by the way, a word to justify a Thing [*Coming to the Major-Generals*] that, I hear, is much spoken of. When we knew all these Designs before mentioned; when we found that the Cavaliers would not be quiet——No quiet; there is "no peace to the wicked," saith the Scriptures, the Fifty-seventh of *Isaiah*: "They are like the troubled sea, that cannot rest; whose waters cast up mire and dirt."[1] They cannot rest,—they have no Peace with God and Jesus Christ in the remission of sins! They do not know what belongs to it [*My brave one!*]; therefore they know not how to be at rest; therefore they can no more cease from their actions than they can cease to be,—nor so easily neither!——Truly when this Insurrection was, and we saw it in all the roots and grounds of it, we did find out a little poor Invention, which I hear has been much regretted. [That was, we were resolved that those men that put the honest and peaceably minded people 'to trouble'; that would not comply with such things as these are.][2] I say, there was a little thing invented; which was, the erecting of your Major-Generals [*Yes!*]: To have a little inspection upon the People thus divided, thus discontented, thus dissatisfied, 'split' in 'to' divers interests,—by 'the workings of' the Popish Party! 'Workings of' the Lord Taaff and others;[3] the most consisting of Natural-Irish rebels, and all those men we have

[1] Isaiah lvii. 20, 21.

[2] [The words in brackets were omitted by Carlyle. Cromwell apparently begins to tell about the decimation of the Royalists, as the reason for appointing the Major-Generals, but stops, or perhaps this sentence and the next should be transposed.

[3] His Highness suddenly breaks off after new quarry on mention of this Party. The Lord Taaff is even now very busy, at Antwerp (Thurloe, v.), with Chancellor Hyde, "throwing up mire and dirt" of the insurrection kind. He was in trouble long ago, at the beginning of the Long Parliament, on the score of the Irish Massacre; sat some time in the Tower (Clarendon, ii. 216) with Lord Dillon and others; a generation "who can no more cease from their practices than they can cease to live, nor so easily neither!"

fought against in Ireland, and 'have' expulsed from thence, as having had a hand in that bloody Massacre;—'of him and' of those that were under his power; who should have joined in this excellent business of Insurrection!—

And upon such a Rising as that was,—truly I think if ever anything were justifiable as to Necessity, and honest in every respect, this was.[1] And I could as soon venture my life with it as 'with' anything I ever undertook! [*His Highness looks animated.*] We did find out,—I mean myself and the Council 'did,'—That,[2] if there were need to have greater forces to carry on this work, it was a most righteous thing to put the charge upon that Party which was the cause of it. [*Yea!*] And if there be any man that hath a face looking averse to this, I dare pronounce him to be a man against the Interest of England. Upon this account, and upon this ground of necessity; when we saw what game they were upon, and knew individual persons, and of the greatest rank, not a few, engaged in this business (I knew one man that laid down his life for it) [*"Name?" He must go unnamed, this one!*]; and 'had it' by Letters intercepted which made it as clear as the day;—we did think it our duty To make that class of persons who, as evident as anything in the world, were in the combination 'of the insurrectionists,' bear their shares of the charge. 'Bear their share,' one with another,[3] for the raising of the Forces that were so necessary to defend us against those Designs! And truly if any man be angry at it,—I am plain, and shall use an homely expression: *Let him turn the buckle of his girdle behind him!*[4] If this were to be done again, I would do it.

[1] ["And to the end that this nation upon such a rise as that was, so justifiable to necessity, so honest in every respect, truly if ever—I think—anything were honest this was, as anything that ever I knew," *MS.*]

[2] ["That it was necessary to put that people who had occasioned all this trouble if there were need," *ibid.*]

[3] ["To make them that were in the combination of men, as evident[ly] as anything in the world, equally to bear their shares of the charge, one with another."]

[4] The Proverb is in *Ray;* but without commentary. Various friendly Correspondents, who have found it in Shakspeare (*Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v. Scene i.) and elsewhere, point out to me that the meaning is, 'Let him bring his sword-hilt round, then;' ready for drawing; round to the front, where the 'buckle' of his belt or 'girdle' now is.

'How the Major-Generals have behaved themselves in that work? I hope they are men, as to their persons, of known integrity and fidelity; and men that have freely adventured their blood and lives for that good Cause,—if it 'still' be thought such, and it was well stated, 'this morning,' against all the 'new' humours and fancies of men!— —And truly England doth yet receive one day more of Lengthening-out its tranquillity, by that same service of theirs,[1]— —

Well; your danger is as you have seen. And truly I am sorry it is so great. 'But' I wish it might cause no despondency; —as truly, I think, it will not: because we are Englishmen; that is one good account. And if God give a Nation the property[2] of valour and courage, it is honour and 'a' mercy 'from Him,' [*Yes, it is a great thing, your Highness!*] and much more 'than English!' Because you all, I hope, are Christian Men, Christian men that know Jesus Christ [*Yea!*], and know that Cause that hath been mentioned to you this day.

Having declared to you my sense and my knowledge,—pardon me if I say so, my knowledge, of the condition of these poor Nations, for it hath an influence upon them all, it concerns them all very palpably; I should be to blame if I should not a little offer to you the Remedies. [*Second head of method: the Remedies.*] I would comprehend them under two considerations. They are both[3] somewhat general. The one is, Considering all things that may be done, and ought to be done, in order to Security; that's one. And truly the other is a common head, 'a general, nay a universal consideration,'—the other is, Doing all things that ought to be done in order to Reformation: and

[1] 'that occasion' in *orig.* ["If it be thought so, which in my conscience is so, and it was well stated against all the humours and fancies of men, and truly England doth yet receive one day more of lengthening out its tranquillity by that occasion and action; they do that it doth manifest a year, [perhaps means, that they do so has been manifest for a year] for it is near so much time as that, they have been exercised in that service."]

[2] ["propriety," *MS.*; but meaning as here.]

[3] ["bound," *MS.*]

with that I shall close my Discourse. And all that first hath been hinted-at was but to give you a sense of the danger that 'truly' is most material and significant; for which you are principally called hither to advise of the remedies.—I do put them, 'the remedies,' into this 'twofold' method, not but 'that' I think they are scarcely distinct. I do believe, truly, upon serious and deliberate consideration: That a true Reformation, as it may, and will through God's acceptance, and 'by' the endeavours of His poor servants, be,—That that, 'I say,' will be pleasing in His sight; and that which will be not only that which shall avert the present danger, but be a worthy return for all the blessings and mercies which you have received. So, in my conscience, if I were put to show it, this hour, Where the security of these Nations will lie,—forces, arms, watchings, posts,[1] strength; your being and freedom; be as politic and diligent, and as vigilant as you can be, I would say in my very conscience, and as before Almighty God I speak it: I think your Reformation, if it be honest and thorough and just, *it* will be your best security! [*Hear him; Hear, hear!*]

First, 'however,' for that of Security 'outwardly considered.' We shall speak a little distinctly to that. [*"Be ye wise as serpents withal!"*] You see where your War is. It is with the Spaniard. You have Peace with all 'other' Nations, or the most of them; Swede, Dane, Dutch. At present, I say, it is well; it is at present so. And so 'likewise' with the Portugal, 'with' France,—the Mediterranean Sea. Both those States, both Christian and Profane; the Mahometans;—you have Peace with them all. Only with Spain, I say, you have a difference, you have a War. I pray consider it. Do I come to tell you that I would *tie* you to this War? No. 'According' as you shall find your spirits and reasons grounded in what hath been said, so let you and me join in the prosecution of that War,—'according' as we are satisfied, and as the cause will appear

[1] ["parts," *MS.*]

to our consciences in the sight of the Lord. But if you *can* come to prosecute it, prosecute it vigorously, or do not do it at all!—

Truly I shall speak a very great word,—one may ask a very great question: "*Unde;* Whence shall 'the means of' it come?" Our Nation is overwhelmed in debts! But I think it my duty to deal plainly; I shall speak to that which Nature teacheth us. If we engage in a business,—a recoiling man may *haply* recover of his enemy: but the courage of an enemy surely will be in the keeping of his ground! Therefore it is that which I would advise you, That we might join together to prosecute it *vigorously.* In the second place, I would advise you that you would deal effectually,—seeing there is such a complication of interests, 'as some keep objecting.' If you believe that there is such a complication of interests,—why, then, in the name of God, that excites you the more to do it! Give me leave to tell you, that I do not believe that in any war that ever was in former times, nor 'in' any engagements that you have had with others, this Nation had more obligations upon them to look to itself,—to forbear waste[1] of time, precious time; needlessly to mind things that are not essential; to be quibbling about words, and comparatively[2] about things of no moment; and in the mean time,—being in such a case as I suppose you know we are,—to suffer ourselves to be wanting to a just defence against the 'common' Enemies abroad, or not to be thoroughly sensible of the Distempers that are at home[3]—!—I know, perhaps there are many considerations that may teach you, that may incline[4] you, to keep your 'own' hands tender from men of one Religion 'with ourselves,'[5] and of such an Interest as is so spread and rooted in the Nation. However,[6] if they seek the eradication of the Nation; if they are active as you have seen, and 'as' it hath

[1] ["expense," *MS.*] [2] ["compactively," *ibid.*]
[3] Original sentence incomplete; or tacked with radical incoherency to the foregoing: the sense, on either hypothesis, is very visible.
[4] ["induce," *MS.*]
[5] Royalists, and other Discontented; Protestants, though Plotters.
[6] ["hence," *MS.*]

been made manifest so as may not be denied, to the carrying-on of their Designs; if England must be eradicated by persons complicated with the Spaniard; if this must be brought in through distempers and falseness of men among themselves,—then the question is no more but this: Whether any consideration whatsoever shall lead us, for fear of eradicating of distempers, to suffer all the honest Interests of this Nation to be eradicated? Therefore speak but generally of any of their distempers, 'which are' of all sorts, and when a member cannot be cured, the rule is plain, *Ense rescindendum est immedicabile vulnus*. And I think it such an advantage as that nothing could ever be more properly put in practice [1] since this or any Nation 'first' was.

As to those lesser Distempers of people that pretend Religion, yet, from the whole consideration of Religion, which would fall under as one of the heads of Reformation, I had rather put it under this head; [2] and I shall the less speak to it, because you have been so well spoken-to this day already 'elsewhere.' I will tell you the truth: Our practice since the last Parliament hath been, To let all this Nation see that whatever pretensions to Religion would continue quiet, peaceable, they should enjoy conscience and liberty to themselves; [3]—and *not* make Religion a pretence for arms and blood, truly we have suffered them, and that cheerfully, so to enjoy their own liberties. Whatsoever is contrary, 'and not peaceable,' let the pretence be never so specious,—if it tend to combination, to interests and factions, we shall not care, by the grace of God, *whom* we meet withal, though never so specious, though never so quiet! And truly I am against all liberty of conscience repugnant to *this*. I am. If men will profess,—be they those under Baptism, be they

[1] 'used' in *orig.*

[2] Of 'doing all we can for Security;' they will stand better under *this*, thinks his Highness. His Highness half-soliloquising, suddenly bethinking himself, again shows us a glimpse of his Speech in a state of genesis.

[3] ["That that which hath been our practice since the last Parliament hath been to let all this nation see that whatever pretensions be to religion, if quiet, peaceable, if [they] enjoyed conscience and liberty to themselves."]

those of the Independent judgment simply, and of the Presbyterian judgment,—in the name of God, encourage them, countenance them; so long as they do plainly continue [1] to be thankful to God, and to make use of the liberty given them to enjoy their own consciences! For, as it was said to-day, undoubtedly *this* is the peculiar Interest all this while contested for. [*An excellent "Interest;" very indispensable in a state of genuine Protestantism, which latter has itself for some time been indispensable enough.*] That men that believe in Jesus Christ—that's the Form that gives the being to true religion, Faith in Christ and walking in a profession answerable to that Faith;—men that believe the remission of sins through the blood of Christ, and free justification by the blood of Christ, and live upon the grace of God: that those men that are certain they are so [*Faith of assurance*],—'they' are members of Jesus Christ, and are to Him as the apple of His eye. Whoever hath this Faith, let his Form be what it will; he walking peaceably, without the prejudicing of others under another Form:—it is a debt due to God and Christ; and He will require it, if he 'that Christian' may not enjoy this liberty. [*True Tolerance; a noble thing: Patience, indifference as to the Unessential; liveliest impatience, inexorable* INTOLERANCE *for the Want of the Essential!*]

If a man of one form will be trampling upon the heels of another form; if an Independent, for example, will despise him 'who is' under Baptism, and will revile him, and reproach and provoke him,—I will not suffer it in him. If, on the other side, those on the Anabaptists 'judgment' shall be censuring the Godly Ministers of the Nation that profess under that of Independency; or those that profess under Presbytery, shall be reproaching or speaking evil of them, traducing and censuring of them,—as I would not be willing to see the day on which England shall be in the power of the Presbytery to impose upon the consciences of others that profess faith in Christ,—so I will not endure any to

[1] ["while they do plainly hold forth," *MS.*]

reproach them. But God give us hearts and spirits to keep things *equal*. Which, truly I must profess to you, hath been my temper. I have had boxes[1] and rebukes,—on one hand and on the other; some censuring[2] me for Presbytery; others 'as' an inletter to all the Sects and Heresies in the Nation. I have borne my reproach: but I have, through God's mercy, not been unhappy in preventing any one Religion to impose upon another. And truly I must needs say (I speak it experimentally):[3] I have found it, I have, that those of the Presbyterian judgment—[*"Do themselves partly approve my plan," he means to say; but starting off into broken sentences, as he is liable to do, never says it*]— —I speak it knowingly, as having received from very many Counties—I have had Petitions, and acknowledgments and professions, from whole Counties; as from Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, and other Counties; acknowledgments that they, 'the Presbyterians there,' do but desire they may have liberty and protection in the worshipping of God according to their own judgments; for the purging of their congregations, and the labouring to attain more purity of faith and repentance;—'and' that, in their outward profession, they will not strain themselves beyond their own line. I have had those 'Petitions'; I have them to show. And I confess I look at that as the blessedest thing which hath been since the adventuring upon this Government, 'or' that these times produce. And I hope I gave them fair and honest answers. And if it shall be found to *be* the care of the Civil Magistrate to keep thus all the professing Christians in this relation to one another; and not to suffer any to say or do what will justly provoke the others[4]:—I think he that would have more liberty than this, is not worthy of any.

This therefore I think verily, if it may be thus under consideration for Reformation:—'I say,' if it please God to give you and

[1] [Carlyle altered to "some boxes on the ear," but it is much more likely that Cromwell used the word in its sense of buffets.]
[2] ["envying me," *MS.*] [3] [*i.e.*, from experience.]
[4] ["and not to suffer all things said or done to provoke others," *MS.*]

me hearts to keep *this* straight,[1] 'it may be a great means' in giving countenance to 'just' Ministers,—[*In such semi-articulate uneasy way does his Highness hustle himself over into the discussion of a new Topic*]—countenancing a just *maintenance* to them, whether by tithes or otherwise.—For my part I should think I were very treacherous if I should take away Tithes, till I see the Legislative Power to settle Maintenance to them another way. But whoever they be that shall contend to destroy Tithes,[2] that doth as really cut their, 'the Ministers,' throats as it is a drift to take Tithes away before a way of Reparation [3] or other 'mode of' maintenance be had. Truly I think all such practices and proceedings should [4] be discountenanced. I have heard it from as gracious a Minister as any is in England; I have had it professed: That it would be a far greater satisfaction to them to have it,—'maintenance,'—another way,—if the State will provide it. [*Sensation among the Voluntaries!— —His Highness proceeds no further in that direction at present. The next sentence suddenly drawing itself up into a heap; comprising both ideas, "*TITHES*" and "*EQUALITY*," and in free-flowing half-articulate manner uttering them both at once, must be given precisely as it stands,—Grammar yielding place to something still needfuller, to* TRANSPARENCY *of Speech with or without grammar.*]— —Therefore I think, for the keeping of the Church and people of God and Professors in their several forms in this liberty,—I think as it, 'this of tithes, or some other maintenance,' hath been a thing that's the root of visible Profession [*No public maintenance no regular priest*], the upholding this—I think you will find a blessing in it:—If God keep your hearts to keep things in this posture and balance, which is so honest and so necessary. [*Better keep up Tithes, till we see!*]

Truly, there might be some other things offered to you, in the point of Reformation: to wit, a Reformation of Manners— —

[1] ["even," *MS.*] [2] ["them," *ibid.*]
[3] [The writer of the *MS.* has begun to write "reparation," and then crossed it out and put "preparation," but no doubt the former is right.]
[4] ["would," *MS.*]

But I had forgot one thing that I must remember! It is the Church's work,[1] you know, in some measure: yet give me leave to say, and I appeal unto your consciences, Whether or no there hath not been an honest care taken for the ejecting of Scandalous Ministers, 'and' for the bringing-in of them that have passed an Approbation? [*Our two Commissions of Triers and Expurgators.*] I dare say, such an one as never passed in England before! And give me leave to say, It hath been with this difference 'from the old practice,' that neither Mr. Doctor nor Parson in the University hath been reckoned stamp enough by those that made these Approbations:[2] though, I can say so, they have a great esteem of learning, and look at Grace as most useful when it falls unto men *with* it rather than without it, and wish, with all their hearts, the flourishing of all those Institutions of Learning, as much as any, [yet I must say it hath been 'counted' nothing with them that have passed the best with them or me.][3] I think there hath been a conscience exercised, both by myself and the Ministers, towards them that have been approved; I may say, such an one, as I truly believe was never known in England, 'in regard to this matter.' And I do verily believe that God hath, for the Ministry, a very great seed in the youth 'now' in the Universities; who[4] instead of studying Books, study their own hearts. I do believe, as God hath made a very great and flourishing seed to that purpose; so, I believe, this Ministry of England—that I think in my very conscience God will bless and favour 'that'; and hath blessed it, to the gaining of very many souls—it was never so upon the thriving hand since England was, as it is at this day. Therefore I say, in these things, 'in these arrangements made by us,' that tend to the profession of the Gospel and Public Ministry, 'I think' you will be so far from hindering, that you will further it. And I shall be willing to join with you.

[1] ["their work," *MS.*]
[2] ["have satisfied those that have made their approbations," *ibid.*]
[3] [Omitted by Carlyle.]
[4] ["and," *MS.*]

I did hint to you my thoughts about the Reformation of Manners, and those abuses that are in this Nation through disorder, is a thing which should be much in your hearts. It is that, that I am confident is a description and character of that Interest you have been engaged against [and pressing to as any other,][1] 'the Cavalier Interest:' against the badge and character of countenancing Profaneness, Disorder and Wickedness in all places,—[*A horrible "character," your Highness; not undeserved hitherto: and under* OUR *new Defender of the Faith* (*if you could see into futurity*) *what a height of evidence will it rise to!*] [and whatever is next of kin to that, and most agrees with that which is Popery, and 'with' the profane Nobility and Gentry of this Nation!][2] In my conscience, it was a shame to be a Christian, within these fifteen, sixteen or seventeen years, in this Nation, either 'in Cæsar's house,' or elsewhere! It was a shame, it was a reproach to a man; and the badge of Puritan was put upon it.—We would keep up [*He bethinks him of the above word "profane"*] the Nobility and Gentry:—and the way to keep them up is, Not to suffer them to be patronisers nor countenancers of debauchery or disorders! And you will hereby be as labourers in the work 'of keeping them up.' And a man may tell as plainly as can be what becomes of us, if we grow indifferent and lukewarm[3] 'in repressing evil,' under I know not what weak pretensions. [*Yes, your Highness; even so,—were you and I in a minority of Two upon it! "Merry Monarchs" of the Nell-Gwynn Defender kind, and the gallantest Sir Charles Sedleys in their tavern-balcony in Bow Street, are and remain a most mournful phenomenon to me; mournfuller than Death;—equal to Death with a Grimaldi mask clapt on it!*] If it lives in us, therefore; I say, if it be in the general 'heart of the Nation,' it is a thing I am confident our liberty and prosperity[4] depends upon,—Reformation. To make it a shame

[1] [omitted by Carlyle.]

[2] [This passage is transposed (by Carlyle) from after the words "badge of Puritan was put upon it," *below.*]

[3] ["by our indifference or lukewarmness," *MS.*]

[4] ["I am confident that the liberty and profaneness (*sic*) of this nation," *ibid.*]

to see men to be bold in sin and profaneness,—and God will bless you. You will be a blessing to the Nation; and by this, 'will' be more repairers of breaches than 'by' anything in the world. Truly these things do respect the souls of men, and the spirits,—which *are* the men. The mind is the man. If that be kept pure, a man signifies somewhat; if not, I would very fain see what difference there is betwixt him and a beast. He hath only some activity to do some more mischief. [*A real "Head of the Church," this "King"; not an imaginary one!*]

There are some things which respect the Estates of men; and there is one general Grievance in the Nation. It is the Law. [*"Hear, hear!" from all quarters of the Nation.*] Not that the Laws are 'a' grievance; but there are Laws that are a grievance; and the great grievance lies in the execution and administration. I think I may say it, I have as eminent Judges in this land as have been had, or that the Nation has had, for these many years. [*Hale and others; yea!*]—Truly I could be particular[1] as to the executive part 'of it,' to administration 'of the Law;' but that would trouble you. But the truth of it is, There are wicked 'and' abominable Laws, that 'it' will be in your power to alter. To hang a man for Six pence, thirteen pence, I know not what; to hang for a trifle, and pardon murder,—is in the ministration of the Law, through the ill-framing of it. I have known in my experience abominable murders 'ac'quitted. And to come and see men lose their lives for petty matters: this is a thing that God will reckon for. [*Your Highness actually says so, believes so?*] And I wish it may not lie upon this Nation a day longer than you have an opportunity to give a remedy; and I hope I shall cheerfully join with you in it. This hath been a great grief to many honest hearts and conscientious people; and I hope it is all in your hearts to rectify it.

I have little more to say to you, being very weary; and I know you are so 'too.' Truly I did begin with that that I

[1] ["Truly to be particular I could be," *MS.*]

thought was 'the means' to carry on this War (if you will carry it on), That we may join together in that vigorously. And I did promise an answer to an objection: "But what will you prosecute it with?" The State is hugely in debt; I believe it comes to— —[*Reporter cannot hear; on his Paper is mere Blank; —nay I think his Highness stutters, does not clearly articulate any sum.*]—The Treasure of the State is wasted. We shall not be an enemy to your inspection; but desire it,—that you would inspect the Treasury, and how moneys have been expended. And we are not afraid to look the Nation in the face upon this account. Aud therefore we will say negatively, *first*, No man can say we have 'mis'employed the Treasure of this Nation, and embezzled it to particular and private uses.

It may be we have not,—as the world terms it,—been so fortunate in all our successes, 'in the issues of all our attempts?' [*Hispaniola was a terrible affair, your Highness; and Jamaica is yet —a load to crush any but a Man of Hope!*] Truly if we are of mind that God may not decide for us in these things, I think we shall be quarrelling with what God 'Himself' will answer 'for.'[1] And we hope we are able,—it may be weakly, I do not doubt, —but to give an answer to God, and to give an answer to every man's conscience in the sight of God, of the reason of things. But we shall tell you, that it—[*"It," the principal "reason" we could give, was the Plotting of the Cavaliers; whereat his Highness bursts into sudden spontaneous combustion again!*] hath been a piece of that artifice[2] that hath been in this your time; where 'in' there are flames good store, fire enough;—and it will be your wisdom and skill, and God's blessing upon you, to *quench* them both here and elsewhere! I say it again, the endeavours have been by those that have been appointed, by those that have been Major-Generals; I can repeat it[3]

[1] ["Truly if we have that mind that God may not determine us in these things, I think we should quarrel at that which God will answer." *MS.*]

[2] [*i.e.*, firework. Carlyle printed "arch-fire," following a mis-reading in Burton.]

[3] ["them," *MS.*]

with comfort, that it hath been effectual for the Preservation of your Peace; [*What worlds of old terror, rage, and endeavour, all dead now; what continents of extinct fire, of life-volcanoes once blazing, now sunk in eternal darkness, do we discern, with emotion, through this chance crevice in his Highness!*] It hath been more effectual towards the discountenancing of Vice and settling Religion, than anything done these fifty years: I will abide 'by' it, notwithstanding the envy and slander of foolish men! [*Poor Oliver, noble Oliver!*] But I say there was a Design[1]—I confess I speak that to you with a little vehemency—But you had not had peace two months together, 'nothing but plot after plot;' I profess I believe it as much as ever I did anything in the world: and how instrumental *they*, 'these Major-Generals,' have been to your peace and for your preservation, by such means,—which, we say, was Necessity! [and I can rather act with comfort and simplicity on necessity][2] than from all instituted things in the world!— —If you would make laws against the things that God may 'please to' dispose, 'laws' to meet with everything that may *happen*,—you[3] make a law in the face of God, and you tell God you will meet with all His dispensations, and you will stay things whether He will or no![4] But if you make laws of good Government, that men may know how to obey and do for Government, you may make laws that have frailty and weakness; ay, and 'yet' good laws 'to be' observed. But if nothing should 'ever' be done but what is according to Law, the throat of the Nation may be cut while we send for some to make a Law! [*The Tyrant's plea?—Yes, and the true Governor's, my friend; for extremes meet.*] Therefore certainly it is a pitiful beastly notion to think, that though it be for ordinary Government to live by

[1] ["that hath been a design," *MS.*]
[2] [This phrase omitted in Burton and therefore by Carlyle.]
[3] ["yea," *MS.*]
[4] 'Laws against events,' insisted on before, p. 512. The 'event' there could be no law against beforehand, was the universal rising of the cutthroat Cavaliers; a thing not believed-in by the thickskinned, but too well known to his Highness as a terrible verity,—which the thickest skin would have got acquainted with, moreover, had it not been for him! Evidently a most provoking topic.

law and rule, yet I think him [1]—'if a Government in extraordinary 'circumstances go beyond the law even for self-preservation, it 'is' yet to be clamoured-at, and blottered-at. [*His Highness still extremely animated; wants as if more tongues than one to speak all he feels!*] When matters of Necessity come inviolably, then 'without guilt' extraordinary remedies may not be applied? Who can be so pitiful a person!—

I confess, if Necessity be *pretended,* there is so much the more sin, by laying the irregularity of men's actions upon 'God as if it were He' who sent the Necessity;—who doth indeed send a Necessity! But to *anticipate* these [2] For as to an appeal to God, I own it, 'own this Necessity,' conscientiously to God; and the principle of Nature dictates the thing:—'But' if there be a *supposition,* I say, of a Necessity [3] which is *not,* every *act* 'so done' at that time hath 'in it' the more sin. This 'whether in a given case, there *is* a Necessity or not,' perhaps is rather to be disputed than otherwise: But I must say I do not know one action 'of this Government,' no not one, but it hath been in order to 'the' peace, and safety of the Nation. And the keeping of some in prison [*Lilburn, Wildman, Overton, Grey of Groby, Willoughby of Parham, occasionally Harrison and others: a fair stock of Prisoners up and down!*] hath been upon such clear and just grounds that no man can except against it. I know there are some imprisoned in the Isle of Wight, 'in' Cornwall and elsewhere; and the cause of their imprisonment was, They were all found acting things that tended to the disturbance of the Peace of the Nation. Now these principles made us say to them: "Pray live quietly in your own countries: you shall not be urged "with bonds or engagements, or to subscribe to the Government." Yet they would not so much as say, "We will promise to live "peaceably." If others be imprisoned, it is because they have

[1] A small hiatus in the *MS.* (Burton, p. clxxii.), which imagination can easily fill. [Margin of *MS.*, "blanks for two lines."]

[2] ["send a necessity, but to prevent the end," *MS.*]

[3] ["of that," *ibid.*]

done such things. And if other particulars stick,[1] we know what to say,—as having endeavoured to walk as those that would not only give an account to God of their actings in Authority, but had withal to give an account of them to men.[2] [*Anticlimax; —better than some climaxes; full of simplicity and discretion.*]

I confess I have digressed much, [to let you know that you would (*i.e.*, should) not be discouraged if you judge it[3] truly necessary, that you cannot avoid it].[4] [*Yes, your Highness; it has been a very loose-flowing Discourse; like a big tide on shallow shores, with few banks or barriers!*]—I would not have you be discouraged if you think the State is exceeding poor. Give me leave to tell you, we have managed the Treasury not unthriftily, nor to private uses; but for the use of the Nation and Government;—and shall give you this short account. When the Long Parliament sat,[5] this Nation owed 700,000*l.* We examined it; it was brought unto that,—in that short Meeting 'of the Little Parliament,' that was within half a year after the Government came to our hands. I believe there was rather *more* than less. They 'the Long-Parliament people' had 120,000*l.* a-month; they had the King's, Queen's, Prince's, Bishops' Lands; all Delinquents' Estates, and the Deans-and-Chapters' Lands;—which was a very rich Treasure. As soon as ever we came to the Government, we abated 30,000*l.* the first half-year, and 60,000*l.* after. We had no benefits of those Estates, at all considerable. [*Only the merest fractions of them remaining now unsold*]; I do not think, the fiftieth part of what they had:—and give me leave to tell you, *You are not in so much debt as we found you.*[6] We know it hath been maliciously dispersed, as if we had set the Nation

[1] Means 'give offence.' [Carlyle printed "strike," the word being mis-read by the editor of Burton. "Stick" in the sense of being a stumbling-block, or creating a difficulty, was a favourite word with Cromwell.]

[2] ["as those that would not only give an account to God, as another magistrate, but as to give an account to men," *MS.*]

[3] [*i.e.*, our expenses; probably thinking particularly of the expenses of the war.]

[4] [The words in square brackets were omitted by Carlyle.]

[5] Polite for 'ceased to sit.'

[6] *Antea*, p. 542.

into 2,500,000*l.* of debt: but I tell you, you are not so much in debt, by some thousands,—I think I may say, by some hundreds of thousands! This is true that I tell you. We have honestly,—it may be not so wisely as some others would have done,—but with honest and plain hearts, laboured and endeavoured the disposal of Treasure to Public Uses; and laboured to pull off the common charge, as you see 60,000*l.* a-month. And if we had continued that charge that was left upon the Nation, perhaps we could have had as much money 'in hand,' as now we are in debt.—These things being thus, I did think it my duty to give you this account,—though it be wearisomeness to yourselves and me.

Now if I had the tongue of an Angel; if I was so certainly inspired as the holy Men of God have been, I could rejoice, for your sakes, and for these Nations' sakes, and for the sake of God, and of this Cause that we have been engaged in, that I could move affections in you to that which, if you do it, will save this Nation! If *not*,—you plunge it, in all human appearance, 'it' and all Interests, yea and all the Protestants in the world, 'in' to irrecoverable ruin!—

Therefore I pray, aye and beseech you, in the name of Christ, Show yourselves to be men; "quit yourselves like men!" It doth not infer any reproach if you do show yourselves men: *Christian* men,—which *will* only make you "quit yourselves." I do not think that, to this work you have in hand, a neutral spirit will do it. That[1] is a Laodicean spirit; and we know what God said of that Church: it was "lukewarm," and therefore He would "spew it out of His mouth!" It is not a neutral spirit that is incumbent upon you. And if not a neutral spirit, it is much less a stupefied 'spirit,' inclining you, in the least disposition, the *wrong* way! Men are, in their private consciences, every day making shipwreck[2] and it's no wonder if these can shake hands with

[1] ["It" in *MS.* Probably "yt" in original notes.]

[2] ["inclining you, in the least disposition, the wrong way, though perhaps not maliciously. Some men are certainly maliciously disposed the wrong way; they are, in their private consciences, every day making shipwreck," *MS.*]

men of reprobate Interests:—such, give me leave to think, are the Popish Interests. For[1] the Apostle brands them so, "Having seared consciences." Though I do not judge every man:—but the ringleaders[2] are such. The Scriptures foretold they should be such. It is not such a spirit will carry the work on! It is men 'in a Christian state' that have *works* with *faith;* that know how to lay hold on Christ for remission 'of sins,'[3] till a man be brought to glory in hope. Such an hope kindled in men's spirits will act'uate' them to such ends as you are tending to: and so many as are partakers of this, and 'do' own your standings,[4] wherein the Providence of God hath set and called you to this work, 'so many' will carry it on.

If men, through scruples, be opposite, you cannot take them by the hand to *carry* them 'along with you,'—because it were absurd: for if a man be scrupling the plain truth before him, it is in vain to meddle with him. He hath placed another business in *his* mind; he is saying, "Oh, if we could but exercise wisdom to gain Civil Liberty,—Religion would follow!"[5] [*His Highness thinks Religion will* PRECEDE,—*as I hope thou also, in a sense, emphatically thinkest. His Highness does not much affect Constitution-builders, Oceana Harringtons, and Members of the Rota Club. Here, however, he has his eye principally upon the late Parliament, with its Constitution-pedantries and parchments.*] Certainly there are such men, who are not *maliciously* blind, whom God, for some causes, exercises. [*Yes, your Highness; we poor Moderns have had whole shoals of them, and still have,—in the later sections of that same "work" you are engaged in.*] It cannot be expected that they should do anything: [*Profound silence.*] These men,—they must demonstrate that they are in bonds.— —Could we have

[1] ["because," *MS.*]

[2] Of the Insurrectionary persons, and the general Miscellany who favour the Popish Interests; it is on these more than on Papists proper that his Highness is now again coming to glance.

[3] ["for remission of a Christian state," *MS.*]

[4] Present official positions.

[5] ["He hath placed another image of the business in his own mind; and to say Oh, if we could but exercise wisdom to gain civil liberty, religion would follow. That's as common as can be in the world," *MS.*]

carried it thus far, if we had sat disputing in that manner?[1] I must profess I reckon that difficulty more than all the wrestling with flesh and blood. [*What could so try one as that Pedant Parliament did; disputing, doling out pennyweights of distilled constitution; and Penruddock, Charles Stuart and the Spaniards waiting momentarily to come in, with Ate and the Scarlet Woman in their rear?*] Doubting, hesitating men, they are not fit for your work. You must not expect that men of hesitating spirits, under the bondage of scruples, will be able to carry on this work, much less such as are mere'ly' carnal, natural; and such as having an outward profession of Godliness, which the Apostle speaks of 'so'often, and are the enemies to the cross of Christ; whose god is their belly and whose glory is their shame; who mind earthly things. [*A really frightful kind of character;—and not yet obsolete, though its dialect is changed!*] Do you think these men will rise to such a spiritual heat for the Nation as shall carry you a Cause like this; as will meet 'and defy' all the oppositions[2] that the Devil and wicked men can make? [*Not to* BE *expected, your Highness; not at all. And yet we, two hundred years later, how do we go on expecting it,—by the aid of Ballot-boxes, Reform-Club Attorneys, &c. &c.!*]

Give me leave to tell you,—those that are called to this work, it will not depend 'for them' upon formalities, nor notions, nor speeches! [*A certain truculency on his Highness's visage.*] I do not look the work should be done by these. 'No;' but by men of honest hearts, engaged to God; strengthened by Providence; enlightened in His words, to know His Word,—to which He hath set His Seal, sealed with the blood of His Son, in the blood of His Servants: *that* is such a spirit as will carry on this work. [*Scant in the Pedant Parliament, scant in the Rota Club: not to be found in the Reform-Club Attorney, or his Ballot-box, at all.*]

Therefore I beseech you, I beseech you, do not dispute of un-

[1] ["carried it hitherto if we had disputed these things," *MS.*]

[2] ["that shall carry you such a thing as this, that will meet with all the oppositions," *ibid.*]

necessary and unprofitable things that may divert you from carrying on of so glorious a work as this is. I think *every* objection that ariseth is not to be answered; nor have I time for it. I say, Look up to God; have peace among yourselves. Know assuredly that if I have interest,[1] I am by the voice of the People the Supreme Magistrate; [*We will have no disputing about that,—you are aware!*] and, it may be, 'do' know somewhat that may satisfy my conscience, if I stood in doubt! But it is an union, really it is an union, 'this' between you and me: and both of us united in faith and love to Jesus Christ, and to His peculiar Interest in the world,—*that* must ground this work. And in *that*, if I have any peculiar Interest that's personal to myself, that is not subservient to the Public end,—it were no extravagant thing for me to *curse* myself: because I know God will curse me, if I have! [*Look in that countenance of his Highness!*] And I have learned too much[2] of God, not to dally with Him, and to be bold with Him, in these things. And I never was and I hope I never shall be bold with Him;—though I can be bold with men, if Christ be pleased to assist!—

I say if there be love between us, 'so' that the Nations[3] may say, "These are knit together in one bond, to promote the glory "of God against the Common Enemy; to suppress everything "that is Evil, and encourage whatsoever is of Godliness,"—yea, the Nation will bless you! And really, really, that and nothing else will work-off these Disaffections from the minds of men; which are as great,—if not greater—than all the 'other' oppositions you can meet with. I do know what I say. When I speak of these things, I speak my heart before God;—and, as I said before, I dare not be bold before Him. I have a little faith: I have a little lived by faith, and therein I may be "bold." If I spoke other than the affections[4] and secrets of my heart, I know He would not bear it at my hands! [*Deep silence;*

[1] Means 'if you see me in power.'
[2] [Perhaps it should be "so much."]
[3] The Three Nations.
[4] ["If I should not speak the affections," *MS.*]

his Highness's voice, in sonorous bass, alone audible in the Painted Chamber.] Therefore in the fear and name of God: Go on, with love and integrity, against whatever arises contrary to these ends which you have known and been told of; and the blessing of God go with you,—the blessing of God *will* go with you! [*Amen!*]

I have but this one thing to say more. I know it is troublesome:—But I did read a Psalm yesterday; which truly may not unbecome both me to tell you of, and you to observe. It is the Eighty-fifth Psalm,[1] that's very instructive and very significant: and though I do but a little touch upon it, I desire your perusal at your pleasure. [*We will many of us read it, this night; almost all of us, with one view or the other;—and some of us may sing a part of it at evening worship.*]

It begins: "Lord, Thou hast been very favourable unto Thy "Land; Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob. Thou "hast forgiven the iniquity of Thy People; Thou hast covered "all their sins. Thou hast taken away all (the fierceness of) "Thy wrath: Thou hast turned Thyself from the fierceness of "Thine anger. Turn us, O God of our salvation, and cause "Thine anger toward us to cease. Wilt Thou be angry with us "forever; wilt Thou draw out Thine anger to all generations? "Wilt thou not revive us again, that Thy People may rejoice in "Thee?" Then he calls upon God as "the God of his salva-"tion,"[2] and then saith he: "I will hear what God the Lord will "speak: for He will speak 'peace' unto His People, and to His "Saints; but let them not turn again to folly. Surely His "salvation is nigh them that fear Him;" Oh—"that glory may "dwell in our land! Mercy and Truth are met together; "Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other. Truth shall "spring out of the Earth, and Righteousness shall look down

[1] Historical: Tuesday, 16th Sept. 1656; Oliver Protector reading the Eighty-fifth Psalm in Whitehall. We too might read it; but as his Highness recites it all here except one short verse, it is not so necessary.

[2] *Verse* 7, 'Show us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation.'

"from Heaven. Yea the Lord shall give that which is good, "and our Land shall yield its increase. Righteousness shall go "before Him, and shall set us in the way of His steps." [*What a vision of celestial hope is this: vista into Lands of Light, God's Will done on Earth; this poor English Earth an Emblem of Heaven; where God's Blessing reigns supreme; where ghastly Falsity and brutal Greed and Baseness, and Cruelty and Cowardice, and Sin and Fear, and all the Helldogs of Gehenna shall lie chained under our feet; and Man, august in divine manhood, shall step victorious over them, heavenward, like a god! O Oliver, I could weep,—and yet it steads not. Do not I too look into "Psalms," into a kind of Eternal Psalm, unalterable as adamant,—which the whole world yet will look into? Courage, my brave one!*]

Truly I wish that this Psalm, as it is written in the Book, might be better written in our hearts, that we might say as David, "*Thou* hast done this," and "Thou hast done that;" "Thou hast pardoned our sins; Thou hast taken away our ini- "quities!" Whither can we go to a better God? For "He "hath done it." It is to Him any Nation may come in their extremity, for the taking away of His wrath. How did He do it? By pardoning their sins, and taking away their iniquities! If we can but cry unto Him, He will turn and take away *our* sins.—Then let us listen to Him, and then 'let us' consult, and meet in Parliament; and ask Him counsel, and hear what He saith, for He will speak peace 'un'to His People. If you be the People of God [and be for the people of God,][1] He will speak *peace;*—and we will not again return to folly.

"Folly:" which is[2] a great deal of grudging in the Nation that we cannot have our horse-races, cock-fightings, and the like! [*Abolished, suspended, for good reasons!*] I do not think these are lawful, except to make them recreations. That we will not endure 'for necessary ends' [*For preventing Royalist Plots, and such like*] to be abridged of them: Till God hath brought us to an-

[1] [These last seven words omitted in Burton and therefore by Carlyle.]
[2] [probably should be "there is."]

other spirit than this, He will not bear with us.[1] Ay, "but He bears with them in France;" "they 'in France' are so and so!"—Have they *the Gospel* as we have? They have seen the sun but a little; we have great lights.— —If God give you a spirit of Reformation, you will preserve this Nation from "turning again" to those fooleries:—and what will the end be? Comfort and blessing. Then "Mercy and Truth shall meet together." Here is a great deal of "truth" among professors, but very little "mercy!" They are ready to cut the throats of one another. But when we are brought into the right way, we shall be *merciful* as well as orthodox: and we know who it is that saith, If a man could speak with the tongues of men and angels, and yet want *that*, he is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal!—

Therefore I beseech you in the name of God, set your hearts to this 'work.' And if you set your hearts to it, then you will sing Luther's Psalm.[2] That's a rare Psalm for a Christian!—and if he set his heart open, and can approve it to God, we *shall* hear him say, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in 'time of' trouble." If Pope and Spaniard, and Devil and all, set themselves against us,—though they should "compass us

[1] ["I do not think these are unlawful; but to make them recreations that they will not endure to be abridged of them; till God hath brought us to this spirit, He will not bear with us," *MS.*—Oliver's meaning apparently is, "I do not think these are unlawful, unless the people make of them recreations which they will not endure to be deprived of. Until God has brought us to such a spirit that we are *willing* to be deprived of them, He will not bear with us."]

[2] Psalm Forty-sixth; of which Luther's Paraphrase, *Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott*, is still very celebrated. Here is the original Psalm:

'God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble; therefore we 'will not fear,—though the Earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried 'into the midst of the sea; though the waters roar and be troubled; though the 'mountains shake with the swelling thereof!

'There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the City of God, the Holy 'Place of the Tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her; she shall 'not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early. The Heathen raged, 'the Kingdoms were moved: He uttered His voice, the Earth melted. The Lord 'of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

'Come behold the works of the Lord, what desolations He hath made in the 'Earth! He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the Earth; He breaketh the 'bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; He burneth the chariot in the fire:—Be 'still, and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the Heathen, I will be 'exalted in the Earth! The Lord of Hosts is with us; The God of Jacob is our 'refuge.'

about like bees," as it is in the [Hundreth-and-]eighteenth Psalm, —yet in the name of the Lord we should destroy them! And, as it is in this Psalm of Luther's: "We will not fear, though the "Earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into "the middle of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be "troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling "thereof." [*A terrible scene indeed:—but there is something in the Heart of Man, then, greater than any "scene;" which, in the Name of the Highest, can defy any "scene" or terror whatsoever? "Yea," answers the Hebrew David; "Yea," answers the German Luther; "Yea," the English Cromwell. The Ages responsive to one another; soul hailing soul across the dead Abysses; deep calling unto deep.*] "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the City "of God. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved." [*No!*] Then he repeats two or three times, "The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." [*What are the King of Spain, Charles Stuart, Joseph Wagstaff, Chancellor Hyde, and your triple-hatted Chimera at Rome? What is the Devil in General, for that matter,—the still very extensive Entity called "Devil," with all the force he can raise?*]

I have done. All that I have to say is, To pray God that He will bless you with His presence; that He that hath your hearts and mind would show His presence in the midst of us.

I desire you will go together, and choose your Speaker.*

*Burton's *Diary*, i., Introd. pp. cxlviii.-clxxix. (from *Additional MSS.* no. 6125) [pp. 231-283].

[The speech, it is stated in a letter amongst the State Papers, took almost three hours to deliver (see *Cal. S. P. Dom.*, 1656, p. 113), but this is perhaps an exaggeration. Bordeaux, after describing the procession and mentioning the sermon (see note p. 508 above) goes on: "Après cette cérémonie, M. le Protecteur et tous les Deputez sans ordre passèrent dans une chambre, où, la teste nue, il leur fit un discours de deux heures, dont le commencement représentoit l'estat des affaires d'Angleterre, tant au-dedans qu'au dehors: les raisons qui l'avoient obligé de rompre avec l'Espagne, l'ancienne ennemi d'Angleterre et de la religion; les préparatifs que faisoit le roy d'Angleterre, auquel le roi d'Espagne donnoit 5000 hommes et le Duc de Neuburg 4000; la necessité qu'il y avoit de demeurer unis pour arrester le progrez de ces forces et de trouver un fonds pour la subsistence de celles d'Angleterre. Il parla ensuite de la religion, tesmoignant bien du regrèz de toutes les divisions qui s'y trouvaient, sans néantmoins faire cognoistre precisement quels sont ses sentimens sur ce sujet, n'y penetrer plus du costé des Presbytériens que des Independans. De là il passa aux Royalistes, et à la conduite des malaffectionez au gouvernement, dont il avait esté

The latest of the Commentators expresses himself in reference to this Speech in the following singular way:

'No Royal Speech like this was ever delivered elsewhere in the 'world! It is,—with all its prudence, and it is very prudent, sa- 'gacious, courteous, right royal in spirit,—perhaps the most art- 'less transparent piece of Public Speaking this Editor has ever 'studied. Rude, massive, genuine; like a block of unbeaten gold. 'A speech not so fit for Drury Lane, as for Valhalla, and the 'Sanhedrim of the Gods. The man himself, and the England he 'presided over, there and then, are to a singular degree visible 'in it; open to our eyes, to our sympathies. He who would see 'Oliver, will find more of him here than in most of the history- 'books yet written about him.

'On the whole, the cursory modern Englishman cannot be 'expected to read this Speech:—and yet it is pity; the Speech 'might do him good, if he understood it. We shall not again 'hear a Supreme Governor talk in this strain: the dialect of it is 'very obsolete; much more than the grammar and diction, for- 'ever obsolete,—not to my regret the dialect of it. But the spirit 'of it is a thing that should never have grown obsolete. The 'spirit of it will have to revive itself again; and shine out in *new* 'dialect and vesture, in infinitely wider compass, wide as God's 'known Universe *now* is,—if it please Heaven! Since that spirit 'went obsolete, and men took to "dallying" with the Highest,

obligé d'arrester quelques uns et d'exclure à d'autres l'entrée du Parlement; et finit par conviant ce corps de vouloir concourir avec luy à l'establissement du repos publicq, et d'aviser aux moyens de se garantir de la mauvoise volonté des ennemis de dehors et de dedans." This harangue "ornée de beaucoup de passages de la Sainte Ecriture" being ended, and all who had not the Protector's tickets being excluded, the House elected their Speaker "dont le choix ne peut qu'estre agréable parsque c'est l'un des grands trésoriers" [Widdrington]. Bordeaux thought it doubtful whether the House would submit to the exclusion of their fellows, and if they got in, the Protector's enemies would prevail, and he would have to treat this parliament as he had done the preceding ones; but his Highness has taken precautions, by his fresh levies and by raising the pay of his troops [of this last statement there is no confirmation whatever in contemporary documents or writings], and it may be that they will be all the more united to his interests because the people are against him, most of the officers being persuaded that their conservation depends on his. This was to Brienne. On the same day Bordeaux wrote to Mazarin, that to what he had said to M. de Brienne, he would add: "que M. le Protecteur s'est beaucoup estendu contre l'Espagne, exagérant toutes les enterprises qu'elle a faict autrefois contre l'Angleterre et les motifs qui l'ont obligé à la rupture . . . Il a aussy paru persuadé que l'Espagne et le Duc de Neuburg donnaient au roi d'Angleterre 9000 hommes pour passer en Angleterre. Comme peu d'advis confirment ceste nouvelle, beaucoup croyent qu'elle est advancée pour donner l'alarme et tenir l'armée plus unie, ce qui est fort necessaire dans la present conjoncture." He expresses this same view in other letters. *French Transcripts*, Public Record Office.]

'to "being bold" with the Highest, and not "bold with men" '(only Belial, and not "Christ" in any shape, assisting them), we 'have had but sorry times, in Parliament and out of it. There 'has not been a Supreme Governor worth the meal upon his 'periwig, in comparison.—since this spirit fell obsolete. How 'could there? Belial is a desperately bad sleeping-partner in 'any concern whatever! Cant did not ever yet, that I know of, 'turn ultimately to a good account, for any man or thing. May 'the Devil swiftly be compelled to call-in large masses of our 'current stock of Cant, and withdraw it from circulation! Let 'the people "run for gold," as the Chartists say; demand 'Veracity, Performance, instead of mealy-mouthed Speaking; 'and force him to recall his Cant. Thank Heaven, stern Destiny, 'merciful were it even to death, does now compel them verily 'to "run for gold:" Cant in all directions is swiftly ebbing into 'the Bank *it* was issued by.'—

Speech being ended, the Honourable Members 'went to the House,' says Bulstrode;[1] and in the Lobby, with considerable crowding I think, 'received, from the Chancery Clerk, Certificates in this form,'—for instance:

'COUNTY OF BUCKS. *These are to certify that*' Sir Bulstrode Whitlocke '*is returned by Indenture one of the Knights to serve in 'this present Parliament for the said County, and approved by his 'Highness's Council.* NATH. TAYLER, *Clerk of the Commonwealth 'in Chancery.*'

Mr. Tayler has received Four-hundred 'Indentures' from Honourable Gentlemen; but he does not give out Four-hundred 'Certificates,' he only gives Three-hundred and odd. Near One-hundred Honourable Gentlemen can get no Certificate from Mr. Tayler,—none provided for *you*;—and without Certificate there is no admittance. Soldiers stand ranked at the door; no man enters without his Certificate! Astonishing to see. Haselrig, Scott and the stiff Republicans, Ashley Cooper and the turbulent persons, who might have leavened this Parliament into strange fermentation, cannot, it appears, get in! No admittance here: saw Honourable Gentlemen ever the like?—

The most flagrant violation of the Privileges of Parliament that was ever known! exclaim they. A sore blow to Privilege indeed. With which the Honourable House, shorn of certain

[1] Whitlocke, p. 639.

limbs in this rude way, knows not well what to do. The Clerk of the Commonwealth, being summoned, answers what he can; Nathaniel Fiennes, for the Council of State, answers what he can: the Honourable House, actually intent on Settling the Nation, has to reflect that in real truth this will be a great furtherance thereto; that matters do stand in an anomalous posture at present; that the Nation should and must be settled. The Honourable House, with an effort, swallows this injury; directs the petitioning Excluded Members 'to apply to the Council.'[1] The Excluded Members, or some one Excluded Member, redacts an indignant Protest, with all the names appended;[2] prints it, privately circulates it, 'in boxes sent by carriers, a thousand copies in a box:'—and there it rests; his Highness saying nothing to it; the Honourable House and the Nation saying nothing. In this Parliament, different from the last, we trace a real desire for Settlement.[3]

As the power of the Major-Generals, 'in about two months hence,'[4] or three months hence, was, on hint of his Highness himself, to the joy of Constitutional England, withdrawn, we may here close *Part Ninth.* Note first, however, as contemporary with this event, the glorious news we have from Blake and Montague at sea; who, in good hour, have at last got hold of a Spanish Fleet, and in a tragic manner burnt it, and taken endless silver therein.[5] News of the fact comes in the beginning of October:[6] in the beginning of November comes, as it were, the

[1] *Commons Journals*, vii. 424, 5, 6 (Sept. 18th-22d).

[2] Copy of it and them in Whitlocke, pp. 641-3; see also Thurloe, v. 456, 490.

[3] [See a short speech made by the Protector on November 27. Supplement, No. 113.]

[4] Kimber, p. 211. The real date and circumstances may be seen in Burton's *Diary*, i. 310 (7th Jan. 1656-7), *Commons Journals*, vii. 483 (29th Jan.); compared with Ludlow, ii. 581, 2. See Godwin, iv. 328.

[5] Captain Stayner's Letter (9th Sept. 1656, Thurloe, v. 399); General Montague's Letter (*ib.* p. 433); Whitlocke, p. 643; &c.

[6] [The first news arrived on Oct. 1. Thurloe wrote to Pell on Oct. 2 that Parliament had "yesterday" declared their approval of the war with Spain, and that two or three hours after the passing of the vote an express had arrived with news of the victory (*Lansdowne MS.* 753, f. 383). The universal joy was (according to Bordeaux) not shared by the London merchants, who feared the loss of their trade with the West Indies and therefore disliked the war with Spain. On Oct. 19 Bordeaux offered his congratulations to the Protector, who received him with a smiling face, professed his desire to employ for the service of France the mercies which Heaven had given him, testified his satisfaction at the success of the French King's arms in Italy and at the state of his affairs in Flanders (on which point Bordeaux found his Highness very well informed) and declared that he would have offered help in money if the treasure said to be swallowed up in the earthquake at Lima had come into his hands. To the ambassador's assurances of the French

fact itself,—some Eight-and-thirty wagonloads of real silver: triumphantly jingling up from Portsmouth, across London pavements to the Tower, to be coined into current English money there.[1] The Antichrist King of Spain has lost Lima by an earthquake, and infinite silver there also. Heaven's vengeance seems awakening. 'Never,' say the old Newspapers,[2] 'never 'was there a more terrible visible Hand of God in judgment 'upon any People, since the time of Sodom and Gomorrah! 'Great is the Lord; marvellous are His doings, and to be had 'in reverence of all the Nations.' England holds universal Thanksgiving Day; sees Eight-and-thirty wagonloads of silver, sees hope of Settlement, sees Major-Generals abolished; and piously blesses Heaven.

King's joy at the deference of Parliament and their resolution to carry on the war, Oliver rather dryly replied that this could not but be agreeable, as his Majesty believed he should gain advantage thereby.]

[1] ["A hundred and sixty-five chests of fine silver, and sixty chests more of coarser silver, which being weighed were valued at 1000*l.* per chest, besides the cochineal, which was valued at 20,000*l.* more," was the report made by Lieut.-Colonel White to the House, when he had safely escorted it to the Tower. (See Newsletter in *Clarke Papers*, iii. 82.]

[2] 6th October (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 160).

End of Vol. II.

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